HORACE

TRANSLATED.

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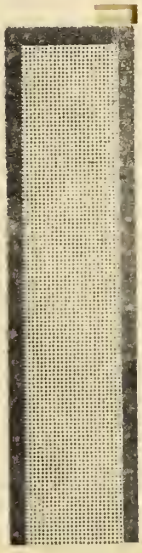

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THE WORKS OF HORACE.

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THE WORKS

OF

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.

TRANSLATED BY

THE REV. J. C. ELGOOD,

ASSOCIATE OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."—
Odes III. 30, 1.

"The chiselled delicacy of Horatian speech."—C. VOSNAER.

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PREFACE.

THE aim of the author of this translation has been twofold; first—to give the accurate meaning of the language of the Poet, and, where a difference of manuscript readings existed, to weigh the external and internal evidence and give the rendering for which, in his judgment, there appeared a preponderance of probability; and, secondly—(this being the main reason which induced him to undertake the translation)—to offer to the large body of intelligent Englishmen and Englishwomen, unacquainted with the Latin tongue, the works of Horace in English in a form which he hopes may prove attractive and of interest to them.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS was born of humble parentage at Venusia, on the borders of Lucania and Apulia, Italy, 65 B.C. He was educated first at Rome and afterwards at Athens. At the latter place he entered into the army of Brutus and Cassius, upon the assassination of Julius Cæsar; was appointed a military tribune, and took part in the battle at Philippi, 42 B.C., against Octavius (afterwards the Emperor Augustus Cæsar) and Marc Antony, where the former were defeated, Horace escaping with his life. He returned afterwards to Rome and, in course of time, obtained an introduction to Mæcenas (the Prime Minister of the Emperor Augustus) and became his intimate friend. The Poet died 8 B.C.

THE ODES.

THE ODES.

BOOK I.

I.

TO MÆCENAS.

O MÆCENAS, descended from regal ancestors, my protection and heart-thrilling pride, some there are who delight to contend in the chariot race at the Olympic Games and whom the palm, the badge of victory, raises to the earth-ruling Gods.

Again. This man is full of joy because the fickle Roman populace is urging each other on to bestow on him their highest offices — whilst another man's heart beats with rapture as the corn of Africa is being piled up in his granaries —nor will you ever be able to persuade that man, whose pleasure it is to farm his own patrimony, to change his condition in life for that of a dreaded seafaring occupation although you should promise him all the wealth of Attalus.

The Merchantman, although he dreads the winds and waves and eulogizes the peacefulness and rural scenery of his native town, will yet repair his battered ship for fresh service, disinclined to live on what he has acquired.

Some men also delight in an idle life, stretching

out their limbs under the verdant Arbute, or at the soft fountain-head, quaffing old Massic wine and robbing the day.

The Camp, too, affords pleasure to many, the mingled strains of clarion and trumpet, and wars which mothers hold in detestation.

The huntsman will pass his nights under the sky, unmindful of his gentle wife, if a stag has been caught sight of by his well-trained dogs, or a Marsian wild boar has broken through his finely-wrought nets.

Ivy crowns, the meed of learned brows, associate thee with the Gods. The cool grove and the light-footed Nymphs separate me from the crowd whenever Euterpe accompanies the flute and Polyhymnia refuses not to sweep the Lesbian lyre.

Should you rank me amongst the Lyric bards my head will touch the skies.

II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

The Sire has now sent a sufficiency of snow and ravaging hail upon the earth and, smiting the Capitol with his red right hand, has terrified the city.

Has terrified the nations lest the fearful and marvellous time of Deucalion and Pyrrha should return when Proteus led all his flock to the summits of the lofty mountains.

Then were the fish entangled in the elm-tree

nests of the wood pigeons, and the timid deer swam on the overflowing waters.

We saw the yellow Tiber furiously recoil from the Tuscan shore and dash against King Numa's monument and the Temple of Vesta.

For the River-God took upon himself, against the will of Jove, to listen to his complaining spouse and, rushing in inundation along the left bank, displayed an undue revenge.

Our posterity, thinned through the wickedness of their fathers, will learn that the citizens sharpened their swords and, instead of wielding them against the Persians, turned them in bloody conflict against one another.

Which of the Gods shall the people invoke to sustain the tottering empire? With what supplications shall the holy Virgins, unweariedly, continue petitioning Vesta now obdurate to their prayers?

Unto whom will Jove assign the task of expiating the guilt? O Augur Apollo, veil thy radiant form in cloud and descend, we beseech thee.

Or Thou, smiling Venus, if it be thy will, around whom hover mirth and love. Or Thou, O Mars, Founder of the Roman line, if now—alas!—satiated with too lengthened a bloody sport—whose it is to revel in tumultuous war, the warrior's helmet, and the face of the fierce Mauritanian soldier bent over his bleeding foe—thou hast any care for the neglected nation, thine offspring.

Or Thou, O winged Son of the gentle Maia, if thou hast assumed a youthful form of earth, thus humbling thyself, in order to become the avenger of Cæsar.

May the time be far distant for thy return to

the skies. During a long reign mayest thou benefit thy Roman subjects, and may no premature death, as chastisement for our wickedness, translate thee to a higher sphere.

On the earth mayest thou delight in gaining mighty triumphs and in being styled "Father" and "Chief"—and, whilst Thou leadest the way, suffer not, O Cæsar, the Medes to invade, with impunity, thy realm.

III.

TO VIRGILIUS.

O Ship, which art bearing to the shores of Attica Virgilius entrusted to thee, I offer up my prayer that Venus, joined with those glorious stars Castor and Pollux and with Eolus chaining up all his winds save the West-North-West, may so speed thee that thou mayest land him safely on shore and thus preserve the half of my soul.

Of a truth the valiant breast of that man was encased in triple brass who, first of all men, put to sea nor feared the furious West-South-West, the stormy North, or the raging power of the South which, above them all, has the mastery over the Adriatic either to raise its waves in tempest or lull them to a calm.

How could he have feared death from any quarter who, unmoved, looked upon the swimming monsters of the deep, the storm-lashed sea, and the Acroceraunia.

The wise Deity has to no purpose separated

the land from the unfriendly ocean if impious ships may leap over the forbidden channels—but the human race, ready to dare and endure all things, rushes alike along lawful and unlawful paths.

The audacious son of Iapetus stole fire from heaven and bestowed it on the nations—but after the deed was done famine and an unknown train of maladies came upon the earth and human life was thenceforth shortened.

Dædalus attempted to soar into the skies by artificial wings and Hercules forced his way through the region of Death.

Nothing terrifies us. In our folly we wage war with heaven itself and our impiety permits not Jove to lay aside the lightnings of his wrath.

IV.

TO SEXTIUS.

THE sharp winter has been dissolved by the grateful change of Spring with the western breezes, and the dry vessels are being drawn down to the shore. The cattle no longer remain in the stalls, and the farmer by his fireside, nor are the meadows white with the hoar frost.

The Moon is now shining in her full radiancy, and Venus leads the dance. The beauteous Graces with the Nymphs strike the earth with their feet, whilst glowing Vulcan kindles the mighty forges of the Cyclops.

It is becoming at this season to crown our

heads with myrtle or the prison-liberated flowers, as well as to sacrifice a lamb or, as a higher honour, a kid to Faunus in the leafy grove.

Pale and impartial Death knocks alike at the cottages of the poor and the mansions of the rich. O favoured Sextius, the short span of life forbids indulging in lengthened expectations.

Already are Night, the Manes of fable, and the spirit-kingdom of Pluto, overshadowing thee, and when thou shalt have arrived there thou wilt neither cast lots for the governorship of the feast nor be attracted by the charms of Lycidas whom our youths and maidens alike admire.

V.

TO PYRRHA.

Which graceful rose-crowned youth, redolent in perfume, besieges thee, O Pyrrha, with his suit in the pleasant retreat—whose auburn hair thou tiest up, so becomingly simple in thine own attire?

Alas! he who is now acceptable to thee, who believes in thy constancy, who, ignorant of the fickle breeze, trusts in thine unalterable feelings towards himself alone, will soon have to bewail thy faithlessness and, unused to storms, will marvel at the waters lashed into fury by the raging winds.

Unhappy they before whom thou glitterest in thine unknown nature. The Temple's wall shall indicate by my votive tablet that I have sus-

pended there my dripping clothing as a sacrificial offering to the mighty God of the sea.

VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

THOU shalt be celebrated, O Agrippa, by Varius —a bird of Mæonian song—as valiant and victorious in whatever action by land or sea the fierce soldiery have fought under thy leadership.

We venture not to describe them. Our powers are too weak to sing of mighty deeds, the fierce wrath of the unyielding Achilles, the voyages of the crafty Ulysses, or the events of the house of Pelops.

Our modesty, and the peaceful Lyric Muse, prohibit us to sully the praises of illustrious Cæsar, and thine own, by our inadequate powers.

Who has worthily delineated Mars in his adamantine garb? or Mæonius black with Trojan dust? or Diomed, through Pallas' aid, able to cope with the Gods?

We then — whether heart-whole, or heart-smitten, yet ever light-hearted—will sing of banquets and the battles of maidens who, with pared nails, make war on their youthful admirers.

VII.

TO PLANCUS.

Some praise Rhodes and its bright atmosphere—some Mitylene — some Ephesus — some sea-girt Corinth, or Thebes sacred to Bacchus, or Delphi the seat of Apollo, or Thessalian Tempe.

Some lavish all their eulogy on the citadel of the virgin Pallas and place on their brows the olive which they gather all around it, whilst a larger number will give the preference either to Argos sacred to Juno and well fitted for the nurture of steeds, or to fertile Mycenæ.

For my own part neither the soil of enduring Lacedæmon nor the rich one of Larissa delights me so much as the house of Albunea resounding to the waters, the rushing Anio, the grove of Tiburnus, and the moist orchards with their meandering rills.

Since the south wind often chases away the clouds and blows through a clear sky and does not always send forth rain so do thou, O Plancus, wisely dispel the troubles and cares of daily life with the juice of the grape whether thou art in the standard-gleaming camp or beneath the thick shade of thine own Tibur.

When Teucer left his father and Salamis he bound, it is said, when flushed with wine, a poplar crown around his temples, and thus addressed his sorrowing friends: "Wherever "fortune, kinder than my parent, shall bear me "we will go, my allies and companions. Nil "Desperandum—for Teucer leads the way. Apollo, "whose word is sure, has predicted that another "Salamis of equal fame and glory shall arise.

"O brave companions who, with me, have often
"endured greater hardships than our present ones,
"to-morrow we will Sail over the mighty waters."

VIII.

TO LYDIA.

TELL me, Lydia, for I invoke thee by all the Gods, why, through love, art thou hastening to destroy Sybaris? Why does he now loathe the glittering camp, once glorying in its dust and heat? Why does he not, in soldierly array, join his equals in years and make his Gallic steed subservient to the iron-pointed bit? Why does he dread to swim the yellow Tiber—why shrinks he from the oil more sensitively than from viper's blood—why, although famed for his mighty casts of the discus and the javelin, exhibits he now no dark marks on his arms as signs of martial exercises—and why does he shut himself up like the son of sea-born Thetis who refused to go forth to engage and slaughter the Lycian cohorts during the fatal progress of the siege of Troy?

IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

DOST thou observe, O Thaliarchus, how white Mount Soracte stands clothed with the deep-piled

snow—nor can the struggling trees support the falling burden, and the rivers are bound fast with frost?

Destroy the cold by piling wood on the fire and, with greater thankfulness, draw forth the four-year old wine from the Sabine jar.

Leave to the Gods the rest—for, as soon as they have stilled the surface-lashing waves of the foaming deep, neither the cypresses nor the ancient oaks are agitated.

Nor enquire thou what shall be on the morrow but count each day for gain that shall fall to thy share and do not, boy, spurn sweet love and the dance as long as thy youth is a stranger to morose old age.

Frequent the Campus Martius and the open spaces, and in the calm eve let gentle whisperings be indulged in. Let also the pleasant ring of the maiden's laugh in the betrayal of her hiding-place be sought for by thee, together with the token thou mayest tear from her arm or from off her finger vexatiously resisting thee.

X.

TO MERCURY.

O Mercury, thou eloquent grandson of Atlas, who broughtedst into civilization savage primitive man and endowedst him with the grace-bestowing palæstra, thee will I sing of—the messenger of mighty Jove and of the Gods—the parent of the lyre, and skilful also to keep con-

cealed whatever, in sportive humour, it had pleased thee to steal.

Whilst Apollo, in old time, was endeavouring to terrify thee, then a boy, by his menacing tones into restoring to him the cattle thou hadst stealthily removed he burst into laughing by discovering that his quiver was also gone.

Wealthy Priam too, under thy guidance, quitted Ilium, escaping the observation of the haughty Atridæ, the Thessalian sentinels, and the Grecian Troy-besieging camp.

Thou restorest pious souls to their blissful abodes and, acceptable alike to the Rulers of heaven and hell, keepest in order the spirit-cargo with thy golden wand.

XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

O LEUCONOE, seek not to know—it is unlawful—what span of life the Gods have assigned to me or to thee, nor consult the Chaldean tables.

How much better is it to endure whatever shall happen—whether Jove has allotted us many winters to come or whether that shall be our last which is now breaking the might of the billows of the Tuscan sea on its wave-battered rocky cliffs.

Be wise. Filtrate thy wines, and since life is short cut off lengthened expectation of existence.

In the very act of speaking envious Time flies from us. Enjoy therefore the present day and trust as little as possible to the morrow.

XII.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

What living or dead hero, O Clio, wilt thou celebrate on the lyre or shrill-tongued flute? What God—whose name the echoes of deeply-wooded Helicon, or the chain of Pindus, may resound or the cold belt of Hæmus whose woods, in wild confusion, pursued the musical Orpheus able, through maternal instruction, to arrest the swift flow of rivers and the rapid rush of the winds and, by his attracting and melodious lyre, lead along the listening oaks?

What should I sing of in preference to the time-immemorial praise of the Sire of all who governs heaven and earth, sea and land, and the world in its annual round—from whom proceedeth nothing greater than himself, neither exists there any like unto him, or even holding the second place—but after him Pallas claims the highest honour.

Yet will I not omit thee, O Bacchus, valiant in war, together with the Virgin, hostile to the wild four-footed tribes, and Phœbus, whose arrows are certain death.

I will also sing of Hercules, with horse-taming Castor and athletic Pollux, before whose benignant star, gleaming forth to the sailor's eye, the winds fall, the clouds sail off, and the menacing waves, obeying its behest, fold themselves to slumber on the deep.

After these I feel doubtful whom I should next mention—whether Romulus—the peaceful reign of Pompilius—the splendid Fasces of Tarquinius Priscus—or the glorious death of Cato.

Nor shall the immortal Muse fail to eulogize Regulus—the Scauri—Paullus Æmilius, lavish of his noble life unto the victorious Carthaginians, and incorruptible Fabricius.

A small hereditary house and estate trained up alike Fabricius, Curius Dentatus, and Camillus, to be their country's champions in battle. The fame of Marcellus increases like a tree planted ages ago. The glorious Julian line shines amongst all like the moon amid the stars. O Son of Saturn, thou Father and Guardian of the human race, unto Thee by the Fates is assigned the protection and guidance of great Augustus.

Thou reignest with Cæsar as thy vicegerent—whether he subdue and lead in just and victorious triumph the Parthians threatening Latium, or the Chinese and Indians who inhabit the eastern parts.

Inferior to thyself, let him impartially govern the broad earth, and, in thy heavily-rolling chariot, do thou shake Olympus, and cast thy wrathful lightnings on the polluted groves.

XIII.

TO LYDIA.

O Lydia, when thou praisest the rosy neck and waxen arms of Telephus—vah !—my breast burns with almost irrepressible bile. Both reason and complexion are driven forth, and the tear stealthily glides down my cheek, betraying how I am preyed upon by the all-consuming fires.

I am tortured at the sight, whenever a quarrel, through the influence of wine, has disfigured thy face and shoulders, or the youth, in the heat of passion, has imprinted a remaining mark on thy lips with his teeth—but, if thou wilt credit me, thou wilt not expect constancy from him, who barbarously injures those lips on which Venus has bestowed the quintessence of her nectar.

Thrice happy, and more, are they whom a constant union links together, and whose love, unbroken by quarrels, shall be dissolved by death alone.

XIV.

TO THE STATE.

O Bark of the State, new billows are bearing thee back into the Sea. What art thou about? Strive strenuously to gain the port. Dost not thou see how bare thou art of oars? Thy mast is wounded by the rapid South-West, thy sail yard groans, and thy hull, bereft of its ropes, can scarcely withstand the more powerful waters. Thy sails are not whole, nor yet the images of the Gods whom thou repeatedly art invoking as thy mast staggers beneath the storm.

Although a Pontic pine—the noble daughter of the forest—thou boastest to no purpose her stock and name. The timid sailor puts no faith in painted sterns. Unless therefore it is decreed that thou be the sport of the winds be on thy guard.

Thou, who wast recently an object of anxiety

and weariness to me but now an object of solicitude and deep concern, mayest thou ride in safety over the waters which roll between the sparkling Cyclades.

XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS WITH RESPECT TO TROY.

WHILST the faithless Shepherd was bearing away over the sea in his Trojan ship his hostess Helen, Nereus consigned the swift winds to an unwelcome calm in order that he might proclaim their terrible destinies.

"Thou art conveying home, under evil auspices,
"her whom Greece with a mighty warrior-host
"wilt pursue, and who have bound themselves
"by an oath to overthrow thy nuptials and the
"ancient kingdom of Priam.

"Alas—alas—what sweat pours from the horse
"and his rider. How busy is Death among the
"Trojan race. Already is Pallas donning her
"armour and her martial spirit.

"To no purpose wilt thou, trusting in Venus,
"smooth thy hair and delight the women with
"thy songs on the peaceful lyre. To no purpose
"wilt thou, staying in thy chamber, have avoided
"the Cretan archers, the din of battle, and the
"swift-footed Ajax for, at the last, thou wilt have
"to roll thy adulterous locks in the dust.

"Seest thou not Ulysses, the destroyer of thy
"race, and Pylian Nestor. Undaunted Teucer
"will press on thee with Sthenelus skilled in
"hand conflict and the management of the war

"chariot. Meriones, too, thou shalt become "acquainted with.

"The fierce son of Tydeus, in arms superior "to his father, rages to engage thee from whom, "as a coward and false to thy beloved, shalt thou "flee, panting in body, like as the stag quits its "pasture and flies when it sees the wolf in the "distance.

"The wrath of Achilles shall retard the day of "destruction for Ilium and the Phrygian matrons. "After a decreed number of years the Greek fire "shall burn the city of Troy."

XVI.

A RETRACTATION.

O Daughter, more beauteous than thy beautiful mother, thou shalt do what thou wilt with my injurious Iambics. Burn them in the fire, or sink them in the sea, at thy pleasure.

Nor Cybele, nor Pythian Apollo, by their inspiration so rouse the minds of their priesthood in their secret shrines, nor Bacchus so excites, nor the Corybantes, even though they redouble their blows on the shrill cymbal, as does destructive rage.

For this is subdued neither by the finest tempered sword, nor the ship-wrecking ocean, nor the unsparing lightning, nor even by Jove himself when he rushes down in awful thunder.

Prometheus, we are told, being obliged to add unto the clay (the prime material of our bodies)

a piece cut out from every animal put into our stomach the ungovernable fury of a lion.

Raging contentions produced the horrible destruction of Thyestes, and have been the primary cause of cities being overthrown and the enemy drawing their plough over the sites of their walls.

Calm then thy feelings. In the pleasant days of youth the heat of resentment affected me, and impelled me to hurry off the Iambics—but now I would change them into gentle measures provided thou consentest to become friendly and restore me my peace of mind.

XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

Often does Faunus, in rapid flight, leave Mount Lycæus to visit charming Lucretilis, but at all times does he ward off from the kids on my farm the fiery heat and the rainy winds.

With perfect safety do their dams stray through the groves in search of the concealed arbutus and the thyme, and the female kids fear neither the green lizards nor wolves whenever the plains, and the smooth-worn stones of the sloping Ustica, have resounded, O Tyndaris, with thy sweet music.

The Gods watch over me. Reverence towards them and devotion to the Muse influence my heart. Here, out of the bounteous horn of Nature, a rich store of gifts shall flow abundantly for thee.

Here, in a retired spot, shalt thou escape the heat of the Dogstar, and on the Teian lyre sing of Penelope and the beauteous Circe contending for the same hero.

Here, in the shade, shalt thou drink cups of mild Lesbian wine, and Bacchus and Mars shall not engage in deadly conflict—nor shalt thou fear lest the rough and suspicious Cyrus should assail thee, too weak to contend with him, and mutilate the crown around thy hair as well as thine unoffending dress.

XVIII.

TO VARUS.

Plant, Varus, the sacred vine in preference to any other tree in the soil around mild Tibur and the walls of Catilus, for Bacchus has imposed severe sufferings on wine-abstainers and only, through partaking of the cup, can man banish gnawing cares.

Who, after indulging in wine, complains of war and poverty? Who does not rather eulogize thee, O Father Bacchus, and thee, lovely Venus? —and, in order that none may transgress the limit of moderation, the quarrel at the nuptial banquet, fought out between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, serves as a beacon light, whilst Bacchus himself also gives warning, who punishes the Thracians when, under the influence of inflamed passions, they distinguish not the boundary line of right and wrong.

O ever-youthful Bacchus, I will not move thy

sacred things against thy will, nor reveal the mysteries beneath the varied foliage. Let the shrill-clashing cymbals and the Berecynthian horn be silent, in whose train appear blind Self-love, Pride uprearing her empty head, and Trust prodigal of secrets and more transparent than glass.

XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

The cruel Mother of the Loves with Theban Bacchus and revelling Licentiousness bid me possess a mind unswayed by the transports of affection but Glycera's beauty, brighter than Parian marble, enraptures me, and her winning manner and features, too charming to be resisted, set me on fire.

Venus has deserted Cyprus and assailed me with all her charms, nor permits me to sing of Scythians or of Parthians fighting on their retreating steeds, or even of the most trifling minutiæ which have no reference to herself.

Ye boys pile up the grass. Bring the vervain and the incense with a bowl of two-year-old wine. When the sacrifice shall have been made she will become more propitious.

XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Thou wilt have to put up with ordinary Sabine wine out of moderate size vases, dear Mæcenas, thou glory of the Equestrian order, which I myself sealed up in the jar when the theatre rang with acclamations to thee, so that the banks of Tiber and the sportive echo of the Vatican mount gave them back again.

Thou shalt also partake of Cæcuban and Calernian, but do not expect the wine of the Falernian or Formian districts.

XXI.

IN PRAISE OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

Ye gentle Virgins sing of Diana. Ye youths sing of Apollo radiant in youth and of Latona the object of Jove's deepest affection.

Ye former sing the praise of her who rejoices in streams and the woodlands around cold Algidus, dark Erymanthus, and verdant Cragus. Ye latter sing in equal measures of Tempe and of Delian Apollo illustrious alike for the bow and the lyre the gift of his brother.

He, moved by your prayers, with Cæsar as his Vicegerent, will drive off grievous war, famine, and pestilence, amongst the Parthians and Britons.

XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

THE upright man, unstained by guilt, O Fuscus, requires not the Mauritanian skill with the javelin nor bow and poisoned arrows, although he may have to travel through the African sand-deserts and the region through which the wondrous Hydaspes rolls.

As proof of this the wolf runs away from me in the Sabine wood when unarmed and wandering along, all my cares despatched afar off, beyond my usual bounds, and singing of Lalage.

And of such mighty size is he that neither warlike Daunia rears the like in her wide beech-groves, nor sultry Mauritania, the nursing place of lions.

Send me where sterile and tree-less lands are blessed by no summer breezes—that part of the world oppressed by cloud and an ungenial sky—or place me in uninhabited territory beneath the burning axles of the Sun, yet will I love Lalage with her sweet smile and her charming prattle.

XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

THOU avoidest me, Chloe, and resemblest the fawn seeking its anxious dam among the lonely hills and needlessly trembling at the wood-agitating breezes. For whether Spring's arrival

has rustled against its yielding leaves, or the green lizards have glided through the bramble, she trembles in heart and knees.

But I am not seeking thee to destroy thee like a fierce tiger or Gætulean lion,—and since thou art of a marriageable age cease from the perpetual escort of thy mother.

XXIV.

TO VIRGILIUS.

WHAT shame—what limit can there be to the poignancy of our sorrow for the loss of one we hold so dear. Teach me strains of lamentation, O Melpomene, on whom the Sire bestowed the lyre and the melodious voice.

Must eternal stillness lie on Quinctilius? When shall Modesty, incorruptible Fidelity, the sister of Justice, and naked Truth find an equal to him?

He is gone—lamented by many good men—by no one more so than by thee, Virgilius. Religious as thou art, it may not be. Thou art invoking the Gods to give back Quinctilius, not thus originally entrusted to thy care.

But though thou wert able to draw from thy lyre tree-leading music in strains even sweeter than those of Thracian Orpheus the blood would not return to its lifeless counterpart, when once inexorable Mercury had driven its spirit with his dreadful wand amid the dark throng.

It is hard to submit—but that which cannot be altered becomes lighter by patience.

XXVI.

IN HONOUR OF LAMIA.

A FRIEND to the Muses, I will deliver over sadness and fear to the fickle winds to be carried away into the Cretan sea, the only living being who cares not who may dread the monarch of the icy region under the northern sky, nor as to what inspires alarm in the breast of Teribates.

O sweet Muse, who delightest in the pure fountains, wreathe the sun-born flowers, wreathe them into a chaplet for my Lamia.

My powers can accomplish nothing without thee. It becomes thyself and thy sisters to immortalize him in new measures on the Lesbian lyre.

XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

IT is for Thracians to fight over cups made for joyous occasions. Away with the barbarous custom. Let not sanguinary strife approach the moderate use of the grape.

How atrociously discordant is the Median dagger with wine and lights. Subdue the impious clamour, and preserve a tranquil position.

Would you have me also partake of the powerful Falernian? Then let the happy brother of Opuntian Megilla disclose by whose shaft of love he has been wounded.

Is he reluctant? I will drink it on no other

condition. Whatever beauty holds thee captive, she inflames thee with a bashless love, since it is ever honourable. Come then—deposit thy secret in safe ears. Ah! unhappy youth—worthy of a nobler love—in what a Charybdis art thou tossed.

What magician with his Thessalian herbs—what God can deliver thee. Scarcely might Pegasus rescue thee enchained by this threefold Chimæra.

XXVIII.

An imaginary dialogue between a sailor sailing near the land and the spirit of the philosopher Archytas, whose dead body had been thrown up by the waves upon the shore. It must be observed that, according to the popular belief, if a corpse had not received due burial its spirit was compelled to wander for a hundred years either around the dead body or along the banks of the Styx. It was esteemed a crime to neglect this duty, but if time did not permit more to be done, dust or sand sprinkled thrice over the corpse would suffice for the purpose.

THE SAILOR.

The want of a little dust thrown upon thy corpse, O Archytas, thou measurer of the earth, the sea, and the countless grains of sand, keeps thee about this Matinian shore, nor has thy knowledge, embracing the stars and traversing the heavens from horizon to horizon, availed to ward off from thee the shaft of death.

REPLY FROM THE SHADE OF ARCHYTAS.

Tantalus died, although he had been the guest of the Gods. Tithonus too, although translated

to the skies, and Minos who was admitted to the secrets of Jove. The grave encloses the son of Panthous who, by taking down the shield, gave witness to his participation in the Trojan war and that he had yielded nothing but nerve and skin to black Death the Destroyer and who was, thyself even being judge, no mean expounder of Nature and Truth.

Thus the same darkness awaits all, and every one must walk the path of death. The Furies devote some to destruction on the battle field. The avaricious sea engulfs sailors. Young and old are alike seen borne along in the streets and none can escape stern Proserpine.

As for myself, the violent South-West, the swift-flying companion of setting Orion, overwhelmed me beneath the Illyrian waters—but do thou, O sailor, benevolently bestow a little sand on my unburied remains, and so, although Eurus course tempestuously over the western waters and the Venusian woods be lashed by it, thy life shall be preserved and much reward be sent thee from Jove and from Neptune the God of sacred Tarentum.

Art thou, however, careless about committing an injury which will have to be atoned for by thy innocent descendants—perchance a just due and a signal punishment await thyself. My curse will not be unheard and no expiation will set thee free.

Thou mayest be in haste to depart but the delay is trifling. Sprinkle some dust on me thrice and then speed away.

XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

THOU enviest, Iccius, Araby's rich treasures and art now preparing to war against the hitherto unconquered kings of Sabæa and to weave chains for the fierce Parthians.

Which of the barbarian virgins, her betrothed being slain, is to wait upon thee? Which of the king's sons, skilful in the national use of the bow, with anointed locks, shall be appointed to stand as thy cupbearer?

Who will deny that rivers can flow upwards to their sources in the lofty mountains and the Tiber return in its course since thou, having given promise of a noble life, art hastening to exchange the glorious literature of Panætius and the Socratic writings, purchased from every quarter, for the armour of Spain?

XXX.

TO VENUS.

O VENUS, Queen of Cnidos and Paphos, leave thy beloved Cyprus and come to the charming abode of Glycera who has invoked thee by an abundant offering of incense.

Let the glowing boy, with the Graces, the Nymphs, and Hebe, unattractive without thee, and Mercury, follow in thy train.

XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

WHAT shall the Bard request from Apollo on his dedication day? What boon shall he pray for as he pours forth the new-made wine?

Not the rich produce of fertile Sardinia—not the splendid herds of sunny Calabria—not gold nor Indian ivory—not the meadows through which the Liris, that noiseless stream bites its way along with its gentle waters.

Let the Falernian vineyards be dressed by those to whom Fortune has given them. Let the rich merchantman drain from golden goblets the wine his Syrian wares have purchased—a man dear to the Gods, since three or four times in the year he traverses safely the Atlantic. My food shall be the olive, the endive, and the soft mallow.

O Son of Latona, grant me, I pray, to enjoy what I possess, bestowing on me a sound mind in a sound body, and let my old age be honourable and rendered happy by the charms of music.

XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

WE are asked for a strain. If, an idle fellow under the tree's shade, I have ever struck a chord which may survive for this year or longer, come then, O lute, whose powers Alcæus first called forth, and pour forth a Latin lyric.

For he it was, a champion in war, who alike during the strife, or if he had laid up his ship on the watery shore, sang of Bacchus and the Muses, of Venus with her ever-attendant Cupid, and of Lycus with his beautiful dark hair and eyes.

O Lyre, thou glory of Phœbus, and source of delight at the banquets of supreme Jove, thou sweet solace of my toil, be ever propitious to me when rightly invoking thee.

XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

O Albius, grieve not to excess as thou thinkest on the ungentle Glycera nor utter over and over again those sorrowful laments because she breaks her faith and prefers another more youthful in years.

The love of Cyrus inflames Lycoris distinguished for her low forehead. Cyrus turns away his affections towards scornful Pholoe. But wolves and goats will sooner pair than Pholoe with so worthless a lover.

These things are ruled by Venus who, in cruel joy, joys in bringing uncongenial bodies and souls under her heavy yoke.

When one of high descent was striving to win me myself, the freedwoman Myrtale, more untameable than the waves of the Atlantic indenting with bays the Calabrian coast, made me a prisoner in her pleasant chains of love.

XXXIV.

A SOLILOQUY.

A WORSHIPPER on rare occasions of the Gods, whilst I am erring from the true path under the influence of an unwise wisdom, I am forced to turn the ship in an opposite direction and journey over the course I had abandoned.

For Jupiter, who often cleaveth the clouds with his lightnings, has been driving through a cloudless sky his thundering steeds and swiftly-flying chariot, shaking the solid earth, the rolling rivers, the dreadful promontory of hateful Tænarus, and Atlas the limit of the world.

The God can invert the highest and lowest stations and, raising the humble, abase the exalted.

Destructive Fortune, rushing along with a whirring sweep of pinion, exults in plucking the crown off one head and placing it on another.

XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

O GODDESS, who delightest in ruling over Antium, and canst exalt from the lowest condition or convert splendid triumphs into disaster, the poor colonist invokes thee the Sovereign of the country and the sailor, as he ploughs the Carpathian Sea in his Bithynian bark, calls upon thee as the Mistress of the ocean.

The fierce Dacian, the roving Scythian, Citizens, Races, warlike Latium, the mothers of barbarian kings, and purple-clad despots, fear thee lest thou shouldest rush with destructive foot against the existing order of government and the gathering populace raise the cry "To arms" "To arms" and overthrow the established authority.

Thy servant Necessity always precedes thee, bearing in her brazen hand the wood-fastening spikes and the wedges with the unyielding clamp and molten lead. Rare Fidelity, clothed in white, and Hope, pay worship to thee yet adhere to a friend even when, with altered garb, thou commandest the rich to be plunged into poverty.

But the faithless mass and unhallowed love fall away. When the casks have been drained together with the dregs, friends will depart, equally unfaithful to share the yoke of adversity.

Mayest thou protect Cæsar about to go against the Britons, the furthest nation of the earth, together with the young band of warriors to be dreaded in the eastern parts and along the shores of the Indian ocean.

Alas! I am ashamed of our scars—our guilt—and at the hands of brothers! What, in truth, have we, a fierce age, shrank from doing? What impious deeds have we not perpetrated? From what has our youth, through fear of the Gods, withheld their hand?

Oh! that thou wouldest forge anew our blunted swords—blunted by our civil wars—for service against the Massagetæ and the Arabians.

XXXVI.

TO NUMIDA.

It is a pleasant duty, in fulfilment of our vow, to propitiate with incense, music, and the blood of an heifer, the guardian God of Numida who, having returned safely from furthest Spain, is distributing caresses to all his dear friends, but to none so warmly as to his dearest Lamia, remembering how both passed their boyhood's instruction together and assumed the manly gown at the same time.

Let the day have a white mark and the wine be brought forth. Let there be a continuous dance after the Salian manner, and let not the hard-drinking Damalis surpass Bassus in quaffing the wine cup after the Thracian fashion, nor roses, nor the long-lived parsley, nor the fast-fading lily, be wanting at the feast.

XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now we may quaff the cup and dance exultingly. *Now*, my friends, we may deck the Temples of the Gods with superb banquets.

Before the present time it was unlawful to use the Cæcuban of our forefathers' age whilst the frantic Queen, grasping all in daring hope, and intoxicated by delirious fortune, along with her polluted and diseased flock of men, was designing

the overthrow of the Capitol and ruin for the Empire.

But the almost total destruction of her ships by fire reduced her rage, and Cæsar, pursuing her in his swift galleys as she fled from Italy with a mind maddened by Mareotic wine, drove her into real terror.

For as a hawk chaseth the gentle dove, or the swift hunter in the wintry season the Thessalian hare, he followed after that he might display in chains the fated monster who, nobly disdaining to live, neither effeminately feared the sword nor, by press of sail, sought to find a hiding place along the coast.

But calmly sustained the sight of her captured palace and, rising to a height of fierceness by a resolution to die, bravely handled the irritated serpents that her body might imbibe the black venom—for, proud woman that she was, she scorned to be carried away in the hostile Liburnian galleys, deprived of her queenly dignity, in order that she might give lustre to the enemy's triumph.

XXXVIII.

TO HIS ATTENDANT.

Boy, I hate the Persian luxury. Chaplets, bound with the linden's rind, displease me. Forbear to search for the late rose, nor, with eager zeal, make any addition to the simple myrtle.

The myrtle will not discredit thee, its provider, nor misbecome me whilst partaking of the cup under the slender vine.

BOOK II.

I.

TO POLLIO.

IN narrating the civil war from the time of the Consul Metellus with its causes, horrors, and modes of warfare, the freaks of fortune, the dire friendship of the Chiefs, and its yet unexpiated bloodshed, thou art writing a work presenting immense difficulty, and walkest on cinder-covered fire.

Let thy tragic composition therefore, Pollio, be for the present suspended, and, when thou shalt have completed the history of our public affairs, then resume the glorious tragic task, thou illustrious counsellor of the sorrowful accused as well as of the Senate seeking thy advice, and who art decked with the laurel's unfading honours for thy Dalmatian victory.

I seem even now to be hearing the threatening strains of the horn, the trumpets resounding, and the gleam of the weapons terrifying both horse and rider into flight.

I seem also to be hearing the shouts of the Leaders begrimed with glorious dust and victory everywhere save over the unyielding soul of Cato.

For Juno, and such of the Deities as were friendly to Carthage, left the land they were

powerless to save, but in after-times offered up the descendants of the conquerors as a tribute to Jugurtha.

What ground is there that, fertile through Roman blood, does not bear witness, by its burial mounds, to the unhallowed impiety and to the sound of the ruin of Italy heard even by the distant East.

What stream—what river—is unconscious of the lamentable war? What sea is not reddened with Daunian slaughter? What shore is unstained with our blood? But, O daring Muse, forsake not sportive themes and aspire to the powers of the Cæan dirge—rather seek, with me, within some Venus-consecrated cave, measures of a lighter strain.

II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

Silver has no colour when lying concealed in the avaricious earth, O Crispus Sallustius, thou foe to wealth unless it be nobly used.

Never will Proculeius be forgotten through his nobleness of character towards his brothers. Immortal Fame will bear his memory on untiring wing to every age.

By subjugating the avaricious spirit we shall reign over a greater kingdom than if we could possess all Libya to Gades, and both the Carthages should acknowledge our sway.

The dreadful dropsy increases by self-indulgence, nor can the thirst be overcome until the

cause of the malady depart from the veins and the watery weakness from the pale body.

Virtue, holding a different opinion to that of the multitude, inscribes not on the roll of the happy Phraates restored to the Parthian monarchy, but teaches the people to call things by their true names, giving a perpetual kingdom, crown, and laurel, to him only who, with unaltered eye, can survey piles of golden treasure.

III.

TO DELLIUS.

O Dellius, let not thy mind be depressed in adversity nor yet immoderately joyous in prosperity, since it is fated for thee to die whether thou live in sorrow all thy life long or find thy pleasure in reclining on the grass during the holy days and partaking of old Falernian—reclining where the mighty pine and the silver poplar lovingly interlace their sheltering shade, and the flowing water murmurs as it strives along its serpentine course.

Order the wine, the unguents, and the sweet but short-lived rose, to be brought thee whilst thy circumstances, thine age, and the black thread of the Three Sisters, permit it.

Thou wilt one day have to leave the land bought up all around thee, thy residence and estate which the yellow Tiber laves. Thou wilt have to leave them, and thine heir must enjoy thy lofty pile of treasure.

No matter whether rich and sprung from

ancient Inachus, or poor and of the lowest origin, thou lingerest under the sun thou wilt still become the prey of unpitying Orcus.

We are all being driven towards the same quarter. Sooner or later the lot of each of us comes forth from the Urn, and places us on board the bark to undergo perpetual exile.

IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

Be not ashamed, O Xanthias Phoceus, to entertain affection for a slave. Briseis' fair countenance captured the before uncaptured heart of Achilles.

The beauteous captive Tecmessa overcame Telamonian Ajax, and, when the Trojan forces yielded to Achilles, and Hector's death made the capture of the city a lighter task for the wearied Greeks, Agamemnon, in the midst of victory, was fired with rage for the violence offered to Cassandra.

Thou art ignorant whether the happy parents of the yellow-haired Phyllis will do credit to their son in law. Of a truth she is grieving by reason of her high birth and her angry Penates, and believe not she is akin to the worthless crowd, or that one so virtuous and rejecting gifts could be descended from a mother to be ashamed of.

Heart whole myself, I admire her arms, her face, her rounded leg, nor be suspicious of one whose years are verging to their eighth lustrum.

V.

TO THE LOVER OF LALAGE.

SHE cannot yet bear the marriage yoke, nor discharge its duties and pleasures. The mind of the youthful loved one is in the green fields of childhood—now assuaging the summer heat in their waters—now loving to play with her companions in the soft meadow.

Desire not the unripe grape. Presently many-coloured Autumn will tinge for thee the livid cluster with a purple hue.

She will follow thee soon—for unsparing age speeds along, and will bestow on her those years which she will take from thee. Soon will coquettish Lalage seek a husband.

Beloved beyond coy Pholoe—beyond Chloris, whose white shoulders sparkle with greater brilliancy than the moon-lit waves or Gnidian Gyges, whose unbound tresses and ambiguous face, when placed amid a bevy of girls, would defy detection from the most sagacious strangers.

VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

O SEPTIMIUS, who wouldest (were it required) accompany me to Gades and against the unsubdued Spaniards as well as to the barbarous Syrtes lashed by African billows, it is my wish that Tibur, founded by an Argive colony, may be the

home of my old age and the repose of my labours by land and sea.

But should the rigorous Fates forbid this then I would desire Galæsus' stream, so enjoyable to the fleece-protected sheep, and the territory of Spartan Phalantus.

That spot of ground has special attractions for me—where the honey yields not to the Hymettian, nor the olive to those which fertile Venafrum produces—where the Spring is long and the winter mild, and Aulon, possessing the favour of Bacchus, yields a vintage rivalling the Falernian.

That spot and those charming hills ask for you and me. There, with the tear due to his memory, shalt thou bedew the warm ashes of thy poet-friend.

VII.

TO POMPEIUS.

O Pompeius, chief of my companions, often with myself involved in deep peril, with whom I have broken many a time the lingering day with wine, my locks shining with Syrian malobathrum, who, I ask, has restored thee as a citizen to thy country's Gods and the Roman sky?

By thy side I fought at Philippi, and, ingloriously abandoning my shield, shared in the rapid flight when valour was overcome and our threatening troops lay prostrate on the blood-stained battle plain. But swift Mercury bore me aloft, a trembling form, in a thick cloud through the enemy's ranks, whilst the wave of

battle bore thee back again on its receding surf into the ocean of war.

Therefore pay thy votive sacrifice, and rest thee, harassed with so arduous a warfare, under my laurel trees, nor spare the wine brought forth in thine honour.

Fill the light cups with care-expelling Massic. Pour forth the unguents from the capacious shells. Who shall undertake the charge of hastening on the making of the coronets from the moist parsley or the myrtle? Which of us will Venus appoint as master of the feast? I will revel like the Thracians. It will be delightful to be wild at the entertainment of a friend.

IX.

TO VALGIUS.

THE rain is not always descending, friend Valgius, from the clouds on the fallow fields, nor do storms, varying in intensity, perpetually lash the Caspian Sea.

The snow remains not during every month upon the Armenian hills, neither do the oak groves of Garganus ever bend beneath the North West blasts, nor the elm be bare of foliage.

Yet thou, in mournful strains, ceasest not to bemoan the death of Mystes, and thy affectionate grief is manifested alike at the rising of the Evening Star or when its radiance is eclipsed in the rays of the swift-flying Sun.

But the old Man of three generations did not

consume all his years in lament for the amiable Antilochus, nor did his parents and sisters unceasingly mourn for youthful Troilus.

Cease then this unmanly grief. Rather let us sing of the victories of Augustus—the ice-clad Euphrates—the Parthian river added to the list of conquered streams and rolling submissive waves—and of the Geloni roaming over their diminished plains within the limits assigned them.

X.

TO LICINIUS.

THY life, Licinius, will be happiest by neither sailing far into the expanse nor, through dread of storms, keeping too close to the dangerous shore.

Whoever loves the golden mean will so wisely act as to be free both from a squalid dwelling and a mansion inviting the shafts of envy.

The tall pine is the most fiercely shaken by the winds. Loftier towers fall with a heavier crash, and lightnings strike the highest pinnacles.

The well-regulated mind expects a change in adversity and prepares for it in prosperity. Jupiter brings round again the gloomy winters and also removes them.

Though evil days be now yet will they not be always so. Apollo sometimes arouses on his lyre the silent Muse, and is not always bending his bow.

In adverse circumstance then shew thyself high spirited and brave—and, in like manner, also wisely reef thy sails swelling under too prosperous a wind.

XI.

TO HIRPINUS QUINCTIUS.

O HIRPINUS QUINCTIUS, care not to enquire what plans the warlike Spaniard and Scythian may be forming, nor be anxious for the wants of a life which requires but little.

Lightsome youth and beauty pass away as the dry gray locks drive off wanton love and ready sleep.

The floreate glory of spring is not perpetual, nor does the Moon ever exhibit the same bright face. Why wilt thou then disquiet thy mind incapable of taking in eternal designs.

Shall we not rather, reposing carelessly under the tall pine or poplar, our gray hair rose-perfumed and anointed with Syrian unguent, partake of the cup while it is permitted us. The grape dispels biting cares.

What youthful attendant can so quickly temper our cups of Falernian as the rivulet gliding by our side? Who will attract Lyde hither? Let her tie up her hair after the Spartan mode and hasten here, bringing her lyre with her.

XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Do not desire me, Mæcenas, to set to the soft measures of my lyre the protracted wars of fierce Numantia—the terrible Hannibal—the Sicilian sea red with Punic blood—the savage Lapithæ

and wine-inflamed Hylæus—nor the warrior Sons of Earth, who threw into consternation the shining palace of ancient Saturn but fell before the arm of Hercules.

Thou thyself canst more successfully describe in prose narrative the victories of Augustus and the haughty captive kings led in triumph along the streets.

The Muse inspires me to praise the sweet singing of my patroness Licymnia, her bright sparkling eyes, her heart constant to reciprocal love—whom it misbecomes not to join in the dance on immortal Diana's Sacred day, to contend in the sportive mirth, and to twine her arms in play around the beauteous Virgins.

Would you exchange Licymnia's hair for all the wealth of Persia, for Phrygia's rich produce, or Araby's gifts, at the time when she turns her face for your ardent kisses or, in pretended cruelty, turns it away—at one time rejoicing in them more than does the bestower, at another time is herself the first to give them?

XIII.

TO A TREE THROUGH WHOSE FALL HE WAS NEARLY KILLED.

Whoever planted thee, O tree, did so on an unlucky day and, with impious hand, trained thee for the destruction of his posterity and the disgrace of the neighbourhood.

I can believe he broke the neck of his own

father, and sprinkled his floor with the blood of his guest—that (whoever he was who reared thee on my farm, thou unlucky tree, well nigh falling on the head of thy innocent master) he was accustomed to mix Colchian poisons, or perpetrate any kind of atrocious iniquity.

No human being is at any time sufficiently on his guard against what may happen to him.

The Carthaginian sailor is in the utmost dread of the Bosphorus, but, blindly, fears no injury from any other quarter. The soldier only fears the arrows and rapid flight of the Parthian. The Parthian fears the fetters and power of Rome—but unlooked for death hath destroyed, and will destroy, all mankind.

How narrowly I escaped seeing the kingdom of gloomy Proserpine—Æacus the Judge—the separate abodes of the good—Sappho complaining on her Æolian lyre of the damsels of her native isle—and thee, Alcæus, sending forth more powerfully, with thy golden quill, the burden of tempests, exile, and war.

The disembodied Spirits listen rapturously to each as they pour forth their strains worthy of the profoundest silence — (the mob, densely-packed shoulder to shoulder, erect their ears all agape to drink in news about battles and expelled tyrants)—nor need we marvel that the Shades should thus pay attention to them since the hundred-headed monster hangs down his black ears, fascinated by their verses, and the Snakes, entwined in the hair of the Furies, are endowed with fresh vigour through their songs.

Prometheus too, and Tantalus, amid the sweetness, feel not their toils, and Orion ceases to pursue the lions and the timid lynxes.

XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

Alas!—Postumus, Postumus, the passing years glide swiftly by. Goodness can interpose no delay to wrinkles, to old age, and to invincible death.

No—my friend—even though thou shouldest, for every day in the year thou shouldest longer survive, strive to appease inexorable Pluto by the sacrifice of three hundred bulls—Pluto who has conveyed along his dark river mighty three-bodied Geryon with Tityos, and which must be crossed by all whom the fruits of the earth support, whether they be kings or peasants.

In vain do we escape on the bloody battle plain, or from the rock-broken waves of the howling Adriatic. To little purpose need we dread the autumnal health-destroying South wind. The black slow-moving Cocytus must be seen by us, with the impious Danaides, and Sisyphus condemned to eternal labour. The earth must be left—our houses—our beloved wife—and none of the trees thou cultivatest except the hateful cypress will accompany thee their short-lived master.

Thine heir, more deserving of it, will drink thy Cæcuban now guarded by a hundred locks, and the floor will be stained by other wine, choicer even than that which the costly banquets of the Pontiffs afford.

XV.

AGAINST THE LUXURIOUSNESS OF HIS AGE.

THESE magnificent structures will leave few acres for the plough. Pools of water will be seen everywhere, more spacious than the Lucrine lake. The barren plane tree will expel the elms. Groves of violets, myrtles, and sweet-smelling flowers, will shed their perfume over the olive grounds that awhile ago enriched their owner, and the laurel with its dense foliage will protect him from the solar rays.

There is no precedent for this from the example of Romulus, of unshorn Cato, and in the lives of the primitive Romans.

Their private fortune was small—the public resources great. No private portico, measureable by ten feet rods, warded off the northern breezes, nor did the laws, whilst they ordered the decoration of cities and of the temples of the Gods with marble at the public cost, permit private individuals to destroy the turf of Nature.

XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

THE sailor, storm-tossed on the broad Ægean Sea, O Grosphus, prays to the Gods for a calm as soon as dark clouds obscure the moon, and the well known stars are lost to sight.

Warlike Thrace, and bow-renowned Parthia,

desire peace which neither jewels, nor purple, nor gold, can purchase.

For neither the wealth of kings, nor the lictors, can remove mental anguish and the cares that hover around splendid ceilings.

That man enjoys life whose father's salt cellar gleams on his humble table, and whose light sleep nor fear nor wretched avarice disturb.

Why do we, during our short span of existence, so daringly aim at accomplishing so much? What exile from his country can be an exile from himself?

Corroding care, swifter than the stag and more rapid than Eurus driving onwards the flying clouds, climbs the brazen-beaked ships, and rides with the squadrons of horse.

Let the mind, which is contented with its present lot, feel no anxiety for the future, and temper with a calmness of joy the anxieties of life.

There is no perfect happiness. An early death overtook the illustrious Achilles. A lingering old age wasted away the body of Tithonus, and it may be that the Hours will grant to me what they deny to thee.

A hundred flocks of sheep, and Sicilian herds, are thine. For thee the swift mare raises her neighing. Purple vestments, doubly dyed, are thy clothing. The truth-predicting Fates bestowed on me a little land, a slight inspiration of the Grecian Muse, and an abhorrence of the malignant mob.

XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Why dost thou almost kill me with thy complaining? It cannot please the Gods, Mæcenas, nor myself, that thou shouldest be the first of us to die, thou glorious ornament and column of my prosperity.

Ah!—could part of my soul perish by an untimely fate, why should the other part linger on, then only half alive and far less dear to myself?

That day would bring a double death. There is no falsehood here. We will go together as soon as thou leadest the way, companions in the last journey of all.

Neither the breath of the fiery Chimæra, nor hundred-headed Gyges, could he rise again, should pluck me from thee, for thus it is the will of mighty Justice and of the Fates.

Whether Libra, or whether dreaded Scorpio, the more dangerous portion of the natal hour, or whether Capricornus, preside over my existence, our stars coincide in a marvellous manner.

The protection of Jove, warding off by his beams the attack of impious Saturn, retarded the wings of Fate at the time when the assembled multitude made the theatre thrice ring with acclaim—a tree, falling in the direction of my head, would have crushed me had not Faunus, the guardian of poets, with his right hand warded off the blow.

Remember then to offer up the sacrifices, and to erect the votive temple. A lamb shall be the humble tribute of my gratitude.

XVIII.

Nor ivory, nor gilded ceilings, display their lustre in my house, nor marble from Hymettus and Numidia. I have not laid claim to the inheritance of Attalus, nor do noble women spin for me the Spartan purple, but I possess fidelity and a rich vein of talent, and a man of wealth seeks my friendship, poor though I be.

I importune the Gods for nothing beyond these qualities, and I ask not of my powerful Friend any further gift, being sufficiently blest by him in my Sabine farm.

Day is pushed out by day, and new moons speed their circuits to perish. At the point of death thou art ordering blocks of marble to be cut and, forgetful of the tomb, art building mansions and, through discontent of possessing but up to the shore's bank, wouldest push back even the sea itself which resounds at Baiæ. Nay —more—leaping over the rights of thy dependents, thou art, avariciously, removing the ancient land-marks, so that the poor man and his wife are driven away, along with their Penates and their miserable children.

But no other mansion awaits more surely the wealthy owner than the decreed allotment of devouring Orcus. Why graspest thou at more than this? The impartial earth opens alike to receive poor and rich. Charon could not be bribed with gold to convey back again crafty Prometheus. He is the master of imperious Tantalus, and of the race of Tantalus, and whether he is called for or not called for comes alike to relieve the poor labourer and discharge him from his toil.

XIX.

IN HONOUR OF BACCHUS.

I HAVE seen Bacchus—will posterity believe me? —in rugged wilds dictating his strains, the Nymphs listening, and the goat-footed Satyrs deeply attentive.

Euoe. My mind trembles through the recent alarm—yet my breast, full of Bacchus, swells with confused joy. Euoe. Spare, O Bacchus, spare, thou who art to be feared with thy formidable thyrsus.

It is permitted me to sing of the stubbornly-raging Bacchantes, the fountains of wine, the ample rivers of milk, and of honey trickling from the hollow trees and journeying onwards.

It is permitted me to celebrate the honour of thy illustrious Spouse enrolled among the stars, the palace of Pentheus thrown down in no slight ruins, and the destruction of Thracian Lycurgus.

Thou makest the rivers flow backward to their founts. Thou controllest the Indian Sea and, on the lonely mountain tops, moist with wine, thou tiest up with viper knots, and in perfect safety to them, the tresses of the Bacchanals.

When the impious troop of the Giants was climbing the high ascent for the overthrow of thy Father's kingdom thou, with thy lion-like claws and jaw, hurledst back Rhœtus, and, though considered more fitted for dance and play and judged unequal to the strife of battle, becamest the Arbiter of peace and war.

Cerberus quietly looked on thee gleaming with thy golden horn, and gently moved his tail while touching thy retiring feet and legs with his three-tongued mouth.

XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Being transformed, I shall be borne aloft through æther on a never before used and mighty wing. My stay on earth is approaching its end, and I shall leave behind me the abodes of men with their slander and envy.

Though sprung from lowly parents, I shall not die. I shall not, beloved Mæcenas—thou, who receivest me as a friend—nor will the waters of Lethe drown my memory.

Already—already the rough skin is enveloping my legs. I am becoming changed into a white swan. The down is appearing on my fingers and shoulders.

With superior powers of flight than Dædalean Icarus I shall presently visit, in my tuneful form, the shores of the groaning Bosphorus, the Gætulian Syrtes, and the Hyperborean fields.

The Colchian, the Parthian who pretends not to fear the Roman cohort, the Dacian, the distant Gelonian, the learned Spaniard, and the native of Gaul, will know my writings.

Away then with the dirge over an empty tomb. Away with effeminate grief and complainings. Let all noise be absent, and give not the unrequired burial-honours.

BOOK III.

I.

I ABHOR the irreverent mob, and avoid them. —Keep silence.—The Priest of the Muses, I give forth a new Ode for the Youths and the Virgins.

Kings possess a dreaded sway over their subjects. The control of kings is in the power of Jove, glorious in his triumphs over the Giants, and ordering all things according to his will.

One man may own a wider domain than another. This person, nobler in descent, is a candidate for power in the Campus Martius, whilst his rival, excelling him in character and popular estimation, contends with him for the same office. A greater flock of clients swells the retinue of a third aspirant, but the necessity of death determines, with impartial fate, the lots of high and low as the capacious Urn unceasingly whirls round every name.

The daintiest feast will possess no relish for him over whose impious neck the drawn sword is suspended, nor will the songs of birds, or the notes of the lyre, bring him sleep. Sweet sleep dwells in the lowly cottages of labouring men, by the shady bank, and at Tempe favored by the western breezes.

He who desires but what suffices is free from the fear of shipwreck and the storms of setting Arcturus and rising Auriga, from the dread lest his vines should be struck by the hail, or his land become profitless, the trees upon it at one time blaming the rain, at another time the heat scorching up the ground, and at another time the destructive severity of the winters.

The fish feel the diminished extent of water through the piles being driven into the sea as many a contractor with his workmen and the fastidious owner of the land himself drop in the stones—but fear, and the threatenings of conscience, accompany the owner, and black care alike paces the deck of the trireme and sits on the saddle behind the Knights.

If then neither Phrygian marble, nor purple robes, excelling the stars in lustre, nor eastern unguents, nor Falernian wine, can remove anxiety's gnawing tooth why should I set about erecting a superb mansion after a new manner with envy-exciting gateways. Why should I exchange my Sabine farm for more-care-producing splendour?

II.

Let the strong Roman youth, with a good will, learn the art of war by the endurance of hardships, inflicting injury with his equestrian spear on the fierce Parthian, and let him bivouac in the open field for his country's cause.

The Consort of some royal enemy, with her

betrothed daughter, as she views him before her palace walls, will heave a sigh and cry out, "Ah! "—beware, O Prince affianced to our line and "inexpert in war, of engaging in fight the "savage lion angrily rushing on to the slaughter."

Sweet and glorious it is to die for our country. Death also pursues the runaway soldier, and spares not the legs and trembling back of the unwarlike youth.

Merit knows not rejection, is ever radiant with the purest honour, neither takes she, nor resigns, the axes at the breath of the popular will.

Immortal merit opens the heavens, essays an ascension thither by powers of her own and, with rising wing, spurns the vulgar multitude and earth's cloudy atmosphere.

There is also a sure reward to faithful silence. Any one who shall divulge the sacred mysteries of Ceres shall not sit with me in house or boat. Often does Jupiter, when neglected, mix the innocent with the guilty, and seldom does punishment, though lame of foot, fail to overtake the wicked.

III.

NEITHER the mad fury of the populace, nor the face of the despot, nor the stormy southern blast controlling the restless Adriatic, nor the powerful hand of thundering Jove, alters the resolution of a just and determined man. If the world were shattered to atoms its ruins would strike him undaunted.

Pollux, and the roaming Hercules, thus acting, ascended to the starry heights, and Augustus, reclining betwixt them, quaffs the purple nectar.

Thus acting, thy tigers, O Father Bacchus, submitting themselves to an unused yoke, worthily bore thee to the skies, and Quirinus, on the horses of Mars, gained the Spheres after that Juno had thus acceptably spoken at the Council of the Gods.

"A predestined and impious judge with a "foreign woman turned Troy into dust from the "time when Laomedon defrauded the Gods of "their stipulated reward and the city, with its "people and treacherous king, were assigned to "me and to immaculate Minerva for punishment.

"The notorious guest does not now dazzle the "Spartan adulteress, nor does the perjured house "of Priam, through Hector's valour, resist the "warlike Greeks. The contest, protracted "through our dissensions, is over. Hence-"forth I will transfer to Mars our destructive "wrath and hated grandson whom the Trojan "Priestess brought forth, and I will grant to "Romulus entrance into the shining abodes to "taste the nectar's juice and have his name in-"scribed on the roll of the Gods.

"Whilst the sea remains between Ilium and "Rome let the Trojan exiles, wherever they "may be, reign happily—and whilst flocks range "over the burial grounds of Priam and Paris, "and wild beasts rear there their young in "safety, let the Capitol stand in its glory, and "haughty Rome issue her edicts to the van-"quished Medes.

"Let her also extend her dreaded name far "and wide to the utmost part on the shores of

" the sea which severs Europe from Africa and
" along the banks of the Nile, nobly disdaining
" the gold lying hid in the bowels of the earth
" and thus serving nobler ends than if it were
" dug out by a right hand full of wickedness
" and applied to all manner of purposes.

" Wherever be the limits of the world—alike
" in the regions of intolerable heat and ceaseless
" cloud and rain—let her ambition hold them in
" arms, yet do I thus prescribe their destinies to
" the warlike Quirites.

" Let them not, through piety and a reliance
" on their power, desire to rebuild their ancestral
" Troy. The evil fortune of Troy, rising again
" under ill auspices, will be repeated with
" terrible slaughter since myself, Jove's Spouse
" and Sister, will lead the victorious army.

" Although its brazen walls thrice arose under
" Phœbus' direction thrice should they be de-
" molished by my Argives—thrice should the
" captive wife bewail her husband and her
" children."

These themes suit not the sportive lyre. Whither, O Muse, art thou venturing? Cease, daringly, to sing the counsels of the Gods, and to bring mighty things into contempt by unworthy expressions.

IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

DESCEND from Heaven, Queen Calliope, and breathe forth a long melodious strain on the

flute or, if thou willest, with thine unaccompanied high-rising voice.

Hear you her? Or does the sweet delusion sport with me?—yet I seem to be wandering among the sacred groves through which the eye-delighting waters and the zephyrs glide.

In my boyhood, having strayed beyond the limits of my native Apulia and lying down play-fatigued to sleep on Mount Vultur, the famed wild doves covered me with the spring leaves in order that I might sleep on untouched by the black vipers and bears and be overlaid, as a sign of my boyhood's divinely-inspired spirit, with myrtle and the sacred laurel—which was a source of marvel to all who inhabited the nest of lofty Acherontia, the woods of Bantia and the low-lying land of fertile Forentum.

Your own, O ye Muses, your own am I, whether I am dwelling in the lofty Sabine country, at cool Præneste, at sloping Tibur, or at the baths of Baiæ.

Not the defeat at Philippi, not the accursed tree, not the rocks of Sicilian Palinurus, could destroy me, a lover of your fountains and choruses.

With your companionship gladly will I traverse the raging Bosphorus and the burning sands of Syria, and visit in safety the savage Britons, the Concani who drink the blood of their horses, the Gelonian archers, and the Scythian river.

Ye refreshed in your Pierian retreat the illustrious Cæsar when he had dismissed his troops and was seeking ease after his toil. Ye bestow on him your gentle wisdom and benignantly rejoice in having bestowed it. We know how

he, who rules the solid earth, the stormy sea, the gloomy kingdom of the Shades, the Gods and men, with his sole and impartial sway, overwhelmed with his descending thunderbolt the impious Titans and the gigantic Troop.

Those dreadful Youths, boasting in the might of their muscular arms, and the Brothers, striving to cast Pelion on Olympus, had awakened apprehension even in Jove himself, yet what could Typhœus and the mighty Minas, Porphyrion of threatening stature, with Rhœtus and the daring Enceladus, powerful to hurl the torn-up trees, do against the resounding shield of Pallas?

Here stood Vulcan panting for the fight. Here the matronly Juno with the Delian God who laves his flowing locks in the pure Castalian founts, possesses the groves of Lycia and his native wood, and whose shoulders ever bear the bow.

Strength without wisdom falls headlong by its own weight. The Gods increase success to wisely-regulated strength, but abhor the might which is ready to accomplish all manner of iniquity.

The hundred-handed Gyges is an example of this, as well as Orion, the famed assaulter of the Virgin Diana and pierced by her bow. The Earth grieves, cast upon the monsters of her own production, and bewails her offspring hurled by the lightning into lurid Orcus. The swiftly darting fire consumes not Mount Etna piled upon Enceladus.

The vulture, to whose charge the incontinent Tityos has been assigned, ceases not to prey upon his liver, and three hundred chains manacle the amorous Pirithous.

V.

ON THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

From his thundering we believe that Jove reigns in the skies. From the subjugation of the Britons and Parthians to his empire Augustus, although living, is believed a God.

Is it possible that the soldiers of Crassus have basely saved their lives by barbarian marriages? —and with the enemy! O Senators! O degeneracy of our time! And can the Marsian, and the Apulian, forgetting the Ancilia, the Roman name and toga, and the ever-burning fire, (the Capitol and City both alike unmolested) grow old in tilling the fields of their Median fathers in law?

The fore-seeing mind of Regulus spurned life on such terms, and recoiled alike from the disgraceful conditions of the treaty and the precedent entailing destruction on the coming generation if compassion in this way were to preserve the captive youth from death.

"I have seen," said he, "I have seen the "standards deposited in the Punic temples, and "their arms wrenched from our soldiers without "bloodshed. I have seen the arms of citizens "tied behind their free-born backs—the gates "remaining unclosed—and the devastated fields "put into cultivation by our soldiers.

"Yet doubtless the soldier, ransomed by gold, "will return home the braver! Ye are adding "losses to crime. Dyed wool brings not back "the lost colour nor can genuine valour, if it has "once fled, be restored to cowards.

"If the stag extricated from the dense net

"will fight then also will he display bravery "who has ignominously surrendered to the "enemy, and he who, with tied arms, has felt "the scourge and, unresisting, has feared death "will overwhelm the Carthaginians in a second "conflict. Such a man, not recognizing how he "might best preserve his life, inverts the time "of peace and war.

"O shameful treaty! O mighty Carthage "acquiring greater glory by the infamous down-"fall of Italy."

He is reported to have refused, as no longer a freeman, the embraces of his wife and children, and to have sternly fixed his manly eyes on the ground until, by counsel never before given, he had won over the wavering Senators, and could hasten forth, through his weeping friends, unto a glorious exile.

Although he was conscious what tortures the barbarians were preparing yet did he repulse his relations striving to retain him and the populace opposing his return, just similarly as if, having settled the protracted law suits of his clients, he was merely going into the Venafrian territory or to Lacedæmonian Tarentum.

VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

O ROMAN, thyself guiltless, thou must expiate the guilt of thy forefathers until thou restorest the temples and falling houses of the Gods and the statues begrimed with black smoke.

Thou bearest sway because thou esteemest thyself inferior to the Gods. To them ascribe every commencement and every end. The Gods, neglected, have sent great misery on unhappy Italy.

On two occasions have Moneses and Pachorus overthrown our inauspicious attacks, and exult in the addition of Roman soil to their scanty military honours. The Dacian and Egyptian have almost destroyed the city immersed in civil conflict—the one formidable for his ships and the other more renowned for the bow.

The ages, fruitful in crime, first contaminated the marriage rite, the race, and private dwellings. The bloodshed, arising out of these, spread itself over the country and over the populace.

The maiden delights in the Ionian dance and, even in childhood, directs her thoughts to unhallowed love—then after marriage is ready to commit adultery without or with her husband's infamous connivance.

Not from such parentage did the youths of old crimson the sea with Punic blood, and slay Pyrrhus, Antiochus of lofty stature, and the terrific Hannibal. But a masculine progeny of rustic warriors, practised in ploughing up the sod and carrying in heavy logs of wood at the bidding of a resolute mother, what time the sun changed the mountain-shadows, released the fatigued oxen from their yokes, and brought the merry time of evening.

What do not the increasingly-degenerate times hasten on? The age of our fathers, worse than that of our grandsires, has produced our own generation, even more wicked, to be shortly succeeded by children of a still guiltier dye.

VII.

TO ASTERIE.

Why weepest thou, Asterie, for Gyges—a youth constant in his affection—whom the first fair Spring-breezes will restore to thee enriched with Bithynian merchandize?

Driven at Auriga's stormy rising by the Southern winds to Oricum he is passing the winter nights sleepless and tearful.

For the crafty messenger of his loving hostess assails him in a thousand ways, saying that Chloe sighs for him and is being miserably consumed by the same fires which burn in thee.

He tells him how a perfidious woman impelled the credulous Prœtus, by false accusations, to slay the chaste Bellerophon, and that Peleus was on the point of being hurled to Tartarus as he fled the temptation of the Magnesian Hippolyte.

In addition he plies him with histories of faithlessness—but it is all in vain, for he stands proof in his integrity, and listens to his words with a deafness surpassing that of the Icarian rocks.

But do thou also be on thy guard lest thy neighbour Enipeus be too pleasing to thee, for no one else indeed so skilfully manages his horse in the Campus Martius, or can more rapidly swim down the Tiber.

At the commencement of every evening close thy door, nor look out into the street as the pipe gives out its querulous tone, and remain unrelenting to him continually calling thee cruel.

VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

O MÆCENAS—learned in both the languages—thou wonderest what I, a Bachelor, can have to do with the Kalends of March, with flowers, a censer of frankincense and the coal laid on the living grass.

After I had just escaped destruction by the fall of a tree, I vowed to sacrifice to Bacchus in the future joyous banquets and a white goat, and this makes me, on each returning anniversary, open joyfully a bottle of the wine made in the year when Tullus was Consul.

Drink, Mæcenas, a hundred cups in celebration of thy friend's safety. Keep the lights burning till daybreak. May all noise and quarrelling be far away.

Dismiss all political apprehensions with regard to the city. The Dacian Cotiso has been defeated, and the hostile Parthians are fighting amongst themselves.

At length our ancient foe—the Spaniard—has been brought into subjection and feels the chain. The Scythians, with bow relaxed, are retiring into remoter districts.

Be not over-solicitous (since thou wearest not the crown) lest the State, in some quarter or other, be sustaining injury. Take joyfully the gifts of the present hour and put grave matters aside.

IX.

A DIALOGUE.

HORACE.

WHILST I was agreeable to thee, and no other youth, more favored, threw his arm around thy fair neck, I lived happier than the king of the Persians.

LYDIA.

Whilst thou lovedst no one more, and preferredst not Chloe to Lydia, I lived exalted above the illustrious Ilia.

HORACE.

The Thracian Chloe, skilled in sweet song and mistress of the lyre, now holds sway over me, for whom I would not fear to die if the Fates would spare her.

LYDIA.

Calais, the son of the Thracian Ornytus, inspires me with reciprocal affection, for whom I would twice die if the Fates would spare him.

HORACE.

But what if the old love return and bring us, long-parted, under her mighty yoke—if the golden-haired Chloe be abandoned, and the door set open for slighted Lydia.

LYDIA.

Although he is brighter than a star—thou lighter than cork, and more tempestuous than the stormy Adriatic—yet with thee would I live and with thee gladly die.

X.

TO LYCE.

WERT thou a Scythian, Lyce, and married to a savage man, yet shouldest thou grieve to leave me exposed before thine inhospitable doors to the Northern winds of thy country.

Hearest thou with what noise thy door and the trees planted amid the handsome buildings re-echo to the winds, and how the cloudless sky is hardening the fallen snow.

Cast away thy pride, offensive to Venus, lest the rope of the revolving wheel fly backward. No Tuscan father begat in thee a Penelope to her Suitors.

Though neither gifts nor entreaties move thee —the violet-coloured paleness of thy lovers, nor even the faithlessness of thy husband—yet spare thy suppliant, thou that art not softer than the sturdy oak, nor gentler than African serpents. I shall not always be able to submit to the threshold and the falling rain.

XI.

TO LYDE.

O MERCURY, since Amphion, deriving his powers from thine instruction, by his music made the stones to walk, and Thou, O Shell, who melodiously soundest with thy seven strings—neither vocal nor pleasing of old, but now alike agreeable

in the Temples and in the mansions of the wealthy—dictate the measures to which Lyde may incline her obdurate ears.

Like a three-year filly she leaps and plays in the spacious fields, and fears to be touched—unmarried—and as yet too young for a husband.

Thou canst draw after thee, by thy music, tigers and woods, and delay the swift rivers in their flow. Cerberus, the fierce guardian of the palace hall, though snakes encamp around his dreadful hundred heads and the black breath and foam issue from his three-tongued mouth, yielded to the blandishments of thy strains.

Ixion also, and Tityos, smiled against their will. The Urn for a short time stood empty as the Danaides were beguiled with thy verse.

Let Lyde learn the impiety and punishment of those Virgins—the sieve unable to retain the water running away at the bottom, and the final destiny which awaits crime, even in the land of Spirits.

Impious—for what greater guilt could they contract? Impious—who dared, with the keen sword, to slay their husbands. One of the Virgins, worthy of the nuptial torch, was gloriously false to her perjured father and acquired renown for all time.

"Arise" said she to her youthful husband "arise, lest an enduring sleep, from a quarter "thou fearest not, be given thee. Escape from "thy father-in-law and my wicked sisters who, "like lionesses over their prey, are tearing their "husbands to pieces. Gentler than they, I will "neither strike thee nor keep thee here.

"Let my cruel father load me with chains "for having, in compassion, spared my unhappy

" husband, or exile me to the remotest Numidian
" plains. Go thou wheresoever flight and the
" winds may bear thee, whilst the night and my
" love assist thee. Be the omen favourable, and
" remember to inscribe on my tomb a mournful
" dirge in remembrance of me."

XII.

TO NEOBULE.

It is the lot of unhappy maidens neither to indulge in love or wine and, half dead with fear, to writhe beneath the caustic language of an uncle.

Cupid, O Neobule, takes from thee all desire to spin or study as soon as the handsome young Hebrus of Lipara hath bathed himself in the waters of the Tiber.

He masters the horse better than Bellerophon himself, surpasses all in the wrestle and race, can skilfully hurl the dart on the stag as it bounds along the open amid its terrified companions, nor is he less prepared to receive the onset of the wild boar lurking in the dense covert.

XIII.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

O Spring of Bandusia, clearer than glass, worthy of a libation in wine and flowers, to-morrow shall

a kid be offered up to thee, whose forehead, swelling with the coming horn, is the index of love and war—but to him in vain for in your honour he shall stain thy cold waters with his crimson blood.

The burning Dogstar cannot harm thee. Thou affordest delightful shade to the plough-wearied oxen and the wandering sheep.

Thou shalt become one of the illustrious Fountains through my celebrating the oak overshadowing the hollow rocks whence leap forth thy voicèd waters.

XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.

Augustus, O Roman, just now in our mouths as risking, like Hercules, his life to attain the laurel, is on the point of returning home victorious from the Spanish coasts.

Let the Consort, who exults in a peerless husband, go forth to offer the justly-due sacrifices, accompanied by the Sister of the illustrious Conqueror, and let the mothers of the noble virgins and the mothers of the noble young warriors, who are returning safely, follow in their train, becomingly adorned with the supplicatory veils. You, ye boys and wanton girls, refrain from ill language by silence.

The joyous day shall expel black care. I will neither fear commotions arising nor dying by violence whilst Augustus possesses the supreme power.

Go, boy, bring the perfume, the chaplets, and a cask of the time of the Marsian war if that, by any chance, one has escaped the clutch of the roving Spartacus.

And tell the sweet-singing Neæra to tie up her myrrh-perfumed hair and hasten hither. If there be any difficulty in seeing her through the hateful doorkeeper go away.

The whitening locks soften an irascible spirit —but I would not have submitted to his doing so when a hot-headed youth in the time of the Consul Plancus.

XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

A BRAZEN chamber with massive doors, and watchful dogs around, would have amply protected Danae had not Jupiter and Venus, well knowing that by the God transforming himself into gold the way would become both safe and easy, laughed at Acrisius, the timid guardian of the immured maiden.

Gold walketh through the midst of sentinels, and overthroweth structures of stone more easily than lightning. The love of gain overwhelmed with destruction the house of the Argive Augur.

By gifts Philip of Macedon entered victoriously the gates of hostile cities and destroyed contending kings. Presents subdue the rough commanders of ships.

The care of wealth, together with the thirst for more, attend increasing riches. O Mæcenas,

thou ornament of the Equestrian Order, wisely have I dreaded to erect a mansion whose summit shall be conspicuous far and wide.

The more any one shall be disregardful of himself the more shall he receive from the Gods. Possessing nothing, I seek the camp of those who desire nothing, and, like a fugitive, quit the quarters of the rich, more illustrious as the owner of a little which is despised by them than if I were talked of by the Public as piling up in my granaries all the produce of Appulia, yet being at the same time a poor man in the midst of these vast treasures.

A crystal rill of water, a few acres of woodland, and a constant grain crop, are overlooked by him who rules over fertile Africa, and happier am I in my condition of life although no Calabrian bees yield me honey, no Formian wine ages in my cellar, and I have no fleecy flocks in the rich Gallic pastures.

But craving poverty is absent, nor if I desired more wouldest thou be reluctant to give. More happily, however, shall I increase my moderate income by contracting my desires than if I could join the kingdom of Alyattes to the Mygdonian plains.

To those who strive for much much is wanting. Happy is the man on whom the Gods, with a sparing hand, have conferred a sufficiency.

XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

O ÆLIUS, nobly descended from ancient Lamus (tradition asserts that thence the Lamias derived

their name with the whole race of their descendants mentioned in recording annals) since thou derivest thy origin from him who is reported, as the Prince, to have built the walls of Formiæ and possessed the Minturnian territory, exercising supremacy far and wide, tomorrow a storm from the east will strew the wood with leaves and the shore with abundance of seaweed, unless the long-lived crow, the prophetess of rain, deceive me.

While the rain keeps off bring in the dry wood, and tomorrow, in company with thy service-released servants, regale thy Genius with wine and a pig two month old.

XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

O Faunus, thou lover of the flying Nymphs, walk harmlessly through my domains and the sunny fields, and depart propitious to the young of the flocks since a tender kid falls in sacrifice to thee at the close of the year, and the bowl (the companion of Venus) pours forth its ample libation of wine, and the ancient altar smokes with an abundance of perfume.

The whole flock joyously gambols in the fields at the advent of thy December Nones. The holiday-keeping village enjoys itself in the meadows together with the idle oxen. The wolf strays amongst the fearless lambs. The wood strews the ground with its leaves in honour of thee, and the labourer merrily dances on the detested ground.

XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

THOU art discoursing about the events that occurred from the time of Inachus down to that of Codrus ready to die for his country, the history of the race of Æacus, and the siege of Troy, but not a word as to the price at which we can buy Chian wine—who shall temper its fire with water—at whose residence the entertainment shall be given—and the hour when I may be housed against Pelignian cold?

Here, boy, bring quickly the wine that we may drink to the New Moon—to the Mid-Night—and to Muræna the Augur.

Let the goblets be mixed with three or nine cups of water as the guests prefer. The inspired bard who delights in the Muses will call for nine measures of the wine. The Graces, apprehensive of strife, call upon those who love them to touch but three.

There is pleasure in excitement. Why are the Phrygian flutes silent? Why are the pipes and lyre hung up? I hate niggard hands. Scatter the roses about. Let envious Lycus hear the revel along with our fair neighbour—an ill match for so old a man. Rhode, thine equal in years, loves thee, O Telephus, who possessest the shining bushy locks, and rivallest the bright Evening star. Passion for my Glycera is slowly consuming me.

XXI.

TO A JAR OF WINE.

O JAR—coming into existence with myself during the Consulship of Manlius—whether thou

producest quarrels or sallies of wit, strife or maddening love or, with kindly feelings, inducest quickly-falling sleep—for whatever end thou enclosest the gladdening Massic wine, worthy of being drank on a day of renown—come down from above that thy mellowness may afford pleasure to the taste of Corvinus.

He does not sternly reject thee, although he has drank deep of the Socratic tenets. Even the austerity of the elder Cato is said to have softened under thine influence.

Thou causest the rugged disposition to become gentle at times. Thou revealest, during festive banquets, the cares and secret counsels of the guarded and the prudent.

Thou bringest hope and strength to troubled minds, and conferrest courage on men of low estate who, under thine influence, neither dread the wrath of kings nor the weapons of the soldier.

Bacchus, and Venus if smilingly present, with the Graces, indissoluble in their union, and the living lights, shall prolong thy flowing till Phœbus puts the stars to flight.

XXII.

TO DIANA.

O Virgin Goddess in triple form, thou guardian of woods and mountains, who hearest the thrice-sent supplications in the pains of childbirth and deliverest from death, let the pine in my grounds be sacred to thee which, joyously, at the close of every year, will I sprinkle in sacrifice with the blood of a boar.

XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

If, rustic Phidyle, thou raisest thy suppliant hands to heaven at the New Moon—if, with frankincense and some fruits of the year's produce and a voracious pig, thou honourest thy Lares—neither shall thy prolific vines suffer from the scorching South wind, thy corn from the destroying blight, nor the tender young of thy flocks from the sickly Autumnal Season.

The sacred cattle, which feed among the oak groves of Algidus, or increase in bulk amid Alban pastures, have to fall under the axe of the priests. If thou crownest thy little Lares with rosemary and the slender myrtle the offering up of flocks of sheep will not be required from thee.

And even if thine hand, which offers no gifts, simply touch the altar, it will propitiate the offended Penates as powerfully as one which brings with it the costly sacrifice accompanied with the pious cake, and the crackling salt.

XXIV.

Thou mayest possess more riches than Arabia and wealthy India contain. Thou mayest fill up the whole of the Tuscan and Apulian seas with thy palaces, yet, whenever inexorable Necessity shall have driven home her adamantine spikes on the summits of thy possessions, neither wilt

thou free thy mind from fear nor deliver thy body from death.

The wandering Scythians, whose waggons, after the ancient manner, draw along their places of abode, and the hardy Getæ, whose limitless acres yield a produce free to all and whose grounds are cultivated annually amongst themselves in turns, live more happily.

In those regions a woman is just to her step-children—a rich bride rules not her husband and is faithful to the marriage-contract—virtue is the valuable dowry of the parents with chastity which, strong in its troth, fears the stranger, and accounts it wickedness to transgress and gain to die.

Oh! who? who will put an end to the impious slaughter and civic fury? If he shall desire to be inscribed on his statues as the Father of the City let him curb the hitherto-unsubdued licentiousness, acquiring lustre in the eyes of posterity since we—alas!—detest merit while it is present with us but, with feelings of envy, would retain her after she is gone.

What avail mournful complaints if crimes are not cut off by punishment? Nay, of what avail are even the laws themselves? Useless—unless enforced by the weight of public morality—for neither the sultry tropics, nor the regions bordering on the north, nor winter's snow, daunt the merchantman, the skilful sailors overcome the stormy billows, and limited means (accounted a great reproach) bid us do and dare everything and forsake the steep path of integrity.

But if we indeed repent of our crimes let us go to the Capitol whither popular acclaim, and the crowd of applauding citizens, invite us, or

else let us cast into the nearest sea our gems, precious stones, and gold the Source of all evil.

The beginnings of depraved desires must be rooted out, and minds of too effeminate a cast must be strengthened by noble pursuits. The free-born youth, unskilled in the exercise, knows not how to ride and fears to hunt—able, however, if you bid him, to play with the trochus or, if you desire it, with the law-forbidden dice, whilst his perjured father is defrauding his own partner in business and the foreigner he trades with, and is heaping up wealth for his unworthy heir.

Of a truth injurious riches accumulate—but yet something is always wanting to the too small amount.

XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

WHITHER, Bacchus, art thou bearing me, full of thee? Into what woods and recesses am I being carried, borne swiftly along with changed feelings? In what caves shall my voice be heard, proposing to place the eternal lustre of Cæsar among the stars and at the Council of Jove? I will sing of his illustrious and recent deeds, unsung as yet by any other poet.

In a similar condition of inspiration the awakened Bacchanal looks upon Hebrus, Thrace white with snow, and Rhodope traversed by the barbarian foot, as I, wandering away from

civilization, gaze with rapture upon the banks and the silent grove.

O God of the Naiads and of the Bacchanals powerful to tear up the lofty ash trees with their hands, I shall sing of nothing that is insignificant or mortal, nor in unworthy language. The peril is an enticing one, O Bacchus, to follow the God who encircles his temples with the verdant ivy leaf.

XXVII.

TO GALATEA.

Let the omen of the screeching owl, the dog with young, the wolf running down from Lanuvinum, or a female fox, accompany the guilty. Let a serpent also break their commenced journey when, with arrow-speed darting obliquely across the path, it has terrified the horses.

But I, a foreseeing Augur, will, on her behalf for whom I entertain apprehension, invoke by my prayers the croaking raven from the East, before that the bird, which presages impending showers, shall reseek the stagnant marshes.

Be happy, Galatea, in whatever place thou mayest desire to be, but forget me not. May neither the woodpecker on the left, nor the wandering crow, forbid thy departure.

Yet, notwithstanding this, dost thou notice how tumultuously Orion is setting? I have experienced an Adriatic tempest, and how deceitful a calm West-north-west wind is.

Let the wives and children of our enemies feel the rising of the Southern breeze, the foam of the dark waters, and the shore-resounding surf.

Europa, similarly rash, entrusted her fair form to the crafty bull, but, though bold in setting forth, she trembled at the sight of the deep teeming with monsters, and at the perils which environed her, and, but a short time before in the meadows gathering flowers, and weaving a coronet for the nymphs, now, in a feebly illumined night, she beheld nothing but stars and waves.

As soon as she reached Crete, with its hundred cities, she exclaimed "O Father—name to be "uttered no more by thy daughter—and my "duty overcome by love—whence—whither, am "I come?

"A single death is too little for the punish-"ment of virgins. Am I now awake, and "bemoaning an infamous deed, or does a vain "dream, issuing from the ivory gate, delude me "free from all stain?

"Was it better for me to traverse the spacious "deep, or to gather the fresh flowers? If any "one would now deliver up to me, so full of "indignation, the bull but lately so much loved "I would strive with steel to tear him to pieces "and destroy the horns of the monster.

"Shamefully I left my father's house. Shame-"fully I delay to die. Oh!—if any God is "listening to me, I pray that I may be cast "naked among lions—and, before that unsightly "leanness seize hold on my blooming cheeks, "may I, in all my beauty and symmetry of form, "become a prey to tigers.

" O shameful Europa! Thine absent father is
" crying out 'Why delayest thou to die? Thou
" 'canst from this tree procure death by means
" 'of the girdle that has so opportunely been
" 'preserved by thee. But if the precipice, and
" 'death-inflicting rocks, please thee better, then
" 'cast thyself down unless—Oh, shame upon
" 'thy royal blood—thou preferrest to be given
" 'to some barbarian Mistress, and to card her
" 'wool.'"

Whilst she was pouring forth her complaints, Venus, with laughing countenance, and Cupid, with bow relaxed, stood by her side. Presently, with grave face, "Leave off" said she "your
" indignation and great anger, for the hated bull
" shall place his horns in your power. Knowest
" thou not that thou art the wife of invincible
" Jove. Learn to bear humbly thy great fortune.
" A part of the world shall be called by thy name."

XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

How shall I do most honour to Neptune's festal day? My strong Lyde, bring some old Cæcuban wine, and do violence to thy guarded wisdom.

Perceivest thou how the day declines, and, as though winged time stood still, thou delayest to hurry from the cellar the lingering jar, filled in the time of the Consul Bibulus.

Alternately we will sing the praise of Neptune and the bright green hair of the Nereids, and

thou shalt celebrate Latona on the curved lyre, and fleet-footed Diana with her bow.

At the end of the strain we will sing the praise of her who reigns over Cnidus and the bright shining Cyclades, and who visits Paphos with her yoke of swans. Night shall also be celebrated in a worthy ode.

XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

O MÆCENAS, descended from the Etrurian Kings, a cask of reserved mellow wine, roses, and unguents, have been long ago ready for thee. Delay not to come, that thou mayest not be always turning thy gaze towards the ever-humid Tibur, the sloping Æsula, and the hills of the parricide Telegonus.

Quit thy cloying wealth and the lofty palace, raising its head to the clouds, and cease to marvel at the smoke, the riches, and the noise, of mighty Rome.

Ofttimes an agreeable change, and a well-ordered repast in rooms undecked with purple beneath the humble roof of persons in moderate circumstances, have expelled thoughtful care from the rich.

The bright Father of Andromeda has now arisen. Procyon, and Sirius, are displaying their rage in these hot sultry days. The weary shepherd, with his languid flock, seeks the shade, the stream, and the thickets of the rough Silvanus,

and the taciturn bank is unbreathed upon by the wandering winds.

Thou art full of thought and anxiety how the State may prosper, and what the Seres, and the Bactrians under their King Cyrus, and the Parthians, dissentient among themselves, are likely to attempt.

The wise Deity hath veiled in impenetrable darkness the events of the future, and laughs whenever mortal men are timorous to excess.

In equanimity arrange whatever presents itself to thee. The rest will proceed after the manner of a river—at one time peacefully keeping the middle of its bed, and gliding downwards into the sea—at another time, whirling together corroded stones, roots of trees, houses and flocks, with great clamour of hills and woods, when the violent water-flood stirs up the tranquil streams.

That man will live in happiness and self-command who can say each day "I have lived. "To-morrow let the Great Father enshroud the "world in darkness or in light, yet can he not "make void what hath been, nor cause that not "to have been which the flying hour hath carried "away on its wings."

Fortune, joying in her cruel work and unceasingly making sport in a way that is ever new, changes uncertain honours, at one time indulgent to me, at another time to another. I am grateful while she remains—if she spread her rapid wings I resign her gifts, wrap myself up in mine integrity, and seek as my bride virtuous poverty without a dowry.

If the mast bend under the southern storm I do not have recourse to disgraceful supplication, and strive to make a bargain by my vows that

my Cyprian or Syrian merchandize may not be added to the treasures of the seas. At such a time as this, in my two-oared skiff, Castor and Pollux, with a favoring breeze, will bear me safely through the foam of the Ægean Sea.

XXX.

HIS PRESAGE OF IMMORTALITY.

I HAVE built my mausoleum of more enduring material than brass, and loftier than the royal Pyramids. Neither the corroding rain, the powerful North wind, the recurring cycles of years, nor the flight of time, will be able to destroy it.

I shall not all die. The greater part of me will escape death, and as long as the High Priest, with the silent Virgins, shall ascend the Capitol, shall my fame become unceasingly greater in the judgment of posterity.

I shall be celebrated as possessing the powers, although sprung from a humble origin in the region where the swift Aufidus rolls his waters along and where Daunus ruled over a population scantily supplied with water, to have been the first to adopt Æolic verse to Italian measures.

Take then, my soul, the glory thy merits have aimed at, and do thou, O Melpomene, with a good will, crown me with the Delphic laurel.

BOOK IV.

I.

TO VENUS.

O VENUS, thou rekindlest within me the long-extinguished fires. Spare me, I pray, spare me. I am not what I was under the reign of the gentle Cinara. Cease, cruel Mother of the Loves, to seek to influence him who is now intractable to thy soft sway, and whose age vergeth on the tenth lustrum. Go where the pleasing entreaties of the young invoke thee.

Flying thither, with thy purple swans, thou wilt more becomingly be entertained in the house of Paulus, if thou willest to inflame a heart worthy of thee.

For he is nobly born, handsome, eloquent on behalf of his troubled clients, a youth possessing a variety of accomplishments, and will wield far and wide the weapons of thy service—and when, a victor, he shall have laughed at the costly gifts of a rival, he will place a marble statue of thee under the citron dome of his Alban house.

There shalt thou receive frankincense in abundance, with commingled strains of the lyre, flute, and pipe. There, twice a day, shall the youths, with the gentle maidens, in praise of thy

divinity, after the Salian manner, thrice shake the ground with their white feet.

For me, I no longer delight in coronets of flowers, in the banquet with its wine-contentions, or in the credulous expectation of mutual love.

But why, O Ligurinus, why does the almost imperceptible tear fall down my cheek? Why does my tongue halt in unbecoming silence in the midst of an eloquent overflow? In my dreams, O cruel one, I hold thee in my grasp, or am pursuing thee swiftly in the Campus Martius, or through the rolling waters.

II.

TO IULUS ANTONIUS.

Whoever, O Iulus, aims at emulating Pindar essays the task on wings waxed by Dædalean art, and soon gives a name to the glassy deep.

Like a river swollen by rain and pouring over its banks, Pindar foams, and rushes onwards with a full and deep volume of song.

In every way is he deserving of Apollo's wreath—whether he sing of the Gods, or of kings their offspring, by whom the Centaurs fell in just destruction, and the flame of the terrible Chimæra was quenched—whether he celebrate the victorious wrestlers and charioteers whom the Elean palm hath immortalized, and so presents them with a gift more valuable than a hundred statues—or whether he compose a

dirge on some youth taken from his weeping wife, and thus inserts among the stars his strength, courage, and unblemished morals, and rescues his memory from the oblivion of the grave.

A powerful breeze upraised the Dircæan Swan whenever he would soar towards the clouds. I, possessing small powers and, like a Matinian bee, gathering thyme with great toil, laboriously compose verses amid the woods and banks of humid Tibur.

Thou, a Poet of loftier strain, shalt sing of Cæsar when, crowned with the glorious and deserved laurel, he shall lead captive the fierce Sygambi up the steep ascent—than whom nothing greater or better have the Fates and the gracious Gods bestowed upon the earth, nor will bestow, even though the golden age itself should return.

Thou shalt celebrate the festal days and the rejoicings of the State on account of the prayer-obtained return of the valiant Augustus, and the Forum free from litigation. My voice also shall join in, if so be that I can speak anything to the purpose, and I will sing "O glorious "day—day to be praised," my heart beating with joy at Cæsar's safe return.

Whilst thou art taking part in the Procession I will be continuously crying out "Io Triomphe." The whole city will send forth the Pæan and I will offer a sacrifice to the propitious Gods.

Ten bulls and ten cows shall fall to thy lot. Mine offering shall be a tender calf, which is now thriving on abundance of grass for this purpose—his horns resembling the curved fires of a three-days' moon, and his body of a dun colour with one white spot.

III.

TO MELPOMENE.

He, whom thou, O Melpomene, hast once looked upon at his birth with thy radiant face, will neither be rendered illustrious as a wrestler at the Isthmian contests, nor as a charioteer through the victorious speed of his rapid horses, nor will warlike exploits display him to the Capitol as a general crowned with the Delian laurel, because he hath crushed the threatenings of haughty Kings, but the waters flowing by fertile Tibur, and its dense crests of woods, will make him illustrious for Æolic verse.

The people of Rome, the Queen of cities, deem it worthy to enrol me among love-descanting poets, and already am I being less bitten by the tooth of envy.

O Muse, who regulatest the sweet sounds of the golden shell—able, at thy will, to endow with the song of the swan the mute fishes of the sea—this is all thy gift, that I am pointed out by the fingers of the passers by as the minstrel of the Roman lyre. It is thy gift, if I feel poetic inspiration and please if I do please.

IV.

IN HONOUR OF DRUSUS.

In the same manner as increasing strength and hereditary vigour drives from the nest, in unconsciousness of toil, the Eaglet—the Ministrant

of the lightning—to whom, of old, Jove, having proved his fidelity in the matter of Ganymede, gave dominion over all birds—and the breezes of a clear spring sky teach him, though timid, unusual darings—then, presently, a strong impulse urges him to attack the sheep-folds, and by-and-by the desire of prey and conflict sends him against resisting dragons—and like as the she-goat, browzing in pleasant pastures, catches sight of the young lion which has just been weaned from the dug of its tawny dam and by whose just-shed tooth it is about to perish—so have the Vindelici witnessed the warlike exploits of Drusus under the Rætian Alps.

How this nation came to arm their right hands with the Amazonian axe—a custom handed down from many generations—I have not enquired into, neither is it lawful to know all things. But these troops, victorious far and wide and for a length of time and now conquered in their turn by the wisdom of the youth, have experienced what a mind rightly educated—what a natural disposition trained up under an auspicious roof—what a spirit matured by the fatherly kindness of Augustus—could achieve.

The brave generate the brave. There is hereditary strength in cattle as in horses. The fierce eagles do not bring forth the peaceful doves.

Education brings out natural powers, and good culture strengthens the spirit. Wherever moral principles are wanting, vice contaminates what is naturally good.

What thou owest, O Rome, to the Neros the river Metaurus is a witness, along with vanquished Hasdrubal, and that bright day which first, since the time that the dire African rushed

through Italian cities like fire through forests of pine or as Eurus courses over the Sicilian waves, rolled away the darkness from Latium and smiled with victory's golden smile.

After this the Roman youth were ever victorious. The Statues of the Gods were replaced in the Temples, which had been desecrated by the Carthaginians.

At the last perfidious Hannibal spake out, "As stags, the prey of the rapacious wolves, we "ourselves are advancing to attack those whom "to deceive and escape from is our noblest "triumph.

"That sacred Race which, after the burning "of Troy, bravely sailed the Tuscan waters, and "bore their little ones and aged fathers to Italian "cities—like the oaks of dark and densely-"wooded Algidus when the strong axes have "despoiled them of their branches—draws "power and spirit from their very losses—their "slaughter—nay from the sharp steel itself.

"The Hydra, with its dissected body, did not "resume itself in a mightier form, by its in-"creased powers, against Hercules distressed "lest he might be overcome, nor did Colchis or "Echionian Thebes produce a greater prodigy.

"Immerse it in the deep—it rises, more "glorious. Wrestle with it—it will rush for-"wards, in a manner to excite the highest "admiration, against its hitherto-uninjured con-"queror, and peform exploits to be boasted of by "their wives.

"I will not now despatch exulting messengers "to Carthage. All our hopes and fortunes are "fallen—are fallen—in the fall of Hasdrubal."

The Claudian hands can accomplish everything,

for Jove guards them with his benignant presence, and sagacious thoughtfulness makes a course for them through all the perils of war.

V.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

O MOST renowned Guardian of the Roman nation, sprung from the beneficent Gods, thou remainest absent too long. Fulfil thy promise to the Sacred Senate of a speedy return to us.

Restore the light of thy countenance, illustrious Commander, to the country for when, like the Sun, it shines on the populace, the day goes round more happily, and the orb of the Sun is more radiant.

As the mother invokes by omen and prayer the arrival of her youthful son whom the South wind, blowing adversely on the Carpathian Sea, detains from his home for more than a year, nor removes her face from the curved shore so, smitten with sincere desire, does our country call for the return of Cæsar.

The ox now traverses the fields in safety while Ceres and benign Prosperity nourish the ground undevastated. The sailors sail rapidly through the tranquil seas. Fidelity jealously guards her good name. The chastity of houses is invaded by no pollution, for public morality and legal enactments have subdued wickedness. The offspring resemble their parents, and punishment is an attendant upon crime.

Who fears the Parthian while Cæsar lives? Who the progeny that rough Germany sends forth? Who cares for the Spaniard?

Every one solitarizes the day in his own grounds, and trains the vine along the widowed trees. From this labour he goes joyously to partake of the wine cup, and at the second course invokes thee as a Deity.

He pays his homage with many a supplication and libations of wine, and blends thy divinity with that of the Lares in the same way as Greece keeps in remembrance Castor and the mighty Hercules.

O illustrious Prince, mayest thou give many festal days to Italy. We pray for this in sober mood, in the early dawn, before the Sun has risen, and at our convivial meetings after his setting.

VI.

TO APOLLO.

Thou God—whose wrath Niobe's children experienced for her insulting tongue—from whom too the ravisher Tityos received punishment as well as Achilles when about to take Troy.

Although he was the warrior son of sea-born Thetis, excelling all his comrades, and shook the Trojan towers with his terrible spear, yet could he not match thee and, like a pine cleft by the axe, or a cypress levelled by the Eastern blast, fell to the ground, and his mighty stature lay in Trojan dust.

He would have scorned to have availed himself of the stratagem of the wooden horse feigning the sacred mysteries of Minerva, and to take advantage of the festivities and merriment which Priam appointed, to the city's injury.

Merciless indeed to those captured in fair conflict he would have also burnt both new-born and unborn babes, and thus should the entire race have been annihilated, had not Jove, swayed by thine entreaties and those of acceptable Venus, granted for the interests of Æneas another country to be inhabited under fairer auspices.

O Phœbus, thou God of the lyre, instructor of the Greek lyrics, who bathest thy locks in Xanthus, defend, O swift-footed Apollo, the honour of the Roman Muse.

Phœbus bestowed on me inspiration, the art of song, and the name of Poet. Ye noble Virgins and ye noble Youths, receiving the protection of the Delian Goddess, whose arrows strike the flying lynxes and stags, observe the Lesbian measure and the motion of my thumb, whilst ye are duly celebrating the son of Latona and the Goddess who illumines the night with her increasing horns of light, matures the fruits of the earth, and rolls along the swiftly-flying months.

During your married life you will be able to say "I was instructed by the Poet Horace, and "recited the Festal Sæcular Ode unto the Gods "in an acceptable manner."

VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

THE snow is gone. The herbage is returning to the fields and the foliage to the trees. The earth is changing its appearance, the decreasing waters glide within their banks, the Nymphs and the Graces are preparing the dance.

The Year together with the Hour which hurries onwards the pleasant day warn us not to expect an immortal existence. Summer destroys Spring, perishing itself as soon as Autumn pours forth her fruits, and then stagnant Winter rushes in again.

The swiftly-revolving Months however restore the Seasons but we, when we have descended where the good Æneas, the wealthy Tullus, and Ancus, have gone, are but dust and shadow.

Who can tell whether the Gods above will add to-morrow's existence to that of yesterday? Yet all, however, thou mayest indulge thyself in will escape the greedy grasp of thy heir.

When once thou hast fallen, and Minos shall have passed his impartial judgment upon thee, neither thy pedigree, O Torquatus, thine eloquence, nor thy goodness, will restore thee back to earth.

Diana cannot liberate the chaste Hippolytus from the infernal Hades, nor can Theseus deliver his beloved Pirithous from the fetters of Lethe.

VIII.

TO CENSORINUS.

WERE it in my power, O Censorinus, I would willingly bestow on my friends acceptable presents of cups and vessels of bronze. I would present them with tripods—the rewards of the brave Greeks.

Nor, were I the possessor of precious works of art, such as Parrhasius and Scopas produced, the former in statuary and the latter in delineations on canvas of a man or God, should you receive the least valuable of my gifts, but thou askest not these from me, nor does even thy taste desire them—though were it so thy own resources could supply them—but thou delightest in verse. This we can give and assign a value to the gift.

Not marble, with its deeply-cut public inscriptions restoring to life and action the great Generals which have passed away—not the marble-recorded precipitate flight of Hannibal and his menaces hurled back upon him, nor the burning of perfidious Carthage, can more gloriously declare the praise of him who returned to his country crowned by the appellation of the land he had conquered, than the Calabrian Muse, neither canst thou reap a full reward for thy noble actions unless they be transmitted in writing to Posterity.

Where would be the renown of the Son of Ilia and Mars if envious silence had destroyed his merit. His worth, and the goodwill and song of eminent poets, rescue Æacus from the Stygian waters, and place him in the islands of the blest.

The Muse permits not him to die who is

deserving of fame. She exalts him to the skies. Thus unwearied Hercules sits at the banquets of Jove. The Tyndaridæ, that gleaming constellation, delivers storm-tossed vessels from the dangers of the seas, and Bacchus, with vine-encircled brow, conducts the desires of his votaries to a successful issue.

IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

Do not think that those verses will perish which I, born by the far-resounding Aufidus, have written in original poetic measures, and for accompaniment with the strings of the lute.

No—for although Mæonian Homer holds the first rank, yet the compositions of Pindar and of Simonides, the defiant strains of Alcæus, and the majestic poetry of Stesichorus, are in high repute.

Nor has time destroyed what Anacreon may have written long since in a playful style. His love strains remain with us, and the impassioned feelings which the Æolian Maid poured forth to her lyre are yet living in our midst.

Lacedæmonian Helen is not the only woman who has been faithless through the attractions of beautiful hair, gold-embroidered apparel, and princely graces. Teucer was not the first who shot from a Cretan bow. Troy was more than once besieged. Strong Idomeneus, and Sthenelus, have not alone fought battles worthy of being

sung by the bard, nor was fierce Hector, or the high-souled Deiphobus, the first to wage war on behalf of their wives and children.

Many brave men lived before Agamemnon, but all lie in the grave, unknown to us and unwept by us, because no bard hath immortalized them.

There is little difference between unrecorded valour and buried cowardice. I will not, O Lollius, be silent of thy fame in my writings, nor allow envious oblivion to destroy thy many glorious acts.

There is in thee a mind displaying wisdom in the affairs of life, pursuing the right alike in prosperous as adverse circumstances, punishing avaricious dishonesty, and abstaining from Money which draws everything under its power.

Nor art thou Consul for a year only, but always so, whilst, in thy judicial capacity, thou nobly and uprightly treadest the path of honour and not of profit, rejectest with a disdainful countenance the bribes of the Guilty, and forcest thy way victoriously by force of arms through opposing bands.

The possessor of wealth should not therefore, truly speaking, be accounted happy. He more deserves that title who knows how to use wisely the gifts of the Gods, can sustain severe poverty, and fears to commit a crime more than to suffer death. This man will be ready to die on behalf of his dear friends and his country.

X.

TO LIGURINUS.

O HAUGHTY and beautiful youth, when the hair, of which thou now thinkest not, shall come upon thee, and the locks which now flow down upon thy shoulders shall fall off, and thy roseate complexion shall depart, and leave behind an ungainly countenance, then, O Ligurinus, as often as thou shalt behold thyself in the glass, so different from what thou art now, thou wilt say "Alas—why had I not, as a boy, my present "disposition" or "why does not my former "bloom return to the feelings which I now possess."

XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

O PHYLLIS, I have ready a cask of nine-year-old Alban wine. There is parsley in the garden for weaving chaplets, and an abundance of ivy to tie up thy hair with and render thyself more beautiful. The house laughs in silver. The altar, decorated with the pure vervain, is eager to receive the sacrificial blood. Every hand is busy. The boys and girls are running here and there, and the rolling flames dance the black smoke about on their summits.

And, that thou mayest know why I invite thee, the day of invitation is the Ides of April, which cuts in twain the month of sea-born Venus—a

day right worthy to be celebrated by me, and almost to be accounted more sacred than my own natal day, because upon it my Mæcenas was born.

A wealthy girl possesses the love of Telephus whom thou desirest—although unfitted for thee—and holds him bound in joyful chains.

Phaëthon—who was burnt to death—warns us to entertain no ambitious hopes, and the winged Pegasus, which disdained Bellerophon, because he was of mortal birth, becomes a powerful example to thee ever to follow after things suitable to thy condition, and to avoid an unequal alliance by confining thy desires to what is lawful.

Come then, thou who alone art dear to me, and learn from me such measures as thou mayest recite with the music of thy voice. Black care is diminished by song.

XII.

TO VIRGILIUS.

The Thracian breezes, the companions of the Spring and which calm the sea, now fill the sails. The meadows are soft, and the rivers, unswollen by the winter's snow, glide noiselessly along.

The unhappy bird is now building her nest, mournfully bewailing Itys and the eternal reproach of the Attic Line for having, in an unjustifiable manner, avenged the brutal lust of kings.

The shepherds are piping their soft strains on

the grass, and thus delight the God who extends his care over the flocks, and inhabits the dark hills of Arcadia.

The season, O Virgil, induces thirst, but if thou, of our youthful nobility, desirest to partake of Calernian wine, it will be incumbent on thee to contribute some spikenard. A small alabaster box of it will draw forth my cask of wine, which now lies in the cellars of Sulpicius, in ample quantity to inspire new hopes, and sufficiently powerful to wash away the bitterness of cares.

Now if thou wilt partake of the feast come quickly with thine appointed contribution for the entertainment. I do not purpose, like a rich man in his well-filled house, to give thee wines for nothing.

Then lay aside thy delays in accepting my invites, and thy schemes for gain, and, mindful of the funeral pyre, intermix, while it is permitted thee, a temporary foolishness with thy worldly plans. There is pleasure in indulging in folly on special occasions.

XIII.

TO LYCE.

THE Gods have heard, Lyce, my invocations. Thou art now old yet desirest to appear beautiful, and strivest, in bold but tremulous accents while under the influence of wine, to send forth with a feeble hand the arrows of Cupid, but he stations

himself on the blooming cheeks of the young and musical Chia.

The cruel boy flies over the rugged oaks, and avoids thee deformed by blackened teeth, wrinkles, and snowy hair, nor can purple Coan apparel, nor sparkling jewels, bring back to thee the days which once winged Time has inscribed in the public registers.

Where has thy beauty fled? Where, alas! thy complexion? Where thy gracefulness of movement? What now remains of her who breathed forth love and took me from myself?

Next to Cinara wert thou renowned, happy, and possessing enchanting accomplishments, but the Fates took Cinara away in her youth, and gave to Lyce the long life of the crow, in order that the rising youth might behold contemptuously that torch, once burning so brightly, now reduced to ashes.

XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

WHAT careful thought on the part of the Senators and People by the means of abundant honour-offerings can immortalize, through public inscriptions and recording annals, thy virtues, O Augustus, thou greatest of all Sovereigns, wherever the Sun sends forth his rays upon inhabited territory—whose power in war the untributary Vindelici have lately felt?

Under thine inspiration, which gave him more power than nature had bestowed upon him, the

valiant Drusus, at the head of thy soldiery, overthrew the Germans—that savage race—the light-footed Breuni, and the fortresses situated on the precipitous Alps.

Under thine auspices, too, Tiberius overcame the ferocious Ræti, displaying his prowess on the terrible battle-field, and hurling destruction on the breasts that gallantly rushed forwards to death, and, with almost equal power to that of Auster, when he subdues the untameable waves as the dance of the Pleiades is severing the clouds, did he overwhelm the ranks of the enemy, and urge his champing horse through the midst of the flames.

Like the bull-shaped Aufidus in its flow along the realm of Apulian Daunus, as it rolls its waters along in fury and threatens a destructive deluge to the cultivated lands, did Claudius also, receiving from thee his army, his strategy, and divine succours, break through, by one mighty assault, the iron bands of the barbarians, and stretch dead on the ground, without loss to himself, both the foremost and hindmost lines of the enemy.

And in the third Lustrum from the day when suppliant Alexandria surrendered her harbour and deserted palace did propitious Fortune give a prosperous issue to the wars, and demand the expected praise and glory for thy thoroughly-established imperial sway.

The Spaniard—unsubdued before—the Mede, the Indian, the flying Scythian, view thee with amazement, O thou Protector, still present with us, of Italy and of Sovereign Rome.

The Nile—whose founts are unknown—the Danube, the swift-rolling Tigris, the monster-

teeming Ocean, which roars upon the shores of the distant Britons, the country of the death-unfearing Gauls, and that of hardy Iberia, ring with thy name. The slaughter-loving Sygambi ground their arms, and pay thee adoration.

XV.

IN HONOUR OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

PHŒBUS has reproved my desire to sing of battles and conquered cities, and has cautioned me not to sail in a little boat over the Tuscan Sea.

Thy reign, O Cæsar, hath brought back the abundant harvests to our fields, hath torn down from the proud Parthian columns our own flags to replace them in our Temples, hath shut the Temple of Janus Quirinus—peace being everywhere—hath placed a curb on lawless licentiousness, hath banished crime, and re-introduced the ancient habits, by which the Latin name and the might of Italy have increased, and the renown and majesty of the Empire been extended from the rising to the setting sun.

Whilst Cæsar guides the helm of affairs neither internal dissension, nor war, can destroy the peace. Neither also can hatred, which forges swords, and sets at variance suffering states.

Neither they, who drink of the deep Danube, nor the Getæ, nor the Seres, nor the faithless Parthians, nor the Scythians, will dare to violate the Julian Edicts.

We, Romans, with all our family around us, having first duly invoked the Gods, both on common and on sacred days, amid the gifts of joyous Bacchus, on Lydian flutes, according to the usage of our ancestors, will sing of the Heroes of old, of Troy, of Anchises, and of thee, descended from gentle Venus.

THE EPODES.

I.

TO MÆCENAS.

THOU art going, my friend Mæcenas, in the light Liburnian galleys, amid the enemy's mighty war-ships, resolved to dare every peril on behalf of thy Cæsar.

What shall I do?—to whom life will be a joy if thou survivest, but if otherwise a burden. Shall I, if thou biddest me, stay at home at ease—a source of pain to myself since thou wilt be absent—or shall I resolve to sustain the toils of the campaign as the brave sustain them?

I will sustain them, and intrepidly follow thee over the Alps, the barbarous Caucasus, and to the furthest West.

Thou wilt say what assistance can my unwarlike and infirm disposition render thee. By thy side my timidity will be but small to what it is when distance separates us—even as the bird, sitting by her unfledged young, is fearful of the approach of serpents but far more so when she is absent, though not because her presence could render them any effective protection.

This one, and every war, would be gladly entered into by me in the hope of your approval, yet not through interested motives, that a larger

farm may employ more oxen, my flocks feed both in Calabrian and Lucanian fields, and the grounds of my splendid mansion extend to the Circean walls of loftily-situate Tusculum.

Over and above has your kindness enriched me. I will never desire to amass what, like the miser Chremes, I shall bury in the earth, or else, like a dissolute prodigal, squander it away.

II.

"HAPPY the man who, far from the business of "towns, cultivates his paternal unmortgaged "inheritance with his own oxen, like the ancient "race of mankind.

"No shrill military blast calls him to duty. "He has no fear of the stormy deep. He treads "not the law-courts, nor the thresholds of the "rich and powerful.

"He marries the mature vines to the lofty "poplars and, cutting off profitless branches, "engrafts fruitful ones. He surveys the wander-"ing cattle in the low-lying plain, fills his jars "with honey, or shears the fleecy sheep.

"Then when apple-ripening Autumn displays "her glorious face, how he rejoices, gathering "the pears he himself has reared, and the purple "grape with which he may make an offering to "thee, O Priapus, and to thee, O Father Sil-"vanus, God of boundaries.

"Sometimes he lays himself down beneath the "ancient oak. Sometimes stretches himself on "the tenacious grass, while the waters glide

" along within their high banks, the birds carol
" forth their plaintive notes in the woods, and
" the over-hanging branches murmur in the
" gently flowing river — all which invites to
" balmy sleep.

" Then—when the wintry season of thundering
" Jove collects together the rain and the snow,
" with his dogs he will drive the wild boars from
" all sides into the snares, spread the fine nets
" to catch the voracious thrushes, or ensnare the
" timorous hare and that stranger the crane—
" joyous rewards for his toil. Who, amongst
" such pleasures as these, is not free from the
" pain of the passion of love?

" Then—if his chaste wife, for her part, take
" charge of the house and the dear children, like
" a Sabine woman or the sun-burnt spouse of the
" industrious Apulian, pile up the sacred hearth
" with dry wood, ready for the coming of her
" tired husband, shut up in the fold and milk
" the rejoicing herd and, drawing forth the
" delicious wine of the year's make, prepare the
" costless feast, not Lucrine shell-fish, turbot, or
" scar (should an Eastern storm drive them to
" our shores) would give me more pleasure. The
" guinea-fowl and Ionian attagen are not choicer
" eating than olives gathered from the rich trees
" around, the meadow-loving sorrel, the mallows
" good for a sickly body, a lamb slain at the
" Feast of Terminus, or a kid which the wolf
" has not taken.

" Amid such dainties what joy it gives to see
" the sleek sheep hastening homewards, the
" weary oxen dragging along the inverted plough,
" and the slaves ranged around the shining Lares
" —proof of a wealthy household."

After that the usurer Alphius had uttered these sentiments on the point—on the point, of leading a country life, he drew in all his money on the Ides, and on the Kalends he placed it all out again.

III.

TO MÆCENAS.

If any one hereafter should impiously break his aged father's neck, let him be doomed to eat garlic more destructive than hemlock.

Oh the mighty digestions of harvestmen! What poison is this which rages within me? Has viper's blood been cooked in the herbs and eaten of by me unsuspectingly, or did Canidia provide the destroying feast?

When Medea fell in love with Jason, the handsomest of all the Argonauts, she anointed him with this that he might be able to yoke the wild oxen, and after she had satiated her revenge on her rival by gifts dyed in the same flew away on a winged serpent.

Such powerful star-heat never fell on thirsty Apulia, nor did the gift burn more furiously on the shoulders of the valiant Hercules but, O facetious Mæcenas, if ever thou shouldest think of playing a similar trick on any one else, may she, whom thou lovest, refuse thy caress and turn away from thee.

IV.

THERE is as great a natural antipathy between me and thee, as between wolves and lambs, thou fellow, whose sides have been lashed with Spanish whip, and legs bound by the rigid fetters, although thou walkest along, proud in money, yet money alters not the breed.

Canst not thou observe, as, in toga of six arms length, thou stalkest along the Sacred Way, how freely-vented indignation draws down upon thee the looks of all who are passing? "This fellow" (they call out), "cut with the Triumvir's whip "until the beadle was exhausted, possesses a "thousand acres of Campanian land, wears out "the Appian Way with his horses, and, fearing not "Otho's law, takes his seat, as though he were "an illustrious Knight, on the Equestrian bench. "If such a fellow—such a fellow as this may "hold a military tribuneship, why should our "brazen-beaked ships be sent to fight against "pirates and slaves?"

VI.

THOU dog—who fliest before the wolf—why dost thou bite innocent strangers? Why dost thou not turn thine impotent threatenings in this direction, and make an assault upon me who will bite thee in return?

Like a Molossian or tawny Laconian dog (a friendly aid to the shepherds) with erected ears I will drive through the deep snow every wild

animal before me, but thou, after thou hast filled the grove with thy loud barking, stoppest around the food thrown down to thee.

Beware—for, a bitter enemy to injury-doing men, I raise my horns ready for the attack—like him who was spurned as a son-in-law by the faithless Lycambes, or like the fierce enemy of Bupalus. If any one strive to fasten his fang on me, am I, forsooth, to cry out and submit like a boy?

VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

WHITHER—whither, stained with guilt, are ye rushing? Why are the swords now drawn from their sheaths, and grasped by the right hand? Has too little of Latin blood been already poured out on the fields and on the sea? Neither is it in order that Rome may burn the haughty citadels of envious Carthage, or that the conquered Briton, loaded with fetters, may walk the Sacred Way, but that our City, as the Parthian would desire, may perish by its own right hand.

Nor wolves, nor lions, act thus, which war only with animals of a different nature.

Does blind fury, or the power of some Divinity, or hereditary crime incite you to this? Let an answer be made. They are silent. Paleness overspreads the countenance, and their conscience-stricken minds are stupified.

This is the reason. The Fates, together with the crime of Fratricide, when the blood of the

innocent Remus flowed on the ground and entailed an expiation on his brother's posterity, are driving the Romans on to destruction.

IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

When, O princely Mæcenas, shall I partake of the Cœcuban, reserved for festal occasions, and rejoice with thee under thy lofty dome for Cæsar's victory—for so it hath pleased Jove—whilst the lyres and the flutes are intermingling their strains in the same way even as we lately rejoiced when Sextus Pompeius, his fleet burnt, was driven from the strait and fled, having threatened the City with the chains which, as a friend, he had removed from traitorous slaves? Roman soldiers—Oh shame—Posterity, ye will deny that this could have happened—enslaved by a woman, carried the stake and arms, rendering obedience to wrinkled eunuchs, and, amid the military standards, the sun shone on the vile canopy, but two thousand Gauls, resenting this, came over to Cæsar's side, and a portion of the hostile fleet followed the example they set.

Io Triumphe. Thou keepest waiting the golden chariot and the unyoked oxen. Io Triumphe. The Jugurthine war produced not so great a Commander, nor may Africanus be his peer, though his valour reared a monument on the ruins of Carthage.

Antony, overthrown by land and sea, has

changed his robe of purple into one of mourning, with auspicious winds is making for hundred-citied Crete, or the Syrtes lashed by Southern storms, or else is being borne along on the inconstant deep.

Here, boy, bring some ample cups of Lesbian, or Chian, wine, or anything which may keep down my rising bile. Even give me some Cœcuban. With the generous juice I will dispel all care and anxiety for Cæsar's prosperity.

X.

AGAINST MÆVIUS.

May the vessel, which bears the odious Mævius, leave the land under evil auspices.

Remember, O Southern blast, to lash each side of her with thy dreadful billows. May the black Eastern tempests, rolling the waves one over another, hurl forth her rigging and shivered masts. May the North wind furiously arise, as when he overthrows the quivering oaks on the lofty hills. May no friendly star shine forth in the dark night at the setting of the baleful Orion, and may she encounter no calmer sea than befel the victorious Greek band when Pallas transferred her wrath from burning Troy to the ships of impious Ajax.

Oh! what perspiration do I see on the sailors —and on thyself a deadly paleness, with that effeminate cry and supplication to hostile Jove, when the sea, roaring with the blasts of the

rainy South, shall break the keel. And if thou shalt be cast up on the curved shore and, a rich repast, shall feed the gulls, I will sacrifice an he-goat and a lamb at the shrine of the Tempests.

XIII.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

A FIERCE storm has diminished the sky. Rain and snow are falling, while sea and forest resound with the Thracian North wind. Let us seize, my friends, advantage of the day, and whilst knees are strong, and it is befitting, let sadness, with her clouded brow, disappear. Do thou produce the wine made during the consulship of Torquatus and forbear speaking of thy private concerns.

These the wise Deity will perchance, by a gracious change, bring back again to their former position. Let us now find pleasure in Syrian unguents, and in the care-dispelling strains of the Cyllenean lyre—even as the noble Chiron said to his high-born Son "Invincible mortal,
" Son of the Goddess Thetis, the land of Assaracus,
" through which meander the cold waters of the
" tiny Scamander and of the course-interrupted
" Simois, awaits thee. There the Fates, by a
" short thread, have broken thy return, nor will
" thy blue-eyed Mother convey thee home again.
" There, therefore, with wine and song, those
" sweet soothers of unsightly sorrow, do thou
" dispel every ill."

XIV.

TO MÆCENAS.

O COURTEOUS Mæcenas, thou killest me by repeatedly enquiring how it is that an enervating idleness has induced over my memory such an absolute forgetfulness of my promise as though, with thirsty jaws, I had drank deeply of the sleep-producing waters of Lethe. The God—the God, forbids me to finish the Iambics which, in redemption of my promise of old, I had commenced to write.

Anacreon of Teos was inspired with affection for Bathyllus of Samos and often, in careless strain, poured it forth on the lyre. Thou thyself, unhappy one, lovest, and if no fairer form produced the burning of besieged Troy be happy in thy lot. The freedwoman Phryne, nor content but with one admirer, disquiets me.

XV.

TO NEÆRA.

IT was night and the moon was shining in the midst of the lesser lights when thou, about to violate the divinity of the mighty Gods, encircledst me more closely with thy supple arms than ivy does the oak, and promisedst constancy after the form of words which I dictated—that as long as the wolf continued a foe to the flock, as long as Orion, hostile to mariners, lashed with

foam the wintry sea, and the breeze dishevelled Apollo's youthful locks, our affection should be mutual.

O Neæra, thou wilt have to grieve deeply at my steadfast resolve, for if there be any manhood in Flaccus he will not endure that thou shouldest prefer another, and will seek one who will return his affection. Nor, though regret should unquestionably enter thy breast, will his determination give way before thy beauty, when once it has become odious to him.

And thou—whosoever thou mayest be—now happier than I, and exultingly walking on my misery, though thou mayest be rich in cattle and in lands, though Pactolus pour her golden sands into thy lap, though the mysteries of Pythagoras who lived again after death may be known to thee, and though in beauty thou mayest surpass Nireus, yet shalt thou have to bemoan her affections transferred to another and I, in my turn, shall laugh with joy.

XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

ANOTHER generation is now on the point of being wasted by civil war, and Rome is perishing at the hands of her own strength. Neither the neighbouring Marsians could injure her, the menacing forces of Porsena, the rival power of Capua, fierce Spartacus, the Allobroges faithless to their treaties under the new supremacy, savage

Germany's blue-eyed youth, nor Hannibal, the aversion of parents—but we, an impious age of devoted blood, shall destroy her, and her soil will again be inhabited by wild animals.

The victorious barbarian—alas!—will tread on the ashes of the city, and the horsemen will ride over them with resounding hoof, and (an impious sight to be witnessed) will scatter the bones of Romulus to the winds and the sun.

It may be therefore that you, my fellow citizens, or the chief part of you, are enquiring how you may be delivered from these dreadful evils. No course appears preferable to this. Let us imitate the Phocæans who bound themselves by solemn imprecations and fled, leaving their country, temples, and houses, to be taken possession of by boars and wolves—and let us go wherever our feet may bear us, or else sail the deep, impelled by the South or the stormy South-west wind.

Does this counsel please, or has any one a better? Why then delay we to seize the auspicious moment and embark. But let us first take this oath—to make it impiety to return or sail back to our country, unless the stones we shall have cast into the sea shall rise and float, the Po wash the tops of the Matinian hills, the lofty Appenines rush forwards into the sea, and wonderful monstrous unions take place, so that tigers mate with stags, hawks with doves, the cattle have no fear of lions, and the agile goat revel in the salt sea.

Let the whole State bind itself by this oath, and whatever else may prevent the sweet return, and depart—or even but a portion of it, wiser than the perverse multitude. Let the coward

and the despairing press their ill-omened couches, but let the brave scorn all effeminate grief, and fly past the Tuscan shores.

The mighty Ocean awaits us. Let us seek the fields, the blessed fields, and the rich islands, where the unploughed ground yields its annual produce, and the unpruned vine ever bears her fruit—where the branch of the never-failing olive blooms, and the dark fig graces her own tree—where honey flows out of the hollow oak, and the swift waters leap forth with murmuring flow out of the lofty hills. There do the goats, of their own will, repair to the milk pails, and the friendly cows return home untended to yield up their weighty burdens—the bear prowls not around the sheep-folds at night, nor does the benignant earth swell with the viperous brood, and neither do diseases, nor the raging power of any star, attack the flocks.

In our happiness we shall marvel at much else —how neither Eurus, with his continuous rain, wastes the fields, nor the dry ground withers the juicy seeds, the Sovereign of the heavens controlling both excesses.

There the Argoan band did not cast anchor, nor immodest Medea obtain an entrance. The mariners of Sidon have not furled their sail-yards there, nor the toiling crew of Ulysses.

Jupiter, when he debased the golden age with brass, concealed these shores for the reception of the pious race. The brazen age was afterwards hardened into an iron one, out of which, according to my prophecy, a prosperous escape shall be granted unto the good.

XVII.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE POET AND THE SORCERESS CANIDIA.

HORACE.

Now—now, indeed, suing for mercy, I surrender to thy vanquishing wisdom, and I supplicate thee, Canidia, by the empire of Proserpine, by the immoveable Goddess Hecate, and by the incantation-books able to remove the spell-obedient stars from the sky, desist at length from thy spells, and let thy swift-revolving wheel go backwards.

Telephus received mercy from Achilles against whom he had proudly drawn up his Mysian army and brandished the sharp javelin. The Trojan matrons anointed Hector's corpse for the burial, which had been ordered to be cast to the dogs and vultures, after that Priam had prostrated himself at the same warrior's feet, and the crew of the wandering Ulysses, through Circe's good will, were released from their swinish coverings and recovered their reason, speech, and their former comeliness of countenance.

I have been punished by thee in sufficient and over-sufficient measure, O thou, so dear to sailors and pedlars. My youth hath fled, and its bright glow but left behind mere bone covered with livid skin. My hair is white through the magic of thy herbs. Refreshing sleep visits me not. Night and day alike oppress me, and I am compelled to gasp for my breath.

Therefore — in utter wretchedness — I am forced to retract my denial, and confess that

Sabellian charms do disturb the breast, and that a Marsian incantation can split the head asunder. What more can you require? O Sea! O Earth! I am burning more fiercely than Hercules when poisoned by the black blood of Nessus, or than the fiery flame itself of Sicilian Etna, and thou, like a forge, glowest against me with destructive Calabrian poisons, until that I, reduced to a dry cinder, shall be blown away by the winds.

When wilt thou cease? or what penalty can I pay? Speak—for I will faithfully render the required due. Be it a sacrifice of a hundred heifers—or, if thou preferrest to be proclaimed chaste and illustrious on the mendacious lyre, I will cause my verse to represent thee as an orb of gold moving amid the stars.

Castor and Pollux, indignant at the treatment of their slandered sister Helen, were yet subdued by supplication, and restored to the poet the sight they had taken from him. Do thou then, for thou art able, deliver me from this phrenzy, O thou, who art stained by no paternal vices nor wont, as a sorceress, to steal on the ninth day the ashes of the poor out of their sepulchres. Thy disposition is kind, thine hands are innocent, and thou art the mother of Pactumeius.

CANIDIA.

Why pourest thou forth entreaties to closed ears? The rocks, against which the waves of a wintry sea dash on high their white foam, are not deafer to the cries of the naked shipwrecked seaman than I am to thine. Shalt thou, unpunished, divulge and jeer at the Cotyttian mysteries devoted to lawless love—and shalt

thou, with impunity, as if thou wert Pontiff of the Esquiline incantations, make my name the theme of talk through the whole city? Were this to happen what advantage should I have gained by having, at great cost, learnt of the Pelignian sorceresses, and even acquired the power of making a more potent invocation than they.

But a destiny, more lingering than thy wish, awaits thee. A painful and miserable life shalt thou drag on—for this sole purpose—that thou mayest be continually tormented afresh.

Tantalus, the father of the faithless Pelops, ever unable to partake of the dainty feast before him, craves for death. Prometheus, fettered to the bird, does the same. Sisyphus would fain deposit the stone on the summit, but the laws of Jove forbid. Thou also shalt desire, but vainly, at one time to leap down from the lofty towers, at another time to pierce thy breast with the sword and, a melancholy man, loathing life, wilt weave, yet fruitlessly, a noose for thy neck. Then shall I sit, like a horse-rider, on thy hateful shoulders and, soaring aloft, leave the earth behind me.

Need I then—who am able, as thy curiosity has convinced thee, to endow waxen images with motion, to bring down the moon, to restore the burnt corpse to life, and to mix a draught of love—to bewail the power of my art which possesses no influence over thee?

THE SÆCULAR HYMN

OF

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.

THE SÆCULAR HYMN.

O PHŒBUS—and thou, O Diana, Sovereign of the woods—ye radiant Glories of the heavens, ever-worshipped and ever to be worshipped, grant the petitions we are offering up at this sacred time when, in accordance with the Sibylline directions, the elected Virgins and the chaste Youths chant a hymn to the Deities, whose is the city that is built on the seven hills.

Thou benign Sun who, in thy shining chariot, bringest and withdrawest day, ever rising a different orb of light and yet the same, mayest thou look on nothing more glorious than our city of Rome.

O Ilithyia, who propitiously bringest to the birth the fully-developed babe, continue to preserve the mothers—whether thou delightest in the title of Lucina or of Genitalis.

O thou Goddess, increase our offspring, and prosper the decrees of the Senators with regard to marriage and the marital law for the increase of posterity, so that the fixed period of 110 years may ever renew the appointed hymn and games, calling forth a numerous people to join in their

celebration during the radiant sunshine and bright moonlight of three successive days.

And do ye, O ye Fates, truthful in declaring that which hath been decreed, and which the issue of events confirms, join favourable destinies to those already past.

May the earth, abundantly producing fruit and kine, present Ceres with a sheafy crown. May refreshing rains and salutary breezes from Jove invigorate and preserve the young of the flocks and herds.

O Apollo, gracious and benignant when thy bow is laid aside, hear thou the suppliant youths, and thou, O Moon, crescent Queen of the stars, listen to the Virgins, since unto you Rome owes its existence and the Trojan bands arrived on the Tuscan shore—that portion of the nation which was commanded to change its Lares and city and promised protection over the waters, and which the pious Æneas, surviving his country, conducted unhurt through burning Troy, brought safely to their journey's end, and placed them in possession of more ample territory than they had left behind.

O ye Deities, grant virtuous morals to the docile youth, tranquillity of rest to the old, and to the Empire prosperity, an increasing population, and every honour.

May he, who offers up the white Oxen in sacrifice, and in whose veins flows the noble blood of Anchises and Venus, obtain from you his requests, victorious over his enemies and merciful to the vanquished.

The Mede now dreads the Alban axes both by sea and land. The Scythian, erewhile so haughty, with the Indian, seek for terms of

peace. In our days truthfulness, peace, honour, the modesty of former times, and virtue, so long neglected, have returned, and blessed abundance shews herself with her horn of plenty.

O Phœbus, Prophet, Warrior, Poet, and Physician, if, with favouring eyes, thou beholdest the Palatine summits, Latium, and the Roman interests, mayest thou prolong this happy age for lustrum upon lustrum—each one happier than the last.

May Diana, whose is Mount Aventine and Algidus, regard the supplications of the Quindecemviri, and bend a gracious ear to those of the Youths.

We the Chorus, instructed to sing these praises of Phœbus and of Diana, bear home with us a joyous and sure trust that Jove and all the Gods will ratify these our requests.

THE SATIRES

OF

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.

THE SATIRES.

BOOK I.

I.

HOW is it, Mæcenas, that every one finds fault with his condition in life, whether a fortuitous or selected one, and praises that of some one else. "O ye fortunate traders" exclaims the aged and limb-injured soldier. On the other hand, the trader, whilst his ship is battling with the winds, exclaims "Would I were a soldier, "for, when the battle comes, an hour's space "decides for a quick death or a joyful victory." The lawyer envies the farmer as he is knocking at his door by daybreak, but the farmer, who has been compelled to go into the city to answer to his bail, cries out, that only a citizen is a happy man. To exhaust the illustrations of this proposition would even tire out the loquacious Fabius, and therefore listen to me as I prove all I have said.

Were a Deity to say "I will do what you all "wish. You, now a soldier, shall be a trader— "you, the lawyer, shall be a farmer—you may "depart with your altered conditions in life— "why do you delay?" They are unwilling, although they might thus obtain happiness.

Why then should not Jove be justly incensed, and declare that in future he will be deaf to every supplication from them.

I will not, however, treat this subject after the manner of comedy, though why may we not, laughingly, speak the truth, just as kind preceptors sometimes give little cakes to their pupils to attract them to learn elementary knowledge. But, sportiveness aside, let us handle it seriously. The husbandman who turns over the hard earth with the heavy plough, the soldier, the traders who so courageously sail over every sea, will all declare that they sustain their toils in order that they may retire at the last into a quiet provided-for old age, even as the little ant, of great industry, carries with its mouth whatever it can find to add to the heap it is constructing, neither ignorant nor improvident for the future, and then, as soon as Aquarius brings the rainy days, remains at home, and wisely uses the store it had previously collected. But neither raging heat, nor winter cold, fire, storm, nor battle have any influence in diminishing your pursuit of gain and nothing is an obstacle to this in order that your wealth may surpass every one else's. What pleasure can you receive, when you have buried secretly and fearfully that vast heap of riches in the ground?

"Because, if I touched it, it might be reduced "to a miserable farthing."

Yet if you employ no part of it, what possible beauty of usefulness can the accumulated heap have? Your threshing floor may sustain its ten thousand measures of wheat, but your stomach cannot hold more than mine—something after the same manner as the slave, who carries amid

his fellow labourers the basket of bread, but receives no greater share than the others. Or, tell me, what difference it makes to one living moderately, whether he plough one hundred or one thousand acres?

"It affords me delight to take from a great "heap."

If from our small heap we can take an equal quantity why should your granaries have more praise than our baskets? It is like saying—when you want some water, as much as a jug or even a cup holds,

"I prefer to take from this wide river than "yonder little spring."

Thus it may happen that the raging Aufidus may tear away, and destroy, both bank and those upon it, delighting in so irrational an abundance, whilst the man, who only desires what is necessary, neither drinks water befouled with mud, nor loses his life in the torrent.

Then there are many who, misled by an injurious desire, declare that there is no such thing as enough, for, say they, you are held in repute in proportion to your possessions. How can you cure such? You might bid them be wretched, only that they are so of their own will, and resemble that sordid and wealthy Athenian who cared not for what was said about him. "The "people" he was wont to say, "hiss me, but I "applaud myself when at home and counting my "money." The thirsty Tantalus seeks to seize the water which evades his lips. Why do you laugh? The fable is an image of yourself. You heap up money in bags on all sides, get no sleep because of them, save in a yawning kind of way, and are acting as though you were under com-

pulsion to spare them for sacred offerings, or could only derive pleasure from them in the same way as from paintings.

Know you not why money is really wanted by us, and for what purpose we should use it? We are able to buy bread, vegetables, wine, as well as some comforts of human life. But do you feel delight in this—to be half dead with fright in guarding your house, to be in continual apprehension of thieves, of fire, and lest your slaves should rob you and abscond. In possessions of this nature my choice would always be to be poor.

But if rheumatism or some other ailment, you will reply, has confined you to your bed you have thus wherewith to procure an attendant and to call in the Doctor who shall administer the medicine which shall restore you to health, to your children, and your dear relations. Neither your wife, nor your son, desires your recovery. All your neighbours, acquaintances, and the very children of the street, abhor you, and can you wonder at this, when every thing is sacrificed to the acquisition of gain? Thus acting have you, in truth, any desire to retain as friends those relations which nature has given you? Wretch that you are, you will lose your labour in the same way as if one should endeavour to train an ass to obey the rein, and race in the Campus Martius.

To sum up. Let there be a limit in your mind to the pursuit of gain. The more you have obtained, dread poverty the less, and commence resting from toil, on acquiring what you had contemplated. Act not like Numidius (the story is short) who was so rich that he measured his money—so sordid that he clothed himself like a

slave—even up to his death he was in dread lest he might come to want a morsel of bread—but he was murdered by his female slave, more audacious than any descendant of Tyndarus.

"How then," you will ask me, "should I act?" "Am I to live like Mænius or Nomentanus?" But would you, in this way, seek to justify your proceedings by quoting folly of an opposite kind? If I forbid avarice I do not counsel extravagance or prodigality. There is a difference between Tanais and the father in law of Visellus. There is a mean in all things and, lastly, there are fixed limits within and beyond which what is right cannot be found.

I return to where I began. It is astonishing that we find no one pursuing with satisfaction his calling, as an avaricious man does, but casting an eye of envy on the pursuits of others and pining away because others are increasing their substance. Astonishing too, that no one compares himself with the far exceeding number of those who have less than he has, but uses every exertion to become richer than this or that person. To a man, ever hastening to acquire, one wealthier than himself is an obstacle in his path. He resembles the charioteer in the Campus pressing upon those chariots which precede him in the race and despising their drivers after he has passed them. Hence it is that we rarely find a man who will say that he has lived happily and, like the guest who departs, having partaken of a luxurious banquet, is ready, in a good old age, to quit with satisfaction his appointed tenure of existence. Not a word more, lest you should believe I had been robbing the desk of the blear-eyed Crispinus.

III.

All singers have this failing—asked by their friends to sing, they are disinclined—unasked, they will never leave off.

That Tigellius, of Sardinia, was a notorious example. Cæsar himself could not have induced him to sing by requesting in his own name along with that of the great Julius, although his power might have enforced compliance with his wishes. But had Tigellius been in the humour to do so he would have chanted Io Bacchus in the highest treble and deepest bass unceasingly from the beginning to the end of the feast. His conduct was continually a contradiction to itself. He often ran along the street as fast as a soldier flying from his victorious foe. At other times he walked in all the slowness and stateliness of those who carry the sacred offerings to Juno. Sometimes he kept two hundred servants, at other times ten. Now his talk would be of kings and tetrarchs and every thing on an imperial scale—bye and bye he would cry out "I "merely want a three-legged table, a salt cellar, "and a cloak, however coarse, which may ward "off the cold." Had you given to this man, content with so little, ten hundred thousand sesterces in five days he would have spent it all. He kept awake all through the night, and was snoring the whole day. There never was inconsistency equal to that he displayed in his mode of life.

But, perchance, some one may say to me "What of yourself—have you no faults?" Yes —of other kinds, although, perhaps, lesser ones.

When Mænius was speaking ill of Novius behind his back some one cried out to him "Ho there—" do you not know yourself? or think you that " you can deceive us like one who is unknown " by us?"

"I forgive myself" replied Mænius. This self-excusing is foolish, wrong, and deserving of reprobation. When, like a blear-eyed person with ointment-besmeared eyes, you scan your own faults, why are your eyes more keen and powerful in sight for those of your friends than an eagle's or an Epidaurian serpent's? But your so doing will cause them in return to investigate your own. A person may be a little too hot-tempered, neither have quite the gentlemanly exterior, according to the ideas of people of this stamp. They may also deride him because his hair is clownishly trimmed, his toga drags on the ground, or a loose shoe scarcely adheres to the foot, and yet he is a good man—no one worthier—one, moreover, of your friends, and a glorious intellect lies hid beneath his unpolished exterior. But examine yourself whether or no nature or evil association has at any time planted any vices in your own breast, for the fern, which must be burnt, grows up on uncultivated fields.

Let us, however, reach our conclusion by a shorter course. In the same way as the disagreeable blemishes of a fair one escape her blind admirer, or even afford him pleasure, as Hagna's polypus does her lover Balbinus, I would that we also similarly erred in friendship, and that virtue would assign an honourable name to this species of weakness. For like as a father is lenient towards his son, so should we be towards our friend. A father, for instance, calls his squint-

eyed boy pink-eyed. If any one has a son about the height of the diminutive Sisyphus he calls him his chicken. A child with legs bent inwards is named Varus or, if club-footed, Scaurus. Therefore, if your friend lives parsimoniously let him be termed economical. If somewhat foolishly and is inclined to boasting let him be termed a pleasant companion. If he is rough and over-free in speech, let him bear the character of simplicity and courage—if choleric let him be thought high-spirited. This way of acting, I think, both makes friends and retains them.

But we overthrow the very virtues themselves, and would even befoul the vessel that is clean and sweet. Does a man of integrity and of a retiring nature live in our neighbourhood? We call him slow and dull. Does our neighbour avoid every plot against him, and expose no side to our attack?—for we are living in times of malignant envy and accusation—instead of considering him a cautious person and of sound judgment we call him hypocritical and subtle. Is any one open and frank in an unusual degree, and does he break in upon us when reading or in meditation for mere chit-chat (as I have sometimes done, taking a liberty, Mæcenas with yourself) we call out "The fellow, manifestly, is out "of his mind." Alas! how rashly do we enact injurious laws against ourselves. No one is born without faults, and most blessed is he who is influenced by the fewest. Let a kind friend, as is right, when he weighs my virtues against my failings, give the greater weight in the scale to the former should they be the most in number. If in this way he desires to meet with a reciprocity of kindness he shall be placed in the same

balance. He who desires that his own excrescences shall not displease his friend will pardon that friend's warts. It is fitting for every one, who asks consideration for his own faults, to extend it to another's.

Finally. Since the vice of passion, together with other faults which belong to the foolish race of man, cannot be wholly eradicated, why does not sound reason employ her own weights and measures, and, according to the circumstances of the case, inflict the appropriate punishment. If any master should crucify that servant who, when ordered to remove the remaining fish and broth, should lick them up, he would be considered by all rational men more mad than Labeo. By how much more, however, is the fault we are describing even greater and more insane than this example. Your friend has committed a small fault and unless you overlook it you incur the charge of unkindness, but you regard him with feelings of loathing and avoid him as a debtor would Ruso who, when the dreadful Kalends have arrived, must somehow find the means of paying the principal or interest, or else be doomed, like a wretched captive with outstretched neck for the blow, to listen to Ruso's trashy compositions. Suppose my friend has stained, through intoxication, my handsome couch, or has broken one of Evander's vases or, in his hunger, taken the chicken appropriated to me, should he be the less dear to me on that account? What could I do then if he were guilty of theft, revealed my secrets, or violated his word. They who affirm that every offence is equal in guilt are in difficulty when justice is sought to be done. Natural reason and the

customs of mankind are against them together with Utility herself, who may almost be called the mother of Justice and Right.

When men first peopled the earth they arose out of it—an unspeaking miserable flock—and for sustenance and dwelling places fought one another, first with their fists, next with clubs, and afterwards with weapons which their skill had produced. In course of time they learnt so to speak as to give specific sounds for making themselves understood by one another, and invented names for things. Then they desisted from warring with each other, fortified their towns, and enacted laws that none should commit theft, robbery, or adultery. For before Helen's time women had been ignoble causes of quarrels, but the combatants, seeking to gratify their precarious lust, had perished by stronger hands than their own, even as a weaker bull in the herd by a stronger than himself.

You will have to admit, if you care to investigate the annals of antiquity, that laws were invented to curb human injustice. For nature does not distinguish between justice and injustice, as she does between pleasure and pain, between what we should seek or avoid. Nor by argument will you ever be able to convince us of this—that to steal the herbs of our neighbour is a crime equal both in degree and kind to that of stealing the offerings consecrated to the Gods. Let there be a rule which shall demand proportionate penalties for crimes, so that a fault deserving of a slight whipping shall not be punished with the bloody thong. For I do not fear the contrary taking place—that you will simply administer the whip to one who deserves a far severer cor-

rection, although you affirm that simple theft and robbery with violence are equal things, and threaten that if men would entrust you with the sovereignty you would put an end to the least as well as the greatest offences by the same method of proceeding. Yet if the man who has wisdom is wealthy, an excellent shoemaker, alone possesses beauty, and is a king to boot, why should you desire to possess what you really have? "Are "you ignorant" is the rejoinder to this reasoning "of what Father Chrysippus says. 'The wise "'man never makes his own shoes and slippers "'and yet he is a wise shoemaker.'" How so? "In the same way as when Hermogenes is silent "he is an admirable singer and musician, and "the subtle Alfenus is still a barber, although "he has thrown aside all his instruments and "closed his shop. Even so the wise man is at "the head of every branch of work, is alone the "true workman, and a real king." Nevertheless the roguish boys will pluck you by the beard, and unless your stick can keep them at a distance you will be tormented by the mob surrounding you, in spite of your raging and barking, thou king of kings. To come to an end—whilst you are walking to the farthing bath, unattended by any body-guard save the addle-headed Crispinus, my kind friends will forgive any faults of mine and I, in return, shall willingly overlook theirs. Thus, as a private individual, I shall live more happily than you can, although you are a king.

IV.

Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes, with other poets of the old comedy, whenever any one merited to be held up in the character of a thief, an adulterer, or murderer, or was otherwise infamous, described such in strong language. Lucilius, following them, but in different feet and rhythm, wrote all his writings with equal freedom of description—a humorous writer, keen in criticism but inelegant in verse. This was his fault. In order to display his powers, he would stand alternately on one foot, and run off two hundred verses in an hour. Since he flowed muddily along there was always something to erase. He was verbose, and unwilling to endure the labour of writing—writing well I mean. He could write in abundance, but that is nothing. To give an example of what I mean to say. Crispinus challenges me and is ready to take the odds against me to any amount.

"Give us paper, place, a fixed time, and cus-
"todians, and let us see which of us can write
"the most."

I thank the Gods for having endowed me with an unproductive and timorous spirit, and with a tongue speaking rarely and very briefly. Let others, if they will, resemble the wind in the bellows puffing and blowing that the fire may soften the iron.

How blest is Fannius. His books and bust being borne off to the Library without any action on his part, while nobody reads my writings, who dare not recite them to the people, because my style of writing least pleases them

who, for the most part, are worthy of my censure. For choose any one at random out of the mass. Either avarice, or disquieting ambition, torments him, or delirium for unlawful love. The brightness of silver distracts another. A third loses his reason over vessels of bronze. Another eagerly pursues gain from the rising to the setting sun, and, like dust collected together by a whirlwind, is borne headlong onwards in misery lest he should sustain a loss, or fail to increase his wealth. All such dread verses, and hate their authors. They call out "He has hay "on his horns. Run away. He will stab his "friend to raise a laugh, and anything he may "have scribbled on his parchment he will burn "that every one, returning from the bakehouse "and the basin, the boys, and old women, may "know it."

Well then. Hear a few words in reply. First, I will admit that I am not one of those who, in my judgment, may claim to be poets. For you will say that it is not enough to make a verse in so many feet, or that if any one, like myself, compose matter resembling prose that he must needs be reckoned a poet. Where there is native genius, a mind that strikes out for writing subjects of a far higher kind, and language which possesses dignity and power, there you allow the glory of this title. On this account, therefore, some have debated whether comedy be poetry, because neither its language nor its subject-matter possesses nobleness and vehemence, and, except that it differs from prose by a certain line of length, is mere prose. Yet (it may be retorted) the indignant father bursts into raging language because his spendthrift son,

on account of a harlot, refuses a wife with a large dowry, and, to his infamy, staggers along, intoxicated, with torches in open day. But would Pomponius hear less bitter words from his father if he were living? Therefore it is not enough to compose a verse in natural language which, if you dissect, will represent the words wherewith any parent would be enraged similarly to the father in the drama. Thus—if from what I now write, and from what Lucilius wrote before me, you take away the times and measures, and transpose the words, you will find merely so many words unbreathing the spirit of true poetry. But it is not so when you dissect,

"After that black Discord had burst open the "iron posts and gates of war."

However let me return to my subject. At a future time I may enquire whether comedy can be really considered poetry, but now I am enquiring whether my mode of writing deserves condemnation. The fierce Sulcius, and Caprius, hoarse with their vehemence, walk among us, with written accusations in their hands, each of them an object of dread to robbers, but whosoever liveth uprightly despiseth them both. Although you may resemble the robbers Cœlius and Birrhius I am not Caprius nor Sulcius. Why then should you fear me? No bookseller's shop possesses my writings which the hands of the rabble and of Hermogenes Tigellius may foul. I only recite them to my friends, and to them only when they compel me—not everywhere and to every one. But some one replies to this "many do recite their writings in the "Forum and the Public Bath—the enclosed "spaces afford a pleasant echo to their words."

To do this, only pleases empty, addleheaded, authors, not reflecting whether they are acting injudiciously and inopportunely.

"But you delight to injure and, evil-hearted, " make your verses for this special purpose."

Whence obtained, do you hurl this slander at me? Who amongst those with whom I have been intimate will charge this upon me? Whoever assails a friend in his absence, who defends him not from another's accusation, who seeks to draw forth laughter and be reputed a wit, who can invent, and can violate confidence, such a man is black of heart—shun him, thou that hast the spirit of a Roman. It is common to see three couches occupied by twelve persons, and him who occupies the lowest seat darting his barbed sallies against all but the host. Presently, when the wine is in his head, and Father Bacchus brings forth the truths of his heart, he will attack him also. This fellow appears to you, who are such enemies to the black-hearted, gentle, urbane, and free. If I laugh because the foppish Rufillus is redolent of perfume, or Gargonius of disagreeable perspiration, I appear to you a backbiting and injurious person. If any mention is made in your presence of the robberies of Petilius Capitolinus you defend him as is your general custom.

"Capitolinus has had me as an associate and " friend from childhood. When requested he " performed many good offices for me and I " rejoice that he is living securely in the city, " yet I marvel that he escaped the trial."

This is the very vemon of black detraction—pure malignity—and, if I can pledge myself in truth to anything, I pledge myself that my

writings shall be free from this crime, and my spirit from such feelings. If perchance I shall say anything too free, in too playful a manner, you will forgive me this. My excellent father trained me to the pursuit of virtue by bringing under my observation the vices of others. In counselling me to live economically, frugally, and contentedly, on the produce of my own exertions, he said "Do you not observe in what squalor "Albius' son is living, and in what deep poverty "Barrus is—a mighty deterrent from squander-"ing away one's patrimony." In the same manner he endeavoured, by pointing out examples to the contrary, to ingraft the virtue of chastity. "A philosopher will give you reasons" (he continued) "why this should be avoided and that "sought after. It is sufficient for me if I can "follow the morality bequeathed by my ancestors "and, whilst you need a guardian, preserve "irreproachable your mode of life and your "reputation. When you shall have attained "your stature of body and mind you will swim "without a cork." Thus did he educate me by his words, and when he would bid me do any action he would say "You have an example "before you for it" and pointed me to one of the Chief Magistrates. Or if he would forbid me doing anything he would say "Can you doubt it "would be dishonourable and prejudicial since "so and so labours under such a stigma for it." For like as the funeral of a neighbour alarms persons who are weak and makes them desist from indulging in excess of food, so the evil fame of others often deters the young from what is wrong. Through education of this character am I free from those vices which draw down

ruin, though subject to lesser failings which you may pardon. It may be that, in a great measure, a lengthened life, a faithful friend, and self-reflection, have diminished these. When I am in bed, or walk beneath the portico, I am not wanting to myself—"this is more right"—"thus "acting I shall live better, and be more welcome "to my friends"—"this is not right"—"is it "possible I could do as he has done." These words I say to myself. When opportunity occurs, I scribble a little. This is one of those lighter failings of men, and, if you refuse to pardon it, a great body of poets will come to my assistance (for we are far more numerous than the Jews) and (after their manner of acting) will compel you to yield to our united force.

V.

LEAVING mighty Rome behind me, I made a halt at a moderate sized inn at Aricia, my companion being the rhetorician Heliodorus the most learned man by far amongst the Greeks. Then on to Appii Forum crowded with boatmen and extortionate innkeepers. We lazily performed the distance in two days, which good walkers would have done in one—the Appian Way becomes less fatiguing to those who walk slowly. At this place, because the water is very bad I declare war against my stomach, waiting, with an irritated mind, until my companions in the boat have done eating.

Night was now preparing to draw her veil over the earth, and hang out her lights in the sky. Then the boys began to worry the boatmen and the boatmen to return it.

"Come here" cried out one "and take us on "board."

"You have got three hundred on board" called out another.

"Ho! ho! that is enough."

Whilst the fares are being collected, and the mule put to, an hour slips away. The atrocious gnats and marsh frogs compel us to keep awake, whilst the boatman and a passenger—both well inebriated by wretched wine—strive to conquer each other's lungs in singing the praise of their mistresses. At last the wearied passenger falls asleep, and the lazy boatman unyokes the mule, attaches a stone to her, sends her to graze, lays himself on his back, and snores. At daybreak we perceive that the boat is motionless, and endure it, until a choleric fellow-passenger leaps out of it, and lays a cudgel on the shoulders of both mule and man. It wanted a little to sunrise when we were put out, and washed our faces and hands in thy water, O Feronia. Then we dined, crawled along for three miles, and reached Anxur whose rocks sparkle afar off. Here the most noble Mæcenas, with Cocceius, were to join us, having been both despatched as Legates on weighty business, and being accustomed to effect reconciliation between friends who had fallen out. Having reached our quarters, I applied the black ointment to my sore eyes. Presently Mæcenas arrived with Cocceius and very soon after Fonteius Capito, the friend of Antony and

a perfect gentleman. We passed through Fundi right merrily during the Prætorship of Aufidius Luscus, laughing heartily at the crazy Recorder assuming the prætexta, laticlave, and pan of incense. Then, having become tired, we rested awhile in the city of the Mamurræ, supping at Capito's house and sleeping at Muræna's.

The next day's sun beheld us in a far more joyous mood, for Plotius, Varius, and Virgilius, met us at Sinuessa, men unsurpassed in virtue, and to whom no one is more bound by ties of gratitude than myself. Oh!—what salutations, and what delight. The greatest happiness in life, to my mind, is a pleasant friend.

The little village, adjoining the bridge of Campania, received us at the close of the next day's travels, and the parochial authorities, as in duty bound, provided for our wants. Thence on to Capua where, in due time, our mules deposited their burdens, Mæcenas went to indulge in play, Virgilius and I to seek repose—for tennis-ball sport is injurious to weak eyes or stomach.

The mansion of Cocceius, abounding in plenty, and which is situate above the Caudian inns, next received us. O Muse, relate briefly the contest which took place there between the buffoon Sarmentus and Messius Cicirrhus, together with their pedigrees. Messius boasts the noble race of the Osci. The mistress of Sarmentus is still living. Thus descended, they began the war. Sarmentus first speaks,

"You resemble a wild horse."

We laugh, and Messius himself says "I acknowledge it" and tosses his head about. "Oh" replied Sarmentus "if thus maimed you "are so threatening, what would you not attempt

"had not your horn been cut out of your "head." For an ugly-looking scar disfigured the left portion of his hairy temple. Then, joking in vigorous style upon his face and the Campanian disease, he asked him if he would execute a dance before them in the character of Polyphemus since he would have no need of the mask or buskin. Cicirrhus was not backward in retorts. He enquired whether, in the fulfilment of his vow, he had consecrated his fetters to the Lares. Although he were now an amanuensis the servitude to his late Mistress was a not less easy place. Lastly he asked him why he should ever have run away for whom a pound of corn a day would suffice—such a lanky and spiritless creature. So we lengthened out our supper in unmitigated enjoyment.

Thence we travelled straight on to Beneventum, where the zealous innkeeper nearly burnt the house down whilst he was roasting some lean thrushes. For the wandering flames, as the fire leapt about in the old chimney, threatened a rapid ignition of the roof. Then might you have seen the hungry travellers and frightened servants rescuing the supper, and every one endeavouring to put out the fire.

Apulia next began to display to me her well-known hills which Atabulus parches and over which we should never have crept had not a farmhouse close to Trivicum afforded us shelter, while the newly-kindled fire from moist wood produced smoke in abundance, and made our eyes water.

Thence we drove rapidly twenty-four miles to a little place which cannot be named in verse, but is easily described. Water (the commonest

of all things) must here be purchased. The bread is, however, delicious, so much so, that a sagacious traveller will carry some away with him, for he will find, when he reaches Canusium, that the bread there is gritty, and the water of that town, which was formerly built by brave Diomed, equally scarce. Varius now left us—we and himself alike sorrowful at his departure.

Then we arrived at Rubi in a wearied condition, because the journey itself was a long one, and rendered still more unpleasantly so by rain. The following day was fairer, but the road worse up to the very walls of the fishing town Barium. Then we came to Gnatia, built amid the angry waters, and affording us laughter and jokes since they would have had us believe that incense can melt on the temple's threshold without the application of fire. Let the Jew Apella believe this—not I. For I have gained the knowledge that the Gods pass their time uncaring for us, and that when nature produces any thing extraordinary it is not they who, through disquietude, are sending it down from their lofty throne in the sky.

Brundisium was the termination of my long journey, as it is of my writing about it.

VI.

O MÆCENAS, although the noblest blood of the Etrurian Lydians flows in your veins, and your paternal and maternal ancestors in days of old

commanded mighty armies, you do not, as many do, disdain the low-born—as, for instance, myself, whose father was a freedman—since you say birth matters nothing if a man be virtuous. You have convinced yourself that before the low-born Tullius obtained the influence which conducted him to the kingdom many men of ignoble descent lived virtuously, and received great and deserved honours — that, on the other hand, Lævinus, who may boast a descent from Valerius the expeller of Superbus Tarquinius, is justly estimated at not more than a farthing's value, even by the very populace who, as you know often, in their folly, bestow honours on the undeserving, obey common report, and are struck dumb whenever titles and statues are mentioned. How differently should we act, who are far—far removed from the common herd.

However let us suppose that the populace prefer to give authority to a man like Lævinus rather than to a new man like Decius, and that a Censor like Appius should expel me from the Senate-house because I am not nobly born. He would be justified, because I ought to have been satisfied with my position in life, yet Glory in her radiant car drags along noble and low-born alike. Of what advantage, Tillius, has it been to you to re-assume the clavus and become a Tribune? Your public life augments the envy which would not have assailed your private one. For when any one, foolishly elevated to a high station, has thus impeded his free knee-action, and let down from his breast the wide clavus, he hears every one asking "Who is he?"—"who was his father?" Like the diseased Barrus, who strove to be reputed handsome, and therefore caused every

girl to enquire what sort of a face he had, limbs, teeth, and hair, sō, if any one takes on himself the responsibility of guarding the interests of the City, the citizens, the Empire, and the shrines of the Gods, he compels every human being to ask "Who were his parents?" "Darest thou" (they are ready to exclaim) "O son of Syrus, of Dama, "or of Dionysius, to hurl down citizens from "the Tarpeian rock, or deliver them to the "executioner Cadmus?" "But Novius, my col- "league" (such a person might reply) "is inferior "in birth to me." "Dost thou then, on that "account, suppose thyself a Paulus or Messala? "And Novius, moreover, has a voice which would "be more than a match for the noise of two "hundred waggons with the horns and flutes of "three funerals. At any rate this power has "gained him our favour."

But I return to speak of myself, born of a freedman, and whom everybody is snarling at on that account; at the present time, because I am admitted into your friendship, but formerly because I was a military tribune. The two cases are indeed dissimilar. With respect to my rank in the army, my fitness for it might perhaps have been justly called in question, but not so with regard to my obtaining your friendship, who are extremely cautious to bestow it only on such as merit it, and are unswayed by sinister motives. My happiness arose not from chance. The illustrious Virgilius first, and then Varius, spake of me to you. When I came into your presence, and spoke a few words in broken sentences, (for modesty forbade my saying much) I did not declare that I was born of a noble father, and rode round my estate on a Saturcian steed,

but I told you just who I was. You answered, as is your wont, briefly. Afterwards you sent for me and proffered your friendship. I may boast of this—that I pleased you, a discerner between nobleness and baseness, not because I possessed illustrious parentage, but for the virtue of my life and principles. But if my natural disposition is faulty in few and small failings—otherwise good—just as you may see moles disfiguring a beautiful skin—if no one can justly accuse me of avarice, impurity, and profligacy, if my life is pure, innocent, and dear to my friends, (to praise myself), my father is the cause of it who, although in straitened circumstances, would not send me to the school of Flavius, where the great sons of great Centurions used to go, taking with them their counters and the tables on which they had worked out their sums of interest to the day of the Ides, but dared to send me to Rome, to be instructed in a similar way to the children of the Knights and Senators. Whosoever in the bustling careless crowd had noticed my attire, and the slaves attending me, he would have supposed that this state was defrayed from an ancestral inheritance. My father himself, as my most faithful guardian, remained ever near me in my studies. Why need I go on? He preserved me chaste, (the flower of virtue), not only in deed but in reputation, nor was he apprehensive that blame would be laid upon him if, as an auctioneer's crier, or as an auctioneer's money collector as he himself was, I should earn a petty livelihood, nor should I myself have complained. Thus the greater praise is due to him, and from me the greater gratitude. As long as I am in my right senses, I shall in no wise be

ashamed of him, and therefore shall not make an apology as many do who say that it is not their fault that they are not nobly born. My words and inward sentiments are wholly at variance with theirs. If nature permitted us to go back in our age many years, and choose, at our liking, parents for ourselves, let each one choose for himself; contented with mine, I would refuse illustrious ones, possessing the Fasces and the Chains of office—a man demented in the opinion of the vulgar, but wise, probably, in your judgment, since I had refused to carry a weight to which I was unaccustomed. For in that case more wealth must perpetually have been sought after by me, more time consumed in ceremonious visiting, attendants must accompany me in order that I might not go alone into the country, or travel by myself, more servants and horses must be had, and more coaches used. Now, if I like, I can ride to Teanum on my little mule, burdening its loins with my baggage, and its shoulders with my weight. No one, O Prætor Tullius, will lay meanness to my charge, which they will to you, whom five boys follow on the Tiburtine Way, carrying your eatables and drinkables. In this respect do I live much better than you, O illustrious Senator, and thousands of others. Wherever my inclination leads me there I go alone. I enquire the price of vegetables and flour. I often stroll in the Circus, where impostors congregate, and through the Forum in the evening, and listen to the fortune-tellers. Thence I betake me home to my dish of scallion, pease, and pancakes. My supper is served by three slaves, and my marble stand holds two cups with a cyathus. Close by is a common

salt cellar, a cruet, and patera—Campanian ware. Then I retire to sleep, feeling no necessity for rising early in the morning to visit Marsyas who says that he cannot endure the younger Novius. I lie abed till the fourth hour. Then I take a stroll out or, having read or written what interests me in my solitude, anoint myself, but not after the manner of the unclean Natta with what he has robbed the lamps of. Then, when the hot sun bids me refresh my tired limbs with a bathe, I leave the Campus Martius and the game of ball. Having partaken of a moderate dinner, sufficient for the day's requirement, I idle my time away at home. This resembles the life of those who are free from miserable and injurious ambition. In this way I believe I lead a much happier life than I should have done had my grandfather, father, and uncle, all been Quæstors.

VII.

How the hybrid Persius avenged the foul and venomous language of the outlawed Rupilius, surnamed the King, is, I suppose, known to every blear-eyed person and barber.

This Persius, a man of wealth, had great business transactions at Clazomenæ, as well as a vexatious law-suit with the King—an obstinate person, and able to surpass the King himself in abusive language, confident, vehement, and of such a caustic power of speech that his white horses would outstrip those of Sisenna and Barrus.

I return to the King. After that no amicable settlement could be arrived at between them (for, when war breaks out, the braver the parties are, the more irreconcileable—between Hector and Achilles the animosity was fatal so that death alone could terminate it, for no other reason, but that valour was pre-eminent in both, whereas if contention arises between persons of indolent dispositions, or conflict between those who are unequal in strength, as between Glaucus and Diomed, the weaker will yield and seek a reconciliation by sending presents), Brutus then holding the Prætorship of fertile Asia, these two men contend for victory with not less determination than the gladiators Bacchus and Bithus.

They fiercely invoke the decision of the law—each of them a most amusing spectacle. Persius opens the case and is laughed at by the whole assembly. He praises Brutus, he praises the cohort. He calls Brutus the sun of Asia, and his retinue, the King excepted, the health-giving stars, but affirms the King to be the Dog-star, hateful to agriculturists. Thus Persius poured forth his invective, with as much noise as a wintry torrent does its waters in wild and desert places.

Then he of Præneste, like a resolute and unconquered vinedresser, to whom the passer-by when he had loudly called out cuckoo had been compelled to yield, retorted, in his turn, upon his opponent, who had thus long and sharply assailed him, expressions of raillery and sarcasm drawn from vineyard slang, but the Greek, after that he had been completely bespattered with Italic acid, called out

"By the great Gods I adjure thee, Brutus,

" who art accustomed to slay kings, destroy
" this one. Believe me that is thy duty."

IX.

I WAS walking along the Sacred Way, musing on trifles, as my custom is, and wholly immersed in them, when a certain person, known to me only by name, came up and, seizing my hand, exclaimed

"My dearest friend, how are you?"

"Very well at present, and I bid you farewell."

As he continued by my side I enquired if he desired anything of me.

"That we may be acquainted for I am a
" man of letters."

"In that case you will be held in more
" esteem by me."

I tried every possible expedient of getting away from him, at one time walking rapidly, at another standing still and inventing something to whisper in the ear of my attendant, whilst perspiration was streaming down me. O Bolanus, how I envy you your resolute mind, I said to myself, as he kept on babbling away and eulogising the villages and the city. As I never answered him, he said

"You are in a terrible desire to get away
" from me—I have observed it for a long time,
" but it's of no use, I shall stick to you and
" follow you everywhere. Whither are you
" going?"

I made reply that there was no need for him to go such a long distance, that I was desirous of calling on some one whom he did not know, that he lived a long way off across the Tiber near to Cæsar's gardens.

"I have nothing particular to attend to, I am "not fatigued, I will accompany you."

I let down mine ears, like a donkey of a vicious disposition when too heavy a load has been placed on its back.

He began the conversation. If I know myself, you will not hold Viscus or Varius as a dearer friend, for who can compose verses more quickly, or in greater number, than I can; who can dance more gracefully, and Hermogenes himself would envy me my singing? A pause on his part enabled me to interrupt him.

"Have you a mother living, or relations to "whom you are dear?"

"Not a single one for I have buried them "all."

Most happy are they, I said to myself, and now I stood still again. Kill me too, was my mental ejaculation, since my sad destiny is now impending over me, the lot which Canidia drew forth for me in my youthful days out of her magic revolving urn.

"Neither fatal poison—nor the enemy's sword "—nor pleurisy—nor slow-consuming gout— "shall have power to kill you. At the destined "time a loquacious person shall be your destruc- "tion. If you are wise, all such will be avoided "by you, as soon as you have attained to your "reasoning powers."

We had now reached the temple of Vesta, the fourth hour was passed, and it so chanced that

he ought to have been in court to answer to his bail, or else lose his cause.

"If you love me you will render me a little "assistance in this case."

"May I perish if I have any ability to do so, "or possess any knowledge of the law, and, "besides, I am hastening whither I told you."

"I am in doubt then what I shall do, whether "to leave you or my suit."

"Me—by all means"

"I will not do so," he said, and commenced walking in advance. As it is vain to contend with a stronger, I followed on.

"Mæcenas—on what terms are you with him? "He admits few to his friendship, and is of sound "judgment. You have surpassed all in so "dexterously turning your good fortune to "account. You would gain a mighty assistant "to play the second part, if you would intro- "duce me to him. May I perish if you should "not overcome every one."

"We do not live there in this way you are "supposing. No house is purer, or more free "from such evil. It gives me no umbrage because "another friend is wealthier or more learned. "Each fills his appropriate station there."

"You tell me a marvellous thing, scarcely "credible."

"Nevertheless, so it is."

"You inflame me, and therefore do I the "more desire to be his most intimate friend."

"You have only to wish it, and, such is your "merit, you will break down every obstacle. "Moreover he is of a yielding temperament, "and on that account the first approaches alone "will possess difficulty."

"I shall not be wanting to myself. I will "bribe the servants. If the door is shut in my "face I will persevere; I will watch for oppor- "tunities, I will meet him in the streets, I will "escort him home. Life bestows nothing on "mortals save through much labour."

As he was stating these intentions, Fuscus Aristius met us, one of my intimate friends, and who knew him well. We stood still. "Where "have you come from, and where are you going?" he asks and answers himself. I plucked his robe, I took hold of his impassive arms, winking and distorting my eyes that he might deliver me. With unfeeling pleasantry he pretended not to understand. My liver began to swell with bile. You said you had something you wished to communicate to me privately. "I remember "it well" Aristius replied, "but I will tell you "at a more proper time. To day is the thirtieth "Sabbath. Would you affront the circumcised "Jews?" I have no religious scruples on that head, I answered. "But I have. I am some- "what weaker—one of the multitude—you will "forgive me. I will tell you the matter another "time."

That so black a sun should have risen on me that morning. The unfeeling man ran away, and left me under the knife. Just then, how- ever, his adversary came up.

"Ho!—thou base fellow! Will you witness "the arrest?"

I bent down my ear to him. He hurried him off to justice.

Clamour from both of them. A mob on all sides. Thus Apollo preserved me.

X.

I HAVE said indeed that the verses of Lucilius were inharmonious. What admirer of him is so blind as not to allow this? Yet I also praised him at the same time for having, with so much wit, assailed the vices of the city. But, conceding this, I cannot also the other, else I must likewise consider the Mimes of Laberius a beautiful production. It is not therefore enough to draw forth the laughter of the audience, although there is a kind of merit in this. There is need of brevity, that the subject may flow quickly along, nor injure itself by a copiousness of words which weary the listening ears. There is need of a style now grave, now humorous, and which demands the skill of a rhetorician, of a poet, and sometimes of a man of wit sparing his strength, and purposely extenuating it. Ridicule will oftentimes attain the desired end, and smooth mighty matters in a better and more powerful way than severity of language.

They, to whom the ancient comedy belonged, pleased in this respect, and are to be followed in it, whose writings neither the smooth-faced Hermogenes ever reads, nor that ape who can sing nothing but from Calvus or Catullus. Yet, such an admirer of Lucilius will say he performed a great exploit that he mixed Greek and Latin words together. O late in going to school! what difficulty is there in doing that which Pitholeon could do? He may reply to me that a style in which the two languages are elegantly mixed is the more pleasant to the intellect, like as Chian wine mixed with Falernian is to the

taste. Is this to be right then only when you compose verses I ask or, when the defence of Petillius is entrusted to you, would you also, forgetful of your country and your father and whilst Pedius Publicola and Corvinus are pleading with all their energy in Latin, desire to intermix with the language of Rome words of a foreign character, like a double-tongued Canusian. But when I, a Roman, was inclined to compose a few trifles in Greek verse, Quirinus, who appeared to me in a morning vision when dreams are true, forbade me by saying "You "will not more foolishly carry wood into a wood "than add your productions to the mighty bands "of the Greek authors." While the turgid Alpinus is killing Memnon, and describing the muddy source of the Rhine, I compose these sportive effusions, which are neither to compete in the temple before the critic Tarpa as judge, nor possess any beauty for repeated theatrical representations.

Thou, Fundanius, and no man living better, art able to write a pleasing plot, where an artful harlot together with a slave deceive the old man Chremes. Pollio, in iambic trimeters, sings the successes of kings. None equal the spirited Varius for the mighty epic. The country-loving Muses have assigned soft and polished writing to Virgil. There is also this style, which I am using, which Varro Atacinus attempted unsuccessfully, along with others, and, it may be, is the best adapted to my powers, although I am inferior to the inventor, neither would I dare to draw from his brow the crown which so deservedly enwreathes it.

Yet I said there was ruggedness in his com-

positions, and that many a composition contained more to be removed than left behind, and I ask you, O learned admirer of Lucilius, do not you yourself find something you may blame even in great Homer? Would the affable Lucilius himself alter nothing of Attius' tragic Muse? Does he not condemn some parts of Ennius' which do not answer to the gravity of the subject? When he names himself, does he not consider his verse superior to that of those whom he blames? What then should forbid us, as we read his writings, to enquire whether his own ability, or the difficult nature of the subject, has prevented him from doing better than another person might, who merely cares to write in hexameter verse two hundred verses in any form before supper and just as many after? Such a person was the Etrurian Cassius, whose writings flowed forth more swiftly than an impetuous river, and who, as report says, was consumed on his funeral pile by means of them and the cases which held them. Lucilius, I grant, was affable and urbane, that he was more polished than Ennius, the originator of a style of writing then rude in character and unknown to the Greeks, and more so than the band of the older poets, yet had Ennius lived in our age he would have removed much, would have erased every expression that appeared imperfect and, whilst he was writing, would often have put his hand upon his head and his finger to his lips.

If you would write that which is worthy of being read, make many corrections and erasures, nor write much, in order that the populace may marvel at it, but be content to be read by the

few. Do you foolishly aspire to have your verses given out for dictation in common schools? Not I. It is enough that the Equites applaud, as the bold Arbuscula said when she was hissed by the lower classes in the theatre. Shall the foul Pantilius move me? Shall it cause me pain, or do me an injury, to be assailed by Demetrius behind my back, or by the brainless Fannius, the guest of Hermogenes Tigellius? Plotius and Varius, Mæcenas with Virgilius, Valgius and the illustrious Octavius, approve my writings, together with Fuscus and—oh!—that each of the Visci did so too. Repudiating all selfish views, I may name you, O Pollio, you, Messala, with your brother, you also Bibulus, and Servius, together with you, O impartial Furnius, and many others, intelligent and friendly-disposed, whom, designedly, I forbear to name, as those I desire that these writings of mine, whatever value they may possess, may please, and should regret if they did so less than our expectation.

Let Demetrius, and Tigellius, depart to weep amid their female pupils. Go, boy, quickly and write this down at the end of my Lucilian production.

BOOK II.

I.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE POET AND HIS FRIEND, THE LAWYER TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

THERE are those, Trebatius, who think this style of writing too severe, and consider that I transgress the limits of what is just and right, whilst others think that it possesses no strength, and that a thousand verses like mine can be written by anybody during the day. Tell me then what I ought to do.

TREBATIUS.

Be quiet.

HORATIUS.

Write no more verses do you mean to say?

TREBATIUS.

I do.

HORATIUS.

That were indeed the best course but I cannot sleep.

TREBATIUS.

Let those who require sound sleep anoint themselves, and thrice swim the Tiber, and indulge themselves in wine at evening time, yet, if such a passion of writing possesses you, dare to sing the exploits of unconquered Cæsar, and reap the ample reward.

HORATIUS.

Illustrious Father, I would gladly do so, but my powers are insufficient, for it is not given to every one to describe the Roman line terrible in their array of spears, the vanquished Gauls, and the wounded Parthian falling from his horse.

TREBATIUS.

Yet you might celebrate him as just and valiant, as Lucilius so well did Scipio.

HORATIUS.

I shall not refuse the burden at the fitting time, for only then will the strains of Flaccus pass through the listening ear of Cæsar, which, safely guarded on every side, disdains injurious adulation.

TREBATIUS.

How much more right for you to sing of Augustus than to assail in severe verse the buffoon Pantolabus and the profligate Nomentanus, since every one fears for himself, although untouched by you, and hates both verses and verse-maker.

HORATIUS.

What shall I do? Milonius dances as soon as

there is heat in his brain and the lights are doubled to him. Castor takes pleasure in horses, his brother in bodily contests, and every one has, and indulges in, his favourite pursuit. Me it delights to compose verses after the manner of Lucilius, superior, however, to us both. He entrusted the complexion of his thoughts to his books as to faithful friends nor, whether in prosperity or adversity, did he resort elsewhere. Hence the whole life of the old man is laid open as in a votive picture. I imitate him, whether a Lucanian, or Apulian—for the city of Venusia lies between the two, being an ancient colony sent there after the Samnites had been driven away, as tradition says, in order to hinder the enemy from making an inroad on Roman territory, and to resist any attack from Lucania or Apulia. But my pen shall never first attack any living person and, like a sword resting in its sheath, shall defend me, for why should I draw it whilst thus protected from malignant enemies? O Jupiter, Sire, and Sovereign, may my sheathed weapon perish through corroding rust, and no one injure me desirous of peace, but he who shall stir me up (better to leave me alone, I cry) shall bewail it, and be known by the whole city. The angry Cervius threatens prosecution. Canidia, to those to whom she is inimical, the poison of Albutius. Turius may do you great injury, if your cause is tried before him. How all seek to terrify those, whom they take for enemies, in the manner they best can, and how a powerful natural instinct orders this, let me point out. The wolf will use its teeth, the bull its horns. Why? Because the instinct comes from within. Yet although the aged mother of Sceva be entrusted

to the care of her dissolute son (it may be objected) his right hand will do no deed of violence upon her. This is similarly wonderful as that neither the wolf attacks with his foot nor the bull with his teeth, but the deadly hemlock in the poisoned honey will destroy her. Not to speak more—whether a quiet old age awaits me, or death is now spreading her black wing over me, rich or poor, in Rome or, perchance, an exile, wherever and however I live, I will write.

TREBATIUS.

O Youth, I fear thy life will be short, and that, too, through one of thy powerful friends.

HORATIUS.

Why so?—since Lucilius before me, after this manner, dared to write and strip off the glittering skin in which any one appeared just before men, but was inwardly base. Was Lælius, or he who received a glorious title by his victory over vanquished Carthage, offended by his genius? Or were they irritated because Metellus was inveighed against, and Lupus overwhelmed by his powerful verse? Of a truth he lashed the Patrician Order and the people in all their tribes, commending virtue alone and virtue's votaries. But whenever the valiant Scipio, and the wise and gentle Lælius, had withdrawn themselves from the populace and the public gaze into privacy, they and he would freely amuse themselves with chat and pastime whilst the frugal repast was being prepared. Whatever I am, unequal to the fortune and genius of Lucilius, yet must reluctant envy acknowledge that I have possessed the friendship of illustrious men and, striving to

bite only what is soft, shall strike against the hard, unless you, learned Trebatius, do not concede this.

TREBATIUS.

In truth I must allow all you have said. Nevertheless take my counsel, and beware lest your ignorance of the established laws bring you into some trouble. If any one shall write against any one what is bad, there is both law and judgment.

HORATIUS.

Granted—if any one shall write bad verses. But suppose he writes *good* ones, he shall receive praise from Cæsar's judgment. If any one shall write against a man who is worthy of opprobrium shall he not be free from blame?

TREBATIUS.

The action against you will be dismissed with laughter, and you will go your way.

III.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE BETWEEN DAMASIPPUS THE STOIC, AND THE POET.

DAMASIPPUS.

You write so seldom, not four times in the year asking for parchment, and merely emend your former compositions, whilst you are angry with

yourself that, indulging in wine and sleep, you are unable to produce anything fresh deserving of praise—what is it all to end in? From the very Saturnalia have you fled hither. Mid the quietude of this place, therefore, bring forth something worthy of your promise. Begin. There is nothing. The fault is laid on the pens, and the undeserving walls have to suffer from the anger both of the Gods and the poets. Yet you professed the intention of writing much and ably, as soon as you had gained your leisure in your pleasant villa. Why should you have packed up Plato, Menander, Eupolis, and Archilochus, and brought them hither as your companions? Are you preparing, through cowardice, to abandon writing, and thus seek to lay the spirit of odium? Darest thou to despise it? The Syren, Idleness, must not be yielded to, or whatever praise may now belong to you for former merit must be readily resigned.

HORATIUS.

May the Gods and Goddesses, Damasippus, bestow on you a barber for your wise counsel. Yet how is it you know me so well?

DAMASIPPUS.

After all my property was lost in the Exchange, I employed myself in seeking the interests of others, being thrown out of the ability to attend to my own. For before, I sought to be the owner of the bronze vessel in which the crafty Sisyphus had washed his feet, and to procure such pieces of sculpture as were skilfully and finely executed. Being a good judge, I could affix to a statue I

had obtained the price of a hundred thousand sesterces. I, beyond other men, knew how to purchase profitably houses and gardens, on which account sale-attending people called me Mercury's favourite.

HORATIUS.

I know it, and I marvel you could be freed from that disease.

DAMASIPPUS.

But a new feeling marvellously expelled the old one, like as happens when a pain in the side or head removes into the stomach, or as when a lethargic patient suddenly becomes pugilistic and attacks his doctor.

HORATIUS.

Provided you don't act in that manner towards me, let it be as you say.

DAMASIPPUS.

O good man, do not deceive yourself. Both you, and nearly all men, are mad, if there is any truth in Stertinius from whose mouth I, gratefully, wrote down these marvellous precepts at the time when, administering consolation to me, he bade me nourish a philosophical beard and, joyfully, leave the Fabrician bridge.

For when, on account of my losses, I was on the point, with covered head, of casting myself into the river, he stood at my right hand and said

" Beware that you commit no unworthy action.
" A false shame distresses you, who fear to be
" accounted mad by others no less so. And first,
" I will enquire into the nature of madness and

" if it resides in you only I will not add another
" word to prevent your bravely perishing.
" Whomsoever injurious folly and ignorance
" of truth render blind, the Portico and School
" of Chrysippus pronounce mad. This formula
" brings kings with their subjects, the wise man
" alone excepted, under its jurisdiction. Now
" hear how all they who have declared you mad
" are equally so themselves. Just as in a wood
" where deviation from the right path will
" send the strayers wandering in all directions,
" some to the right and others to the left of it,
" all alike straying from it but in different ways,
" so, after this manner, reckon yourself to be
" insane, whilst he who laughs at you, in no whit
" wiser than yourself, will carry a tail. There
" is one species of folly which possesses him who
" fears when there is nothing to be feared, like
" as if one were to complain of fires, precipices,
" and rivers being in the Campus Martius.
" There is the opposite to this, and no better,
" when any one would rush through fire and tor-
" rents. His loving mother, nobly-born sister,
" father, relations, wife, all may cry out 'beware
" 'of that deep ditch, that great precipice' he
" will no more hear than did the drunken Fufius
" of old when he slept through his character of
" Iliona, in spite of two hundred thousand
" Catienuses shouting out 'Mother, I call thee.'
" I will show that all people are mad after a
" similar manner. Damasippus is so when he
" buys up every ancient statue he can find. Is
" he who lends him money for this purpose less
" so? Were I to say to you, Receive this loan,
" which you can never repay me, would you
" show any madness by accepting it or rather

" would you not display it by your rejection of " the offer? Although you may take ten receipts " like those of Nerius, and even a hundred obli- " gations like those of the knotty Cicuta, may " bind your debtor by a thousand chains, yet, " when you shall drag him to justice in the " law courts, he will laugh at your misery and, " after the manner of Proteus, escape you by " assuming the form of a bird, a boar, or a tree. " If to be prosperous be the sign of a wise man, " the opposite that of a mad one, Perillus much " more comes under the latter designation by " lending you that which you can never repay.

" Again. I bid every one listen to my words " who is influenced by injurious ambition and " love of silver, or indulges in luxury, or is " harassed by superstition, or by any other disease " of the mind. Approach then near me in order " due, whilst I teach that you are all mad.

" The greatest proportion of hellebore must " be given to the avaricious. Indeed I know not " whether the whole of the produce of Anticyra " ought not to be appropriated to them. The " heirs of Staberius inscribed the amount of the " property left on his tomb since, had they not " done so, the will commanded them to give one " hundred pair of gladiators for the diversion " of the populace, a banquet to them such as " Arrius would approve of, and as much corn as " an African harvest yields and it added 'whether " 'I have done rightly or wrongly in this, be not " 'severe against me.' I believe that the fore- " seeing mind of Staberius saw the necessity of " these provisoes. Then what was the reason " why he ordered the amount of his property to " be carved on the stone? As long as he lived

" he believed poverty to be an intense evil and
" dreaded nothing more, so that had he died
" less rich by one single farthing he would have
" seemed to himself the worse man. For all
" things—power, fame, glory, everything divine
" and human—obey glittering riches, and he who
" piles them up will be illustrious, valiant, and
" just. Will he be wise? Yes—and a king, and
" whatsoever he will. The great accumulation,
" as prepared by his skill, he hoped would pro-
" duce him great praise. On the other hand
" there was the Grecian Aristippus who bade his
" servants throw away his gold in the Libyan
" desert because they were travelling too slowly
" through having to carry it. Which of these
" two showed the greater madness? Yet adduc-
" ing opposite instances of insanity concludes
" little in the way of argument. If any one
" should purchase a large collection of musical
" instruments, himself entirely unmusical—if a
" person, not a shoemaker, buys lasts and shoe-
" making tools—if one, having nothing to do
" with the sea, buys shipware—such a person
" will, deservedly, be reckoned insane. How
" does he differ from those who heap up wealth,
" ignorant how to employ it, and fearing to touch
" it as though it were a dedicated offering. If
" any one, always lying beside an immense heap
" of corn, keep guard over it with a long club
" nor, although it is his property and he is
" hungry, venture to take a single grain from it,
" and prefers to live on bitter herbs—if, with a
" thousand casks of Chian or Falernian wine in
" his house (nay—that is nothing—it conveys
" not my meaning—say, rather, three hundred
" thousand) he will drink only acid vinegar—if,

" when about 80 years old, with his bed furni-
" ture a prey to the moths and rotting in his
" chest, he will lie on straw, such a one will be
" deemed insane but by few, because the greater
" part of mankind is subject to the same disease.
" O old man, whom the Deities abhor, do you
" thus act in order that your son, or even a
" freedman as your heir, shall squander all these
" possessions, or is it for fear lest you yourself
" should come to want? Yet how little would
" each day's diminution take from the great heap,
" if you began to give better oil to your vege-
" tables, as well as to your head, foul with un-
" combed-out scurf. If anything suffices for
" life, why then do you perjure yourself, and
" steal on all sides? Is this a mark of
" sanity? Were you to attempt to kill people
" by stoning, or the servants whom you have
" purchased, all will cry out that you are mad.
" If you kill your wife by strangulation, or your
" mother by poison, are you in your senses?
" And yet perhaps you will lay claim to sanity
" because you do not these things at Argos,
" nor yet by the sword in the way the mad
" Orestes slew his mother. But do you think
" that he showed any madness after his mother's
" death, or should you not rather think that he
" had been previously driven into his madness
" by the harmful Furies stirring him up to bathe
" his sword in her neck? For from the time
" that he was commonly reckoned of unsound
" mind he did nothing which you could blame.
" He did no injury to Pylades or Electra. He
" simply poured out invective upon them as his
" terrible wrath suggested.

" Opimius, a poor man, although he possessed " much gold and silver, accustomed to drink " wretched Veientan wine out of coarse earthen- " ware on festal days, and worse stuff on other " days, was once so dangerously ill that his heir, " in joyful and exulting expectation, was running " round the chests of treasure. His doctor, far too " attentive and honest, aroused him in this way. " He ordered the table to be placed before him, " his bags of money to be emptied out upon it, " and persons to proceed to take account of it. " Thus he revived him and then said,

" ' Unless you take care of your property your " ' avaricious heir will at once take it away.'

" ' What! whilst I am alive?'

" ' In order then to live take care of it and " ' listen whilst I tell you how.'

" ' What would you have me to do?'

" ' Blood will fail you, unless by taking suffi- " ' cient food you prop up your failing stomach.'

" ' What does it cost?'

" ' A mere nothing.'

" ' But how much?'

" ' Eight farthings.'

" ' Alas! what does it signify whether I die of " ' disease or theft.'

" Who then is sane? He who is wise.

" What is an avaricious person? Unwise and " insane. Well then—if any one is free from " avarice is he, therefore, sane? By no means. " Why, O Stoic? I will reply. Suppose that " Craterus has said 'It is not a disease of the " ' heart.' Is his patient, therefore, in good " health? No—because the disease is in his side " or reins. A man may not be a perjurer, nor

" penurious, he may sacrifice to the benignant
" Lares, yet he is ambitious and unscrupulous—
" let him sail to Anticyra. For what difference
" is there whether you squander your all on the
" insatiable gulf of the populace, or make no use
" of it. Servius Oppidius of Canusia, rich as
" former times would have reckoned him, is said
" to have divided his property between his two
" sons, and on his death-bed to have thus ad-
" dressed them: 'From the time, Aulus, that I
" 'noticed you to give away your tali and nuts,
" 'or to hazard them in play, and you, Tiberius,
" 'to keep an account of them and, with anxious
" 'brow, put them in hiding-places, I greatly
" 'feared that madness, though of a different
" 'kind, would influence you both in after years,
" 'and that you would imitate Nomentanus and
" 'you Cicuta—therefore do I invoke you by the
" 'Divine Penates, the one to beware of diminish-
" 'ing, the other of increasing, that which your
" 'father thinks sufficient, and nature assigns as
" 'a limit. Moreover, lest a desire of glory
" 'should dazzle you I will bind you both by this
" 'imprecation—whichever of you would aim at
" 'becoming an Ædile or Prætor let him be infa-
" 'mous and accursed. For, O madman, would you
" 'bestow all your goods in gifts to the people, in
" 'order that you may stalk in the Circus as a
" 'person of distinction, and have a brazen statue
" 'of yourself put up, at the cost of the loss of
" 'all your lands and paternal inheritance? And
" 'for what end? That you may receive the
" 'plaudits bestowed upon Agrippa as a crafty fox
" 'who has copied the noble lion.'

"'O son of Atreus, why forbiddest thou the
"'burial of Ajax?'

"'Because I am a king.'

"'Because I am a subject I can make no
"'reply.'

"'Nevertheless I command what is right,
"'though if this appear not so to any one I
"'freely permit him to say what he thinks.'

"'O greatest of kings, may the Deities grant
"'to thee to capture Troy and lead back the
"'fleet in safety. Is it then permitted me to
"'speak, and afterwards also to reply?'

"'Say on.'

"'Why then does Ajax, only second to Achilles
"'in valour, and glorious through the Greeks
"'having been so often saved by him, lie a
"'mouldering corpse above ground, in order
"'that Priam and his people may exult over the
"'rites of burial being withheld from the man
"'by whom so many of their youthful warriors
"'had been deprived of interment in their
"'native land?'

"'The madman slaughtered a thousand sheep,
"'exclaiming that he was killing Ulysses and
"'Menelaus with myself.'

"'But when you yourself at Aulis, instead of
"'a calf, offered up your daughter, and sprinkled
"'her head with salt, were you then in your
"'right senses? And why should Ajax be
"'deemed mad? When he slew the sheep he
"'injured not his wife or son, and though he
"'uttered many imprecations on the Atridæ he
"'harmed not either Teucer or Ulysses.'

"'But I, designedly, appeased the Deities
"'with blood in order that they might grant
"'propitious winds to my fleet.'

"'With your own blood, O madman.'
"'My own, truly, yet I was not mad.'
"A person who shall mix up in his mind, "confusedly, various forms of what is right and "wrong will be considered out of his mind, and "it will make no difference whether it arise "through folly or anger. When Ajax slew the "innocent sheep he was out of his mind, and "are you less so, if, designedly, you do wrong "on account of empty rank, and does your "heart beat with its right balance of feeling "when it is swollen by ambition? If any one "should have a lamb carried on a couch and, "as though he were its father, prepare apparel, "handmaidens, and golden ornaments, for it, "name it Rufa or Pusilla, and destine it as the "wife of a noble husband, the Prætor, by his "edict, would deprive such a person of all civic "rights, and the guardianship of him would "devolve on his sane relations. Then—if any "one would devote in sacrifice his daughter "instead of a lamb, is he sound in mind? Say "not so. Therefore while the former case "showed but a little folly this latter denoted "the highest insanity, and he, who does what "is criminally wrong, will also be mad, and "around that man, whom dazzling glory has "captured, will blood-loving Bellona roll her "thunders.

"And now let us attack luxury and Nomen- "tanus, for reason shall show that luxurious "persons are of unsound mind. A person "comes into an inheritance of a thousand "talents, and immediately bids every kind of "tradesman come to him in the morning. They "come. One, as spokesman for the rest, says

"to him 'Whatever belongs to me or these
"'consider it yours, and desire it at once or
"'whenever you like.' Hear, on the other hand,
"what the noble youth replied 'Do you pass
"' the night on Lucanian snow that I may sup
"' off a wild boar—do you encounter the wintry
"' seas that I may dine off fish. I am unworthy
"' of possessing so much. Receive then, both
"' of you, a million sesterces, and thrice as much
"' to him who shall minister to my profligacy.'

"The son of Æsopus drew off Metella's earring,
"and, dissolving it in vinegar, dissolved a million
"of sesterces. Did he thereby show more sense
"than if he had cast it into a rapid river, or
"into the sewer? The offspring of Quintus
"Arrius, a noble pair of brothers, twins in vice
"and childishness, used to dine off nightingales
"purchased at vast expense. In what class must
"they be put? Shall they have a chalk or
"charcoal mark?

"If any grown up person feel a pleasure in
"building baby houses, harnessing mice to a toy,
"playing odd and even, bestriding a stick, he
"must, doubtless, be out of his mind. If reason
"shall prove that plunging into amorous dissi-
"pation is even a mark of greater insanity, and
"that it makes no difference whether you play
"upon the ground as you did when a child of
"three years old, or keenly grieve through love
"of a harlot, I ask you whether you should not
"do what formerly the changed Polemon did—
"cast away all the insignia of vice, just as he,
"after his drunkenness had passed away, is
"reported to have stealthily removed the gar-
"lands from his brow in obedience to the reproof
"of the severe philosopher.

"Suppose you offer an apple to an angry boy, "he will refuse it. Take it, Catellus, you may "say, but he will not although, if you do not "offer it, he wishes for it. How does a rejected "lover differ from this illustration, when he "debates as to whether he shall go or not where "he was about to go had he not been sent for, "and stops in indecision before the hateful doors. "'Shall I not now go, since of her own will she "'has sent for me—or, rather, shall I not over- "'come my affection? She refused—she recalls "'—shall I return? No, although she implores "'me.' Observe, however, the servant's counsel, "not a little wiser than his master. 'My master, "'that, in which bounds are wanting and "'counsel unavailing, cannot be treated by "'reason or rule. These evils exist in love— "'war and then peace. If any one would essay "'to regulate these, which are variable like the "'winds, and flow along in all directions, he "'would succeed no better than if he tried to "'feign madness by the skill of art.' If you "rejoice at having perchance struck the ceiling "with apple seeds, are you of sound mind or, if, "when your life is drawing to a close, you "would send forth words of lust are you more "sane than the baby-house builder referred to? "Then there may be bloodshed in addition to "the folly, and you only, I say, stir the fire with "a sword. When Marius killed the Greek girl "and then threw himself headlong from the "rock he was insane, unless you will deny this, "and condemn him for his wickedness, affixing, "after your manner, kindred words to the same "thing.

"There was a freedman, sober, religious, and

"aged, who was accustomed to visit the divine "statues erected at the cross-roads early in the "morning, and to pray thus 'Save me, O ye Gods, "'me alone of men, from death, for this is easy for "'you to grant.' He was sound both in eye and "ear. A master, unless he were ready to go to "law, would except his mind, if he desired to "sell him.

"The following common action of insanity "Chrysippus will also assign to the fruitful "family of Menenius. The mother of a child, "who has been five months ill, exclaims 'O "'Jupiter, who givest and removest severe "'afflictions, if the ague shall leave him, then "'on that day, when thou shalt appoint a fast, "'shall he stand naked in the Tiber.' Chance, "or the doctor, shall have rescued him from the "brink of the grave, and the mad mother will "place him in the Tiber that the fever may "return and cause his death. In what way is "she insane? Through fear of the Gods."

These weapons Stertinius, the eighth of the Sages, bestowed on me, his friend, that I should not thenceforth be insulted with impunity. Whosoever, therefore, shall affirm me insane shall hear the same affirmed of himself, and shall be informed of what hangs down behind him from his own shoulders.

HORATIUS.

O Stoic, after your losses, may this your wisdom enable you to sell your goods at greater profit than before. Since, however, there is more than one kind of insanity in what way do you think me affected, for to myself I seem to be sane?

DAMASIPPUS.

Indeed! When Agave carried about in her hands the head of her miserable son which she had cut off did she then conceive herself mad?

HORATIUS.

I acknowledge myself foolish. I must yield to the words of truth and confess myself even insane. Nevertheless I would fain learn from you in what form insanity of mind affects me.

DAMASIPPUS.

Then listen. In the first place you are building. That is to say, you would emulate the *great*, though you are but two feet in size altogether from head to foot and yet, although so diminutive, you jeer at the look and strut of Turbo in arms, as unanswering to his bodily appearance. How are you less ridiculous than he is? Is it that whatever Mæcenas does you also must do?—so utterly unlike him, and incapable of contending with him. After that one alone out of a brood of frogs, in the absence of the mother, had escaped destruction from the feet of a calf she related how an immense monster had crushed all the rest. The mother, puffing herself up a little, enquired whether it were "so big." "Much bigger" was the reply. As she swelled herself up more and more, the young one exclaimed "You could not equal it "though you were to burst yourself." This fable is not an unfair representation of yourself. In addition, there is your writing verses and thus you pour oil on the fire—which if any one in his senses can do then you must be pronounced

sane. I refrain from alluding to your vindictive malignity.

HORATIUS.

Cease.

DAMASIPPUS.

Your manner of living beyond your means.

HORATIUS.

Look, Damasippus, to yourself.

DAMASIPPUS.

Your thousands of loves.

HORATIUS.

O greater madman, spare a lesser one.

VI.

THIS was my wish. A moderate piece of land, a garden, a spring of water adjoining the dwelling house, and a little woodland in addition. The Gods have granted me more, and in a better way. All is well. I ask, O Mercury, nothing else, except that you will preserve these gifts to me during my life.

If I have not by unlawful means increased my substance, nor shall diminish it by vicious expenditure—if no folly of mine cries out "Would "I possessed that little corner which warps into "the uniformity of my estate" or "would that

" Fortune enabled me to find a chest of silver " in the same way as friendly Hercules showed " it to him who, with the discovered treasure, " purchased the very land on which he had " worked as a labourer "—if what I possess gives me pleasure, and inspires gratitude, then I ask of you to make the flock fat for its master with everything else belonging to him except his mind, and to remain his chief protector as you have been ever wont.

Therefore when I have betaken myself out of the city amongst the hills and into the citadel—and what else in preference should I celebrate in my satires and humble verse—neither injurious ambition destroys me, nor the rainy south, nor sickly Autumn, the enricher of Libitina.

O Father Matutinus, or Janus, if thou preferest to be so styled, at whose coming mankind commence their daily life and toil, (for so hath it been divinely ordained), be thou first named in this my production. Thou hurriest me off to Rome to offer myself as bail, "Away, make " haste, lest another forestal you in your duty." Whether the north-wind bite the earth, or the horses of the Sun are speeding their shortest course, it is incumbent on me to go. Presently, after having clearly and unambiguously spoken that which may prove injurious to me, I must push my way for departure amid the crowd, and do some harm to the slow-moving ones. "What " do you want, madman, and what business are " you about now" exclaims an impudent fellow in irascible tones—" you are striving to beat " down every obstacle since, with a mind full of " him, you are again running off to Mæcenas?" I confess that to hear this gives me pleasure, and

is honey to the taste. Then as soon as I arrive at the Esquiline hill, a hundred businesses belonging to other people assault my head and side. "Roscius implores you to see him to-morrow at "the Puteal before the second hour"—"The "notaries request you to remember to return to "them because of that new and important "matter in which they are all interested"—and one comes up to me saying "Be so good as to "ask Mæcenas to sign these tablets." If I reply "I will try" he at once responds "If you "will, you can" and repudiates any doubtfulness of my ability.

Nearly eight years have elapsed since Mæcenas included me amongst his friends, that is to say, whom he might take up in his chariot, when going a journey, and to whom he might entrust trifles of this nature, "What o'clock is it?" "Is the Thracian Gallina equal to Syrus?" "The "cold morning air begins now to pinch neglect-"ful people," and what else may be safely deposited in a leaky ear. During all the time I am at Rome, each hour of every day, I am the subject of envy. Because we have together witnessed the games, or played at ball, forthwith all cry out that I am Fortune's son. If there are any foreign reports of a disheartening character, whoever sees me accosts me "O good "man, since you must know, as you are so inti-"mate with Sovereignty, have you heard any-"thing about the Dacians?"

"Not a word."

"Ah—you will always love to mock us."

"But I protest, by all the Gods, that I have "heard nothing."

"Well then—is Cæsar about to bestow on the

" soldiers his promised rewards in Sicilian or " Italian land ?"

When I affirm that I am wholly ignorant they marvel at me, as being the one only mortal of a sublime and deep silence.

Thus—in a miserable way—the day is wasted whilst wishes arise. O Country, when shall I see thee again? When shall I be able, at one time with the books of the Ancients, at another time in sleep and hours of indolence, to possess a sweet oblivion of the turmoil of life? When shall the bean, (a Pythagorean soul), the salad, and the bacon, be placed before me? O ye evenings and repasts of the Deities, when I and my friends partake together at my own hearth, and the slaves enjoy what is left. As every one wills he may mix his wine with the water, nor are there any foolish regulations to prevent a stronger or a milder quantity being partaken of joyously. Then we don't talk about other people's houses and household affairs, nor yet whether or no Lepos dances well, but we debate on more fitting subjects and that which it is injurious to us to be ignorant of—whether riches or virtue is a blessing to men—what it is which influences us to form friendships, whether it is material advantage or the recognition of excellence—wherein nature consists and what is her summum bonum.

As we are pursuing these various topics, our neighbour Cervius babbles away some little fable in order to illustrate our philosophical talk. For if any of us, in our ignorance, is envious of the mind-disturbing wealth of Arellius he thus begins,

Once on a time (as it is said) an old town

mouse paid a visit to an old friend of his, a poor country mouse, one who was thrifty and sparing, as a rule, but prompt, notwithstanding this, to discharge well the duties of hospitality. I will not enlarge on this point. Suffice it to say that he set before his guest, with a right good will, his hoarded up beans, grain, grapestones, and his half eaten bits of bacon, desirous of overcoming, by variety, his guest's aversion to taste anything upon the table with his dainty teeth. As the master of the house himself, lying stretched out on the straw, was eating the least choice parts of the feast, the town-mouse at length broke out

"What pleasure can you have, my friend, to "live so enduringly on this jagged woodland "ridge? Will you not prefer mankind and the "town to the savage country? Entrust yourself "to me and accompany me home, for mortal "souls animate all life, and death overtakes "both great and small. Wherefore, my good "man, while it is permitted, live happily and "prosperously—live, mindful how short life is."

These words wrought upon the country-mouse to quit immediately his poor dwelling, and the pair journeyed forwards with the intention of creeping under the town walls when it was dark. And now the steeds of the Goddess Night had borne her up to the central point of her Empire's extent when the two reposed their feet in a Nobleman's mansion, where purple coverings gleamed on ivory couches, and there was an abundance of leavings from a luxurious banquet given the day before and now placed in baskets which were piled up one upon another. When therefore the town-mouse had seated his

friend on a purple-covered couch, he ran hither and thither to bring every dainty before him, discharging all the offices of a servant, and previously tasting of all he presented to him. Stretched at his ease, and rejoicing in his altered circumstances, the country-mouse was doing full justice to the rich fare, when suddenly a great noise of opening doors made them jump off from their couches in the utmost terror. They ran along the whole length of the room, half dead with fright, and trembling the more as, at the same time, the Molossian dogs made the house resound with their baying. Then the country-mouse said,

"This kind of life does not suit me. Fare-
"well. My poor, but safe, woodland dwelling
"shall content me with its scanty fare."

VII.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE POET AND HIS SLAVE DAVUS.

DAVUS.

For a long time have I been listening to you and, although a servant, am desirous of saying a few words, but fear to do so.

HORATIUS.

Is it Davus whom I hear?

DAVUS.

Even so—Davus himself, a servant, kindly disposed towards his master, honest too, as far as it is sufficient, so that you may believe he will live to be old.

HORATIUS.

Well then—avail yourself of the December license, since so our ancestors willed. Say on.

DAVUS.

A part of mankind delight unintermittedly in what is wrong, and relax not their efforts to obtain what they seek. The greater part, however, wavers—at one time following after what is right, at another time being inclined to evil. Priscus was often noticed to be wearing three rings on his left hand, and at another time none. He led an inconsistent life, so as to be often changing his robe during the day. Leaving a mansion, he would forthwith betake himself whence one of the better class of freedmen could scarcely, with propriety, come out. A profligate at Rome at one time, he essayed, at another time, to be a philosopher at Athens, born into the world beneath the malignant star of all the Vertumni. The buffoon Volanerius, after that the well-deserved gout had laid him up, hired a person who should, every day, pick up and throw the tali for him into the box. By how much the more constant this man was to his gambling passion, by so much the more did he less feel its burden, and was therefore greater than him who at one time struggles against a stretched rope and at another time against a loose one.

HORATIUS.

Tell me at once, thou miscreant, what all this mad effusion points to?

DAVUS.

To yourself, I reply.

HORATIUS.

How so, wretch?

DAVUS.

You praise the means and mode of living of the earliest Romans, yet if some Deity were willing, suddenly, to subject you to the same would refuse it—either because, although you cry it up, you do not feel that it is the better, or, if you do, are weak to maintain it and stickest fast, desirous, but unavailingly, of lifting your foot out of the mire. At Rome you desire the country. In the country, fickle minded, you laud the absent city to the skies. If perchance you have not been invited anywhere to supper you praise your quiet dish of herbs and as though you must always go anywhere on compulsion you call yourself happy and congratulate yourself that you have not been called out anywhere to an evening's entertainment. But let Mæcenas, however, have sent you an invite, at a brief notice, to an evening's repast at the first lighting of the lamps—"will no one be "quick and bring me the lamp?" you shout out; —"is any one paying attention to me?" you scream forth, and make us flee from your rage. Mulvius and other worthless fellows, who have been invited by you for that same evening, have

to go as they came, after having uttered imprecations against you which may not be repeated. "I will allow" (he said) "that my appetite "easily leads me captive, that I snuff at a savoury "smell, that I am weak, inert, dissolute, if you "like, but since you are the same, perhaps worse, "why do you, unprovoked by me, and as if you "were better, inveigh against me and cover over "your own faults with shining phrases."

And suppose also that you may be even more faulty than myself, whom you purchased for five hundred drachmas—forbear to seek to terrify me with your look, restrain your hand and your bile.

I am not a profligate, you will say to me. Neither am I a thief when, designedly, I pass by silver vases. Remove the danger, and, the curb being taken off, wandering nature will break forth. Ought you to be my master, who are subject (a slave) to so many powerful influences from things and from men, and whom the Prætor's rod, were it thrice or even four times applied, could never deliver from miserable fear? And a word more—to speak what is not less weighty than what has been said—whether he is rightly called a vicarius who obeys a slave, as it is your custom to speak, or a fellow-slave, in which of these two relations, I ask, do I stand to you? For you, who command me, are yourself in miserable servitude to another, and are moved about as a wooden image is by the will of its owner.

Who then is free? The wise man, who has command over himself, whom neither poverty, nor death, nor imprisonment, affright, heroic to master desires and despise honours, self-sufficient,

smooth and round, so that nothing external, though of the most inconsiderable character, is able to attach itself, and against whom Fortune ever rushes to her own injury. Can you, from this, discern anything as appropriate to yourself?

When, foolishly, you go into raptures over a picture by Pausias, how do you err less than myself when I view with admiration the stretched out limbs of Fulvius Rutuba or Placideianus, as their contests are sketched in red or black, for they appear fighting in very earnest, and to be in motion, either striking with their own weapons, or avoiding those of the adversary? But, forsooth, Davus must be reckoned, in thus acting, an idle and loitering fellow, but yourself to have the reputation of being a subtle and skilful judge of the Antique. I am reckoned a good-for-nothing if I am attracted by a hot cake—does your vast virtue and inclination resist a sumptuous supper? The gratification of my stomach (you will say) is more destructive to me—why?—since I shall receive the lash on my back. How will you be able, without equal punishment, to take those victuals which cannot be procured by a *small* person? Of a truth interminable banquets produce disorder, and your deceptive feet refuse to support your diseased body. Does a mere stripling do wrong, who barters a night-stolen scraper for some grapes, and shall he, who sells his estate in order that he may gratify his appetite, have nothing servile about him? Nor can you remain consistent to yourself for a single hour. You cannot employ your leisure to good purpose. A runaway and an idler, you fly from yourself, at one time trying to deceive care by

wine, at another by sleep—but in vain—for the black companion presses on, and chases the fugitive.

HORATIUS.

Where shall I find a stone?

DAVUS.

What for?

HORATIUS.

Or an arrow?

DAVUS.

My master must be mad, or else composing verses.

HORATIUS.

Except you hurry yourself off hence I will send you off to join the other eight who are working on my Sabine farm.

VIII.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND FUNDANIUS.

HORATIUS.

How did you enjoy the banquet of wealthy Nasidienus, for yesterday, when I was proposing to ask you to my house, I heard that you had been feasting there since noon?

FUNDANIUS.

So much, that I was never better entertained in my life.

HORATIUS.

Tell me then, if it is not irksome, what food first appeased your irritable stomach?

FUNDANIUS.

The first dish was a Lucanian boar—taken, as the host said, in a mild south wind. Surrounding it were pungent rape, lettuce, radishes, which might excite a loaded stomach, parsnips, brine, and Coan dregs. These being removed, a young slave, unusually bare, wiped a maplewood table with a purple towel, and another collected any fragments that lay about and which might give offence to the guests. A tawny slave, Hydaspes by name, like an Attic virgin carrying the sacred symbols of Ceres, stalked along, carrying Cœcuban wine, and one, named Alcon, Chian which had never crossed the sea. Then the host cried out, "If, Mæcenas, you should prefer Alban or "Falernian to those before you I have both."

HORATIUS.

O miserable wealth! But I am greatly desirous of knowing, Fundanius, with what companions at this entertainment you shared such pleasure.

FUNDANIUS.

Myself, Viscus, Thurinus, and Varius, if I remember rightly, occupied the first couch. Mæcenas reclined on the second with two

buffoons, Servilius Balatro and Vibidius, whom he had brought with him. On the third were Nasidienus, Nomentanus, and Porcius who made himself ridiculous by taking whole cheesecakes into his mouth. Nomentanus was present for this purpose, that in case anything should escape his master's remembrance he might recall it by his forefinger. For the rest of the company, we I say, sup on birds, shellfish, and fishes, all of them possessing a juice extremely different to the ordinary kind as our host persistently kept on remarking, whilst he offered to me the inward parts of a roasted flounder and turbot such as I had never eaten before. After this, he instructed me that honey apples were most ruddy at the wane of the moon. The reason of this you will better learn from himself. Then said Vibidius to Balatro "Unless we drink "furiously, we shall die unavenged." On this the face of our host began to turn pale, dreading nothing so much as vehement drinkers, either because they indulge in such free abuse, or because glowing wine blunts the fine perception of the palate. Vibidius and Balatro empty whole wine jars into their Allifanian glasses, and all follow their example, but the guests of the third couch did no harm to the flagons. A lamprey was brought in, stretched out in a dish in which prawns were swimming about in the sauce. Thereupon the host—"This fish was "taken when in spawn, for afterwards its flesh "would have been less delicate. From the "following ingredients the sauce has been pre-"pared—oil of the best quality from Venafrum, "pickle from the juices of the mackarel, five "year old wine, but of our own country, and

"given during the process of cooking, (were "indeed the fish cooked then Chian wine and no "other would be the best), white pepper, together "with vinegar from the acid Methymnean wine. "I was the first to discover, and add to the "foregoing ingredients, green rackets and bitter "elecampane, but Curtillus was the first to put "into the sauce unwashed sea urchins, because "this is superior to the pickle which the sea "shell fish yields."

Just at this moment the hanging curtains, falling down, inflicted terrible havoc in the dish by setting in motion such a quantity of black dust as the north wind could not raise over the Campanian country. We, having dreaded more than actually happened, when we perceived that there was no danger, regained our courage. Our host, hanging down his head as though he had, untimely, lost a son, began to weep. How it would have ended cannot be said, but wise Nomentanus, after this manner, infused spirit in his friend "Alas, O Fortune, what Deity is more "cruel towards us than thou?—how thou ever "delightest to make sport of human things." Varius, by the aid of his napkin, could scarcely smother down his laughter. Balatro, who treats everything humourously and ironically, said "This is the condition of life, and therefore our "renown never answers to our toil—that you "should be harassed, cut in pieces by every "anxiety, in order that I might be entertained "munificently, lest the bread should be burnt, "badly-made sauce be served up, or any one of "the slaves in waiting be clad poorly or un-"seemly, and, in addition to these causes for "anxiety, lest the hangings should fall as they

"did just now, or a stable-groom, chancing to "slip, should break a dish. But adverse cir- "cumstances, as in the case of a general, so in "the case of a host, usually bring forth powers, "while prosperous ones conceal them." Nasidienus, in reply, "May the Gods bestow on you all "that you ask of them, so good a man and "courteous a guest as you are" and calls for his slippers. Then might you have seen on the couches the various whisperings of each to other buzzing in their ears of secrecy.

HORATIUS.

I would rather have been there than been the spectator of any Games. But go on, and tell me what followed and provoked your merriment.

FUNDANIUS.

While Vibidius was enquiring of the servants whether the flagon was also broken, because the cups he asked for were not brought him, and whilst we were indulging in laughter at his fiction of things, and those of Balatro who seconded him—O Nasidienus, thou returnest to us with altered countenance, denoting that fortune shall be repaired by skill. There followed him the slaves, carrying on a large dish the dissevered limbs of a crane over which a large quantity of salt and grated bread were sprinkled, together with the liver of a white goose which had fattened on figs, and the wrenched off shoulders of hares, which he announced to us as much better in flavour than if one eat them with the loin. Then we beheld the bringing in of blackbirds with their breasts burnt, and wood pigeons void of the rump—

delicious eating, if he had abstained from instructing us at full length into their history, and from whom we then ran away, revenging ourselves in this manner upon him, by declaring that we could not have tasted more delicious fare even though Canidia, more deadly than African serpents, had breathed upon it.

THE EPISTLES

OF

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.

THE EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

I.

TO MÆCENAS.

O MÆCENAS, subject of my earliest Muse, and to be the theme of my latest, do you still desire me to write as I used to do, who have already sufficiently distinguished myself, and been gifted with the rod? Neither my age nor my inclination is the same. Veianius, after he had suspended his weapons in the temple of Hercules, retired into the seclusion of the country, so as no longer to have to request, at the extremity of the arena, a dismissal from the people. There is a voice which is continually sounding in mine echoing ear,

"Wisely release the aged horse lest at the last
"his fall afford laughter to others and be fatal to
"himself."

Now, therefore, I resign verse composition and other things of a light character. What is true and fitting I care for, and enquire about, and am absorbed in it. I am piling up and arranging what I may presently make public.

If perchance then you ask me under what leader or philosophical school I shelter myself, I have not given in my adhesion to the tenets of any particular Master, but wherever the tempest snatches me away thither am I borne a guest. Now I am all activity and immersed in the waves of political debate, a guardian and inflexible defender of true virtue. At another time I glide away, imperceptibly, into the philosophy of Aristippus, and endeavour to mould circumstances to my own will, not yield it to circumstances. Like as the day appears long to those who work by the day, and as the year rolls tardily along to the fatherless, whom the stern discipline of mothers restrains, so to me the time passes slowly and unhappily which retards my hope and intention of quickly doing that which alike may benefit rich and poor, but, left undone, may alike injure both young and old.

It remains then that I govern and comfort myself with these elementary maxims. You may be unable to contend in vision with Lyncæus, yet you will not despise using means for improving your weak sight. You may despair of possessing limbs like those of the unconquered gladiator Lycon, yet you will endeavour to remove disease from your body. It is permitted us to attain a certain point, though it may be denied us beyond it. Is your breast inflamed with avarice and miserable thirst for more? There exist maxims and advice by which you may mitigate those pains and expel a large part of the disease. Do you swell with a love of distinction? There are sure remedies which will renovate you when you have imbibed them from a book which you have thrice read over in pureness of mind. Are you envious,

irascible, inert, given to wine or dissipation? No man is so bad that he cannot grow better, provided he lend a patient ear to the proposed means of improvement.

It is virtue to avoid vice, and the beginning of wisdom to be free from folly. Observe with what toil of mind and body you strive to avoid what you deem the greatest of evils—a small income and a disgraceful Election failure. An unwearied trader, you speed to furthest India, flying from poverty over seas, over rocks, over fires. In order that you may not care for that which, unwisely, you admire and desire, will you not hear, and learn of, and entrust yourself to a wiser person? What village champion is there, who would not prefer to receive his crown at the Olympic Games, and especially if he could have an expectation, and much more if he could have the certainty, of not being called upon to contend with any competitor for the palm of victory.

Silver is inferior to gold, gold to virtue.

"*O citizens, citizens—Money first, Virtue after-*
"*wards.*"

This forms the foremost teaching of the entire length of the Stock Exchange. This dictation young and old merchants alike recite, with slate and counters hanging on their left arm. You possess spirit, morals, eloquence, faithfulness, but six or seven thousand may be wanting to complete your four hundred thousand sesterces, therefore you will be a plebeian. But the boys in their play shout out "You will be the king if you play "well." Let this be a wall of brass around you —"*To be conscious of no crime; not to show pale-*
"*ness at the imputation of any fault.*" Tell me which should have the preference, the Roscian

law, or the boys' cry, which assigns the kingdom to those who do well, and which was sung of old by the actions of the manly Curii and Camilli? Does that man counsel you the best, who advises you to acquire wealth—lawfully, if you can, but, if not so, in any other way—in order that you may, at a less distance, behold the tear-producing tragedies of Pupius, or he who, by his example as an ever present incentive, exhorts and induces you, in freedom of spirit and with erect bearing, to resist the acquisition of pride-producing wealth?

But if the Roman populace, perchance, ask me why, since I use the porticoes they do, I do not also entertain the same opinions, and neither follow, nor avoid, what they like or dislike, I will reply in the same way as of old the cunning fox answered the sick lion—"because the foot-"steps put me in fear, all looking towards you "and none the other way." 'Tis a monster of many heads. For what shall I follow or whom? A part of them eagerly desire to farm the revenues. Another part, with cakes and apples, hunt after greedy widows, and catch old men, whom they may transport into their preserves. The wealth of many also increases through unlawful gains. But let it be conceded that different persons are actuated by different pursuits and desires—can the same persons continue for a single hour, approving the same thing? "No bay "in the world excels charming Baiæ" suppose a wealthy person has said; immediately lake and sea subserve the pleasure of their impatient master. Yet if his faulty desire shall give the signal, the next day will see the workmen with their tools going to Tarentum. If he be married he de-

clares that nothing is superior to, nothing better than, the unmarried state—if he be not, he protests that happiness alone belongs to the married. How shall I bind this Proteus? But let us consider how a poor man will act. You must needs laugh, as he changes his lodgings, couches, baths, and barbers, equally as dissatisfied in his hired boat, as the rich man in his own trireme.

If, after having had my hair unskilfully cut, I meet you, you laugh—so also if I wear a tattered garment under my tunic, or if my toga is all on one side. But what if my language and action contradict one another—if I spurn what I sought—reseek what I lately neglected—fluctuate and am irresolute in the whole tenour of life—destroy, build, and convert square into round—you merely deem me insane like everybody else, you laugh not, nor deem that I have need of a physician, or a keeper appointed by the Prætor, although you are the guardian of my estate and are angry at the ill-cut nail of the friend who looks up to you and depends upon you.

To sum up. The wise man is only less than Jove himself, is wealthy, free, illustrious, beautiful, and, lastly, the king of kings. Above all is he healthy, except when the phlegm is troublesome.

II.

TO LOLLIUS.

WHILE you, O elder Lollius, have been pleading at Rome, I have been re-reading at Præneste the

Iliad—the author of which tells us more correctly, and beneficially, what is noble, what is base, what is profitable and what is not, than do Chrysippus and Cantor. Why I should think so, listen to me, if you are at leisure.

The story, in which is narrated, on account of Paris' love, the conflict of Greece with Troy, during a protracted warfare, relates the madness of the commanders and the people. Antenor advises that Helen should be surrendered, which Paris absolutely opposes although by so doing he might reign in safety and live happily. Nestor loses not a moment in striving to reconcile Achilles and Agamemnon—love inflames the latter, wrath equally rages in both. Whatever form the phrenzy of the Chiefs takes, the Greeks have to suffer by it. The evils of sedition, treachery, guilt, lust, and wrath, are prevalent within and without Troy.

Then again. What fortitude and wisdom can effect is set before us for our benefit in the example of the fore-seeing Ulysses who, after his victory over Troy, gained a knowledge of the cities and manners of many races of men, and whilst he was essaying to bring back home both himself and his companions endured many hardships, never sinking beneath the waves of adversity. You know the Songs of the Syrens, and the cup of Circe—which had he, in passion, like his companions, partaken of he would have vilely and senselessly fallen under the dominion of a harlot, and lived like an unclean dog or sow that wallows in the mire. We are the mass—born to eat—Penelope's suitors—and resemble Alcinous' luxurious youthful subjects, overcareful in providing for their bodies, and whose delight

it was to indulge in sleep unto the middle of the day, and to lull care by the strains of the harp.

Robbers will rise in the night, and go forth to commit murder. To benefit your own self will you not awake and be active? Yet if unwilling to do so, whilst in good health, the dropsy will compel you, and unless before the dawn you use your book and light and apply your mind to study and to the acquisition of beneficial knowledge you will, when awaking, find yourself the prey of envious and passionate feelings. Anything which injures the eyesight you will at once remove, why then, if anything injures the mind, do you delay for a whole year to pay attention to it? Whoever begins a deed, by so doing has accomplished half of it. Dare to be wise. Begin. Whoever puts off the course of a right life waits, like the rustic, until the stream shall stop. But it rolls on, and will continue to roll to every age.

But the pursuit of mankind is after wealth, a wife, and bringing uncultivated lands under the subjection of their ploughs. If a sufficiency belong to any one, let him desire no more. A house and farm, a heap of brass and gold, cannot remove fever from the body of their sickly possessor, nor cares from his mind. It is a necessity that their owner be of sound intellect, if he contemplate making a good use of his accumulated substance. A house and a fortune afford like pleasure to him who is covetous or fearful of loss as paintings do to a person with defective sight, fomentations to a gouty man, or music to a deaf one. Except a jar be clean, it injures whatever you may pour in.

Despise gratifications. A pleasure, which is obtained at the expense of after-sorrow, inflicts injury. He who envies another's state becomes lean in the midst of his own luxurious abundance. The Sicilian Rulers never invented a keener torture than envy. He who will not set bounds to his anger will afterwards have to wish that that had not been done which his vexed spirit shall have urged him to commit in violently hurrying on his unappeased hatred to revengeful action. Anger is a passing madness. Be master of your mind which, unless it obeys you, commands you. Subject it to rein and curb. The trainer trains the horse to turn his docile neck in the direction the rider desires. The young hound, as soon as he has barked at the stag's skin in the courtyard, hunts in the woods. Now, while you are young, drink in instruction into a pure breast, and seek the company of those who are wiser. The jar will long keep the odour with which it has just been impregnated. But if you delay or push on in advance I shall neither wait for you to come up nor hurry forwards in pursuit.

III.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

I WISH, Julius Florus, to know in what part of the world Claudius, the stepson of Augustus, is warring. Are you beholding Thrace, and the

Hebrus fettered by an icy chain, or the sea running between the adjacent towers? Do the rich fields and hills of Asia delay your march? What writings are the intellectual train composing—for this is of concern to me? Who is venturing to describe the successes of Augustus? Who is transmitting for ages to come his contests and his treaties of peace? What is Titius doing—presently to be in all our mouths—who has dared to scorn the common lake and river, and sustained the draught from the Pindaric fount? Is he in good health? remembers he us? does he aim, under the auspices of the Muse, to imitate in our own tongue the Theban metre, or does he pour forth and swell in the tragic art?

What is my Celsus doing—advised of old, and much to be advised, that he draw on his own powers and leave untouched the writings in the Palatine library, lest perchance, if the king of the birds should bye and bye come to seek his plumes, the jackdaw, stripped of his stolen feathers, should excite general ridicule?

You yourself—what are you doing? What thyme are you swiftly flying around? You possess abilities—not small, not uncultivated, not disgracefully rude. Whether you pour forth your eloquence in pleading, or expound the law, or compose the pleasing verse, you will carry off the highest prizes. But if you could forsake the frigid fomentors of care, you would tread in the path to which divine wisdom would conduct you.

Again. You must write me back word whether you are on friendly terms with Munatius, as is fitting. Or has the reconciliation, like

a badly-sewed wound, been uselessly brought together and then broken asunder? Nevertheless, whether hot blood or inexperience stir up your unbridled natures, in whatever part of the world you may be living, worthy of regarding each other as brothers, I shall reserve a sacrificial heifer to commemorate your return.

IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

O Albius, thou candid judge of our satires, what shall I say that you are now doing in the region about Pedum? That you are composing what may outrival the works of Cassius of Parma, or are pacing slowly and in solitude among the healthful woods, meditating on what becomes a wise and good man?

To you belongs not a body without a soul. The Gods have endowed you with a pleasing exterior, with wealth, and the knowledge of how to enjoy it. What more would a nurse have asked to be bestowed on you, her foster-child, who are wise, can well express what you think, and to whom is given abundantly prepossession, renown, health, and a table well supplied, together with an unfailing purse.

Unswayed then either by hopes or fears, by apprehensive or angry feelings, regard each day, as it shines upon you, as your last. Death will one day come upon you acceptably because unexpectedly.

Whenever you shall wish to have a laugh at one of Epicurus' pigs, pay me a visit, and you will find me fat, and sleek, with a well-cared for body.

V.

TO TORQUATUS.

If Torquatus, you can, as my guest, recline on an Archian couch, and fear not to partake out of a moderate size dish of every kind of garden produce, I shall look for your coming to my house at sunset. You shall drink wine made during Taurus' second consulship, and which came from the district between marshy Minturnæ and Petrinum. If however you should desire better, then order it to be sent me, or else be contented with mine. The hearth has been burnished and the furniture polished for your visit. Put aside airy hopes—the race for wealth—and Moschus' cause. Since to-morrow is Cæsar's birthday, the occasion will permit some license and repose. It will be lawful to stretch out into the warm night with pleasant discourse.

Of what benefit to me are the means I have for making life agreeable, if I make no use of them? A man who is parsimonious and too economical for the advantage of his heir resembles a madman. I am ready to indulge in the cup, scatter flowers, and even to be reckoned out of my senses. What strange things does not the influence of wine effect? It reveals secrets, commands hopes to be accomplished, thrusts the timorous into battle, removes burdens from

anxious minds, and quickens inventions. Whom have not flowing cups gifted with oratory? Whom have they not released from poverty's iron grip?

The following matters am I also entrusted with to arrange, having ability for the purpose and a good will. That the couches and table linen be in the best order—that the dishes brightly reflect the guests—that no one be present who shall reveal abroad the conversation of faithful friends—and that each of us have a fitting associate. I shall invite Butra and Septimius to meet you, as well as Sabinus, provided no love affair prevent his joining us. There is room for more, but a too crowded company would be objectionable. Do you write me word how many you would wish to be present and, leaving business for a while, pass out by the back door, and thus give the go bye to your client waiting for you in your hall.

VI.

TO NUMICIUS.

To view all things with an unmoved mind, Numicius, is almost the one and only thing which can make a man happy and keep him so. There are those who, with undisturbed feelings, can look upon the sun, the stars, and the uniform vicissitudes of the seasons. How do you yourself regard the gifts of the earth and those of the seas which enrich the far-off regions of Arabia and India? In what manner and with what internal feelings and outward expressions

should the pastimes, applause, and gifts, of the friendly Roman people be viewed? He who dreads the opposite to these is, commonly speaking, fascinated by them as he who covets them. The disquietude arising from either source is painful. An occurrence, for which no preparation has been made, equally terrifies both. Whether the one be joyful or the other sorrowful—whether the one covet the having or the other dread the not having—where lies the difference, since, if they behold any thing better or worse than their expectation, with transfixed eyes, they shiver in mind and body?

Let a wise man bear the name of unwise, the just of unjust, if he seek even virtue herself beyond what is sufficient. Go now, gaze on your possessions of silver, marble, bronze, and other works of art, bend rapturously over your precious stones and Tyrian purple, be filled with joy that a thousand eyes behold you haranguing, early in the morning attend the Forum in order that your business transactions there may be as profitable to you as the produce of corn from his dowry-fields is to Mutus, lest, if it be otherwise, (which would be shameful since he is of ignobler descent), he be in your eyes a subject of admiration rather than you in his. Whatever lies under the earth time will one day bring forth into the light, and will entomb and conceal what now shines above it. When the Portico of Agrippa, and the Appian Way, have made you well known, it yet remains for you to depart whither Numa and Ancus have already descended.

If you are suffering in body from acute disease, strive to expel it. Do you desire to live rightly? Who does not? If virtue alone can

enable you to do so, then bravely abandon indulgences, and pay all attention to her. You think virtue mere verbiage, and consider a sacred grove but mere trees—then strive that no one gain the harbour before yourself, and that you lose not by your merchandize of Cibyra and Bithynia. Amass a thousand talents—again another—and again another—and complete the fourth side of the square. For Sovereign Money gives a wealthy wife, credit, friends, birth, a handsome exterior, and Persuasion and Venus adorn the rich man. The king of the Cappadocians was rich in slaves but poor in money. Do not resemble him. Lucullus, as they say, having been asked if he could lend a hundred cloaks for an entertainment, replied "How can I lend so "many, but I will see and send what I have?" Presently he wrote that he had five thousand, and the whole or a portion might be taken. A house is ill furnished where there are not an abundance of things which escape the remembrance of their master, and enrich thieves. Therefore, if wealth alone can make a man happy, and keep him so, then be the first of men to bend all your energies to obtain it, and the last to leave them off.

If outward adornment and influential power can confer happiness, then let us buy a slave, who shall tell us the names of those we meet, make us prepared by his push on our left side, and help us to stretch out our right hand over intervening obstacles. Such a one, (he will say to us), has much influence in the Fabian tribe, such a one in the Velian. This one, untiring in his efforts, is able to bestow the Fasces on whom he will, or to take away the

Curule chair. Let us also bestow the salutation of Father, Brother, and, according to his age, let every one be courteously accosted as of kin.

If he lives well who sups well then, at the dawn, let us go in the direction our appetite leads us. Let us hunt like Gargilius who, during the course of the morning, was accustomed to cause his nets, spears, and servants to pass through the crowded Forum and streets in order that one out of his mules might display on their return to the gazing populace a wild boar which he had bought. Let us also bathe on an undigested meal, forgetful of what is becoming, and of what is not, worthy of enrolment among the Cærites, and resembling the vicious crew of Ulysses who preferred forbidden pleasures to a return to their native land.

If, as Mimnermus thinks, nothing affords pleasure but merriment and love, then live in them.

May you live long. Farewell. If you know anything better than what I have said, candidly tell me—if not, then, with myself, carry it out.

VII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Having promised you that I would only stay five days in the country, I am breaking my word, and deceiving your expectations of my coming to you by remaining there the whole month of August, and yet, Mæcenas, if you wish me to live, and to see me in sound health, that same

liberty you would accord to an invalid you will grant to me, apprehensive of being so during the time the fig-tree has commenced yielding its fruit, the heat is bringing out the undertaker with his sable retinue, every father and gentle mother are fearing for their children, and the fulfilment of duty in the halls of the great and the courts of the Forum is bringing on fever, and opening wills. Then when the wintry snow shall lie on the Alban fields your bard will go down to the sea, will take care of himself and, shutting himself up, will employ himself in reading—you, dear Friend, if you will permit, he will come and stay with with the Zephyrs and the earliest swallow.

Not in the way the Calabrian host bade his guest be entertained with pears have you enriched me.

"Eat, my friend."

"I have had enough."

"But take away with you as many as you like."

"Many thanks."

"But won't you take them as little presents "for the little children who will like them?"

"I am as much beholden for the offer as "though I left you loaded with them."

"As you will—but you leave them to be de- "voured to day by the pigs."

An undiscerning and prodigal person will give away what he cares not for and dislikes, and of this harvest ingratitude is ever the produce. A good and wise man will bestow his favours on those who merit them, and at the same time will know well whether such will be valuable to the recipients. I will show myself equally worthy as your other recipients, that so I may confer the

merited praise on my benefactor. But if you are unwilling that I should ever leave you, you must give me back my strength of limb, the black hair overshadowing my narrow forehead, my pleasing powers of talk, my agreeable laugh, and my bewailing, during the wine cups, the flight of the petulant Cinara.

It so chanced that a lean fox cub once crept through a narrow hole into a tub of wheat, and, having fed to the full, endeavoured, but vainly, to get out again. To whom a weasel said "If you wish to make your escape you must "approach the narrow opening in the same con- "dition of leanness as that in which you entered "it." If this illustration is applicable to myself I give up everything. I do not, after a sumptuous entertainment, extol the sound sleep of the labouring class, neither will I exchange my freedom and ease for all the riches of Arabia. You have often applauded my reverential deportment—you have heard me address you as my Sovereign, my Father—and the same too in your absence. Make then the trial, if you will, as to whether I cannot, yet retaining my character, give back to you all your gifts. Well did Telemachus, the son of enduring Ulysses, answer

"O Son of Atreus, Ithaca is unsuitable for "horses—no large level plains, and but little "pasturage—I will decline thy gifts as better "fitted for thyself."

Small things become the small. At this moment not royal Rome, but quiet Tibur, or peaceful Tarentum, affords me pleasure.

Philippus, a man of resolution and action and distinguished for his eloquence at the bar, as he

was returning home from his official duties about the eighth hour and, by reason of his increasing years, complaining that the Carinæ was too far from the Forum, chanced to see, as the story goes, in the otherwise empty shop of a barber a certain person who had just been shaved and was leisurely paring his nails. "Demetrius," (the boy smartly received Philippus' order) "go, "find out, and bring me word where he comes "from, who he is, what property he has, and "who is his father or patron." He went, came back, communicated. His name is Vulteius Mena, an auctioneer's cryer, possesses some small means, bears a good character, at times diligent in business, at other times relaxing, tries to get gain and spends it, finding his pleasure among companions of a low kind, in a house of his own, in public entertainments, and, when business is over, in a stroll through the Campus Martius. "I would ascertain all this from the man him-"self, so go, and invite him to come and sup with "me." Mena did not believe the message, marvelling inwardly about it. Why need I say more? He simply expressed thanks for it.

"Does he then refuse to come to me?"

"The wretch refuses, and either slights or "dreads you."

Next morning he came upon him as he was selling old clothes to the poorer class and gave him first the salutation. Mena began to lay the excuse on his work and the fetters of his business that he had not called on him that morning, and then that he had failed to see him first.

"Consider then that you have my pardon if "you will sup with me to day."

"Many thanks."

"Then I shall expect you at the ninth hour. "Now go and strain every nerve to advantage "yourself."

After they had supped, much having been said by him which Philippus wanted to know, and much which he ought to have kept in his head, he is shewn to his sleeping room. After a while, when he was perceived to resemble a fish rushing at the invisible hook, in the morning the client, and in the evening the regular guest, he was requested by Philippus to accompany him to his country seat during the Feriæ Latinæ. Riding his host's horse, he was unceasingly eulogising the Sabine fields and climate. Philippus saw it and laughed, and whilst he was striving to keep himself collected, and to seize pretexts for indulging, unobserved, in his mirth, whilst he abated seven thousand sesterces, and agreed to lend seven thousand more, prevailed upon him to buy the farm. He bought it. Not to make a long story, from being a smart resident in town he became an agriculturist, talked only about furrows and vineyards, trained his elms, almost killed himself with his industry, and grew old through the desire of gain. But after his sheep had been stolen, his goats had perished by disease, the harvest had deceived his expectation, and his oxen died through plough-work, irritated by his losses, he rushed upon a nag in the middle of the night and, in a wrathful temper, went to Philippus' house. As soon as Philippus saw him in his rough and unshorn condition he exclaimed,

"Mena, as it seems to me, you are too hard-"working and laborious."

"By Pollux, you should call me miserable if

"you would give me my right name. What I "pray and adjure you by the Genius, by the "right hand, and by the Household Gods, is, "that you restore me to my former condition "of life."

He, who once has seen how much what has been relinquished excels what has been sought, let him immediately retrace his steps, and re-seek what he had left. It is right that every one should measure himself by his own last and foot.

VIII.

TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

O MUSE, should it be opportune to do so, wish Celsus Albinovanus, the friend and secretary of Nero, happiness and prosperity. If he should enquire about me, tell him that, though I threaten to accomplish much and to do it with renown, I am neither living rightly, nor pleasantly—not because the hail has destroyed my vines, the heat burnt up my olives, or the cattle sicken in the far-extended fields, but because, less healthy in mind than in any part of my body, I will hear nothing and learn nothing that will restore me, am offended with my faithful physicians, am angry with my friends because they hasten to keep off from me this fatal lethargy, will pursue what is injurious, will flee from what I believe would benefit me, and, a mental weathercock, wish when at Rome to be at Tibur, and when at Tibur to be at Rome.

Then, after having said this, enquire if he is in good health, how he succeeds in his duties and in his own advancement, whether he pleases the Youth and the Cohort. Should he reply to these in the affirmative, then, first, wish him all joy and, next, forget not to drop this little precept into his ears,

"As you, Celsus, shall bear prosperity, so "shall we conduct ourselves towards you, its "possessor."

IX.

TO TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS NERO.

(Afterwards the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar.)

Septimius, O Tiberius, is of all men, in truth, the alone one who must know in what esteem you hold me. For in asking me, and compelling me by his entreaty, to attempt to commend him to you, and give him an introduction as being worthy of receiving the friendship and favour of Nero—a recognizer of merit—and in his believing that I can do that which more fitly belongs to a more intimate friend than I am he perceives what influence I may have, and knows me better than I know myself.

I said much why I should be excused for complying with his desire, yet was I apprehensive lest he might suppose I was feigning my influence to be less than what it may be, underrating its reality and reserving it for my own interests. Therefore, flying from the imputation of a fault that would be a greater one, I have entered the arena to contend for the prizes of city-assurance.

If then you can bestow praise on my reluctance, abandoned at the command of a friend, enrol him as one of your retinue, and believe him courageous and upright.

X.

TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

We, lovers of the country, offer salutation to Fuscus, a lover of the town—in this single thing, indeed, utterly dissimilar, but in other respects almost twins and, like attached brothers, each saying no when the other says no. We exchange assenting nods like old and familiar doves. You keep to the nest, I praise the rills of the charming country, the moss-covered stone, and the woods. Do you wonder at it? I live and reign as soon as I have left that which you laud to the skies, and, like a runaway slave of the priest, I refuse delicious fare. I want bread, now preferable to honey cheesecakes.

If one ought to live agreeably to nature, and, as her first want, a site requires to be chosen for erecting a dwelling, do you know of any place superior to the happiness-imparting country, where the winter is warmer, and a more acceptable breeze mitigates both the fury of the Dog-star, and the might of the Lion when he has been influenced by the fierce sun and is on the point of manifesting his rage, and where envious care less plucks away sleep? Does grass smell, or shine, less than floors of Libyan marble? Is the water, which strives to burst the pipes in the

streets, more pure than that which, murmuringly, trickles along the descending stream? Trees, of a truth, are reared amid varied pillars, and a dwelling will be praised which commands a view over the far-extended fields. You may cast out that which is natural, yet will it always return and, by imperceptibly breaking through injurious aversions, show itself the conqueror.

A person who cannot distinguish between Tyrian purple and that of Aquinum will not receive a greater and keener loss than he who cannot distinguish the false from the true. Him whom prosperity too much elates adversity will shake. If you shall be fascinated by any thing you will be unwilling to resign it. Fly from great things. Under a lowly dwelling you may be able to surpass in the happiness of life both kings and the friends of kings.

The stag, being the more powerful animal in fight, was accustomed to drive off the horse from the open pasture until the latter, feeling his inferiority, after a protracted contest, implored the help of man, and received the rein. But when that, a revengeful victor, he had left his foe he threw not off the rider from his back nor the bit from his mouth. In like manner the man who, through a dread of poverty, possesses not freedom —preferable to metallic treasure—will, basely, carry a master, and yield him perpetual servitude because he knows not how to enjoy a little. He, whose condition in life does not satisfy him, resembles a man wearing a shoe either too large that it may throw him down or too small that it inflames his foot.

O Aristius, live happy in your lot and by wisdom's rule, nor permit me to go unscathed should

I appear to you to amass more than is fitting, and not to leave off. Stores of accumulated wealth are rulers, not servants, which ought to be led by, rather than should lead, the twisted rope.

I am writing this to you behind the mouldering temple of Vacuna—in all respects happy, save that you are not present with me.

XI.

TO BULLATIUS.

WHAT think you, Bullatius, of Chios, of renowned Lesbos, and elegant Samos—what of regal Sardis, of Smyrna, and Colophon? Do they exceed, or fall short of, report? Is every thing vile in comparison of the Campus and the Tiber? Would you like to live in one of Attalus' cities? Or will you, through abhorrence of the toils to be encountered by sea and land, even extol Lebedos? You know what Lebedos is, a place more solitary than Gabii and Fidenæ, yet there would I prefer to pass my life, forgetful of, and forgotten by, my friends, in order to be on land, and be but a spectator of the widely-displayed fury of Neptune. Nevertheless if he, who is journeying from Capua to Rome, when caught by a storm of rain and bespattered with mud, would not desire to live in the inn in which he has found shelter, nor he, who has taken cold, extol fires and hot baths as the acme of a happy life, so neither do you, if a tempest has tossed you on

the deep, immediately sell your vessel on the other side of the Ægean.

Rhodes and fair Mitylene are to a person in good health like a great coat in summer, athletic attire in winter, the Tiber on a snowy day, and fire in August. While it is permitted, and Fortune preserves a smiling countenance, let Samos, Chios, and Rhodes be praised by you at Rome. Every hour of your life that the Divinity hath blessed take with grateful hand, nor defer your enjoyments for a year, so that, wherever you may be, you may be able to say "I have lived hap-" pily." For if reason and thoughtfulness—not a locality commanding a view of the spacious ocean —remove cares, they change their climate not their mind who roam across the sea. An active inactivity exercises us. Using ships and carriages, we seek after a happy life. What you are seeking is here—is at Ulubræ, if equanimity of mind possess you.

XII.

TO ICCIUS.

If, Iccius, you wisely enjoy what you are deriving out of Agrippa's Sicilian estate, it is not possible that more could be granted you by Jove. Away with complaining—for he is not a poor man who is satisfied by a supply of what is needful. If you have health in your stomach, your side, and your feet, the riches of kings can give you nothing superior. If, perchance, though abundance surrounds you, you are living abste-

miously on vegetables, no doubt you will continue to live in this same way even though the river of Fortune were forthwith to shower her gold over you, either because wealth cannot change nature, or because you hold all things inferior to virtue.

It excites our marvel that the flock should be eating up the corn on the land of Democritus, whilst his winged mind, out of the body, is far away, but how much more should we marvel that you, amid such desires and incentives to gain, should be able to manage so well the business entrusted to you, and yet care for higher things—what restrains the sea—what causes the seasons—whether the stars of themselves, or by a divine law, wander in their courses—what it is which conceals the moon or brings forth her orb—what is the reason, and influence, of the conflicting harmony of things—and whether Empedocles or Stertinius utters folly.

But whether you murder fishes, scallions, or onions, receive Pompeius Grosphus, and, if he should make a request, willingly grant it. Grosphus will ask for nothing but what is right and fitting. It costs but little to reap a rich harvest of friendship when worthy men are in want of a little help.

And that you may know what the position of public affairs is, Armenia has succumbed to the valour of Claudius Nero, Spain to Agrippa's, and Phrahates, on bended knees, has acknowledged the will and sovereignty of Cæsar. Golden Plenty has poured forth her fruits over Italy out of a full horn.

XIII.

TO VINIUS ASELLA.

In accordance with the instructions I have given you, Vinius, so reiteratedly, and at such length during your preparations for departure, you will deliver the sealed rolls into the hands of Augustus —if he should be in good health—if he should be in good humour—and, lastly, if he should ask for them. Err not through anxiety on our part and, as a zealous servant, through vehement exertion, produce aversion to our parchments. If, perchance, their heavy weight should chafe you, throw them away rather than wildly throw your burden down in the place you are bidden to take them to, and so cover your family name of Asina with ridicule and become the theme of talk.

Employ your strength to surmount hills, rivers, and fens, and, having conquered them, as soon as you have arrived at your journey's end, place the burden in the manner prescribed, lest perchance you should carry my little bundle of works under your arm as the bumpkin did the lamb—as the inebriate Pyrrhia the ball of stolen wool—as a tribe-guest does his slippers and cap. Neither blab out to everybody around that you sweated in carrying the poems which may beguile the eyes and ears of Cæsar.

Entreated earnestly, and often, to pay attention to all these directions, do your utmost to fulfil them.

Onwards. Farewell. Beware lest you stumble and do injury to your trust.

XIV.

TO THE BAILIFF OF HIS FARM.

O SUPERINTENDENT of my woodland and of the little farm which restores me to myself—but which you disdain—with five houses upon it, and accustomed to send five good paterfamiliases to Varia, let us contend whether I can, with superior strength, pluck thorns from my mind, or you from my fields, and whether Horatius or his land be the better for it. Although Lamia's affection and solicitude for a brother just snatched away from him, and whom he is inconsolably lamenting, detain me here, yet thither my mind and heart bear me, and desire to break down the barrier that impedes my going.

I pronounce him happy who lives in the country, you him who lives in the city. He who desires the lot in life of another is, doubtless, displeased with his own. Each of us, unjustly, lays the blame on the undeserving place. The mind, which is never able to escape from itself, is the transgressor. You who were a city-slave, and at every servant's command, wished to be in the country, and now you wish to leave your office and be in the city amongst the games and the baths. You know that I am constant to myself, and depart sorrowful whenever hateful business drags me to Rome. We do not admire the same thing and hence the difference between us, for what you consider desolate and inhospitable wilds another would call beautiful who thinks as I do and spurns what you think delightful. A life of dissipation and city provender has charms for you—I see

it—and because that little corner of ground allotted you will produce pepper and frankincense more quickly than the grape. Nor is there close at hand a neighbouring tavern, where you may get drunk, and at some fluteplayer's music execute rough leaps upon the ground, and moreover it falls to you to drive the ploughshare over the neglected land, to attend to the oxen when they have done their labour, and to feed them with gathered leaves. The river, when it has been swollen by rain, will also ask for some of your leisure time in order that it may be taught by many an embankment to spare the sunny meadow.

Now hear what causes our disagreement. A slight repast, and repose on the grass near the stream, delight me whom handsome raiment and unguent-shining hair have adorned — who, as you know, without a gift has pleased the rapacious Cinara—and who has partaken of Falernian from the middle of the day, nor is it a shame to have been thus dissipated but not to leave it off. Here no one, with an eye of envy, takes away my pleasures nor poisons them by malice's secret bite. My neighbours laugh at my throwing clods and stones about. Would you prefer to gnaw your daily rations in company with the rest? does your inclination prompt you to rush into their number?

The cunning city-slave envies you your share of the wood, flock, and garden. The sluggish ox envies the horse's work. The horse wishes to plough. Let every one, as I think is best, exercise willingly that calling to which he is most suited.

XV.

TO VALA.

What kind of winter is usual at Velia—what sort of natural atmosphere at Salernum—what kind of people live in those places—what is the nature of the roads that lead to them?—(for Antonius Musa thinks that Baiæ can do me no good, and so makes me an object of aversion to the place, since I am being treated with cold water in the middle of winter. Of a truth the place groans that its myrtle groves should be forsaken, its sulphur baths, renowned for expelling disease from the nerves, should be despised, and is evil inclined towards those invalids who have the daring to submit their heads and bodies to Clusinian waters, and go to Gabii and its cold climate. There must therefore be a change of place, and the horse requires to be guided past the well known cross roads. "Where are you turning?—I am not going to "Cumæ or Baiæ" the choleric rider will say by a pull at the left rein, for horses hear through the bit in their mouths)—whether the inhabitants of those places have plenty of corn, and drink of collected rain water, or from wells of never-failing spring water—(for the wine of that region I know is poor—at home I can take and endure any kind, but, when I go down to the sea, I require what is mellow, and such as may drive away care, may send its rich hope-inspiring vigor through my veins and spirit, make me eloquent, and commend me, in renewed youth, to a Lucanian damsel)—which of those two regions produces the most hares and boars, and

which most abounds in fish? In order that I may return home thence like a Phæacian it behoves you to write me a reply and for me to credit it.

Mænius, his whole hereditary estate having been bravely squandered away, after he had gained renown for witticism, an arrant buffoon, not always sure of dining out, and, if hungry, making no distinction between friend and foe, ready to cast the most opprobrious epithets at any one, the destruction, storm, and gulf of the market, whatever he had been able to get would bestow it on his craving stomach. When he had abstracted nothing, or little, from those who favoured or those who dreaded his villany he would gorge himself with tripe and poor lamb in quantity that would satisfy three bears, while he would proclaim at the same time, like Censor Bestius, that gluttons ought to be branded on their stomachs with hot iron. The same man, whenever he had been able to seize a larger sum and had turned it all into smoke and cinders, would call out "I cannot wonder if "some people eat up their estate, since nothing "is better than a plump thrush, nothing superior "to a sow's paunch."

In truth this very man am I. For when means fail I praise quiet and small fare, sufficiently courageous for poor living, but, if anything better and more delicate offers itself, though the same man still, I pronounce those persons wise, and say that they alone live well, whose wealth is seen expended in handsome residences.

XVI.

TO QUINCTIUS.

Lest you should enquire, O excellent Quinctius, whether my land enrich its owner by grain, the olive, apples, or other fruits, or by the elm-entwining vine, its aspect, as well as its character, shall, in all garrulousness, be described to you.

A continuous range of hills, save where they are dissociated by a shady valley, and so situate that the rising Sun looks upon its right side and, departing in his flying chariot, warms its left. You would praise its equable temperature. And again—as the generous briars bear the red cornels and sloes, and the oaks supply the pigs with abundance of acorns and their master with plenty of shade, you would say that the blooming foliage of Tarentum had come nearer to Rome. There is a stream too, large enough to give a name to a river, which flows along, good for the head and good for the body, and Hebrus itself does not roll through Thrace in greater coolness or purity. This pleasant hiding-place and, if you will credit me, at this present moment beautiful is preserving me for you in good health during September's season.

You are living for noble ends, if it is your aim to be what you are reputed. We all at Rome, for a long time, have accounted you happy, but I fear you believe the report of others more than what your own conscience tells, that you consider a person happy otherwise than as a good and wise man, and, although the populace pronounce you of sound mind and health, that

you resemble one who conceals his fever at meal-time until the tremour displays itself in his hands. A false shame would conceal the existing sores of the foolish. Suppose that any one should narrate before you the service you had seen by sea and land, and, in the following words, give pleasure to your listening ears

"May Jupiter, who watches over you and the "City, preserve the doubt whether the populace "is more eager for your welfare or you are for "theirs."

You might recognize this language as the tribute paid to Augustus. When then you permit yourself to be called wise and virtuous tell me, my friend, can you answer to it in your own name?

"Truly I delight to be called wise and "virtuous, equally with yourself."

But they who say this to-day to-morrow, if they so will, will retract it, after the same manner as they will withdraw the Fasces from an unworthy holder of them. "Give them up," they say, "they are mine for bestowal." I resign them and depart sorrowful. But if they should affirm that I was a thief, or should charge me with immoral crime or patricide, shall I then be stung by opprobrium which is undeserved and turn pale? Unmerited honour pleases and false reproach frightens—whom? but a vicious person, and one who stands in need of being cured. Who is a good man?

"He who keeps the laws; by whom, as judge, "numerous and weighty cases are determined; "by whose testimony, as sponsor or as witness, "both property and causes are maintained."

Granted—yet all his household and the neigh-

bourhood behold him inwardly base, though possessing a fair shining exterior.

Suppose a slave should say to me

" I have neither stolen nor run away."

" You have your reward, for you will not be " beaten."

" I have done no murder."

" Then you will not feed the crows upon the " cross."

" I am a good man, and discreet."

The Sabine farmer shakes his head in denial. For the wary wolf fears the pitfall, the hawk the suspended nets, and the fish the hidden hook. Good men are averse to evil through love of virtue. You will commit no offence through fear of punishment, but let there be a hope of escape you would make no distinction between sacred and profane. For if from a thousand measures of wheat you steal but one the loss, on that account, may be less to me, but not your guilt. The man of virtue you speak of—whom all the courts of law approvingly take notice of—whenever he offers up a pig or an ox to the Gods, after he has said in a loud voice,

" O Father Janus,"

and, in a loud voice,

" O Apollo,"

will move his lips to say, and tremble lest he may be overheard,

" O fair Laverna, enable me to deceive, to " appear just and pious, and cast thou a cloud " over my wrong and fraudulent actions."

In what respect is the avaricious man, when he stoops after a spurious coin fixed in the cross roads, better and freer than a slave? I do not see. He has cast away his arms, he has deserted

the path of virtue whosoever is continually hastening, and immersed, in increasing gain. When however you can sell a captive you should not put him to death. Let therefore the slave to avarice be set to some useful task—let him toil among the flocks or on the land, let him toss on wintry seas as you employ him for foreign commerce, let him contribute to the harvest, and carry to market the produce of your farm.

A good and wise man will dare to say

"O Pentheus, Ruler of Thebes, what indignity
"canst thou compel me to endure and suffer?"

"I will take away what belongs to thee."

"Thou meanest—my cattle, lands, furniture,
"money. Thou mayest take them."

"I will deliver thee, fettered and chained,
"into rough custody."

"The Deity himself, the moment I desire it,
"will release me."

He reasons thus I think—I can but die, death is the goal of life.

XVII.

TO SCÆVA.

ALTHOUGH, Scæva, you are a sufficient guide for yourself, and have attained to the knowledge of how to ingratiate yourself with your superiors, yet take advice from your old friend, who himself thinks he has yet to learn—somewhat as if a blind person offered to point out the road. However see whether or no we speak anything which you may care to adopt.

If pleasant quietude and sleep to the first hour have charms for you, if dust, the rattling of wheels, and the noise of the tavern, distract you, I would bid you go to Ferentinum. For neither does happiness fall to the lot of the rich alone, nor has he lived without it who has lived and died unknown. But if your desire is to advantage your friends, and live yourself somewhat luxuriously, then you will pay court to the great.

"If he were able to content himself with a "dinner of herbs, Aristippus would not use the "society of kings."

"If he, who thus attacks me, knew how to "ingratiate himself with kings he would disdain "herbs."

Teach me of which of these do you approve the words and deeds, or, as a pupil, hear why I give the preference to Aristippus. For he thus foiled the biting cynic, as it is said, "I play the "buffoon to myself, you to the people—mine is "by far the better and more noble course. The "horse which carries me a king feeds. I "perform my duty. You make request for off-"scourings, beneath him who supplies them, "although you comport yourself as needing "assistance from nobody."

Every kind of dress he wore, whether he associated with a king or a peasant, whether he had money or not at his command, alike gave lustre to the conduct of Aristippus, aspiring towards a higher position, and usually equal to the circumstances in which he was placed. On the other hand, with regard to him whose cloak of two folds was his sign of endurance, I should marvel if he could sustain becomingly any

altered state of life. The one will not stay to fetch his purple cloak, but, putting on anything at hand, will traverse the most frequented parts and, not ungracefully, show himself in either. The other will fly from a chlamys, woven at Miletum, with greater speed even than from a dog or a snake, and will perish with cold if you do not give him his cloak. Give him his cloak, and let the foolish fellow live.

To be victorious in war and exhibit conquered enemies to the citizens, reaches to the throne of Jove, and aspires to immortality. To be on terms of friendship with the noble, is not the least of praise. It does not happen to every man to walk the streets of Corinth. He remains motionless who fears he may not succeed. He who breaks through every obstacle, has he not done it like a man? Yet the gist of the matter lies here or nowhere. For this man dreads the burden as too heavy for small minds and a small body, but this one stoops beneath it and carries it to the end. Either courage is an empty name, or the daring man wisely seeks for glory and reward.

In the presence of their Patron they, who are silent concerning their narrow means, will receive more than they who ask. There is a difference too whether you accept modestly or seize what is given, and the former line of conduct is the very source, the very fountain, of prosperity. A man who cries out

"My sister has no dowry, my mother is very
"poor, my land neither saleable, nor fit for
"pasturage"

in effect says, "Support us." Another man will chime in

" But let a fourth part of the bounty fall to " my share."

Yet, if the crow could have received his food in silence, he would have had much more of it, and much less envy and contention. He who, when he is taken for companionship to Brundisium or the charming Surrentum, complains of the rough road, the bitter cold and rain, of his money or provender stolen from him, displays the well known and frequent tricks of a harlot bewailing a bracelet or garter forcibly taken from her, so that presently no credit is given even to true losses or sorrow, nor will he, who has once been deceived, care to raise up in the cross roads one with a veritable broken leg. He may let fall many a tear, may swear to the accident by the Sacred Osiris

" Believe me, I am not an impostor ; O cruel, " lift up the lame man."

All around him, hoarse with reiteration, will shout in return

" Find a stranger."

XVIII.

TO LOLLIUS.

If I know you well, plain-speaking Lollius, you will, having assumed the character of a friend, be fearful even of appearing to be a sordid flatterer. As a matron in external appearance and inward disposition will be unlike a harlot, so a friend will differ from a faithless flatterer.

There is a fault, however, of a different kind, and almost greater, a rough, unmannerly, and offensive sharpness which comes forwards with smooth skin and black teeth, while it desires to be called mere bluntness and real virtue. Virtue stands between these two, and removed equally from both. The one is inclined to obsequiousness to a greater degree than is fitting and, like the jester who reclines on the lowest couch, has such a fear of the gestures of his patron, so repeats his sayings, and cries forth his closing words, that you would suppose he was a boy reciting dictation from a severe master, or a mime-player taking one of the second parts. The other is often ready to quarrel about goats' wool and, fully armed, to do battle for the veriest trifles, his war-cry being "if the foremost credit is not "given to me, if I may not fiercely bark out that "which pleases or displeases me, another life as "an alternative is despicable." But then what is it which is in dispute? whether Castor or Dolichos has the greater skill, or whether the Minucian, or the Appian, road is the better way to Brundisium.

Him whom ruinous licentiousness or destructive gambling brings to poverty, whom high station undeservedly apparels and provides for, whom excessive hunger and thirst for wealth possesses as well as a shame at being accounted poor and flight from such reproach a wealthy patron, often ten times greater in fault, both abhors and dreads, or, if he does not abhor, strives to amend him and, like a pious mother, desires that he should be wiser and more virtuous than himself, and says, what is almost the truth,

"My means (do not answer me) allow my "folly; yours are straitened. A narrow toga "becomes a sensible follower; forbear to contend "with me."

Eutrapelus, whenever he desired to injure any one, used to give him valuable garments. Rejoicing on that account, with the handsome clothing he would associate new designs and expectations, would sleep into the day, neglect his duty for dissipation, run into debt, and in the end become a hired gladiator or a herb-seller's servant.

Never, also, pry into his secrets and, though under the influence of wine or anger, be faithful to what has been entrusted to you, nor extol thine own pursuits, or blame those of others nor, should he shew an inclination to hunt, sit down to compose verses. Thus the harmony of the twin-brothers, Amphion and Zetho, dissolved away, until the lyre, disliked by the morose one, was silent. Amphion is believed to have yielded to his brother's wishes—do you yield to the light commands of a powerful patron, and, as often as he is desirous of taking into the country the dogs and Ætolian net-laden carts, do you rise up, and put aside the insociability of the unsocial Muse, in order that you may, along with himself, sup off your toil-produced fare (this was the ancient usage of the Romans, preparing them for victory in the field, administering recreation to the body whilst it promoted its strength), specially since you are in vigorous health, and there is no one more able to overcome the dog in the race or the wild boar in strength and, besides, no one can more gracefully use warlike weapons than yourself. You know with what acclamations

of the Amphitheatre you can win the contests in the Circus and, lastly, how as a youth you endured the roughnesses of war and the Spanish Campaign under the leadership of him who is now taking away our standards from the Parthian temples, and supplying every want the City may feel by force of arms. And as an inducement for you to act thus and not, inexcusably, stand aloof, although you are careful to do nothing out of time and measure, you do sometimes amuse yourself on your patrimonial soil. The boats are divided into two hostile armies. The battle of Actium is represented by means of the slaves with yourself as the leader of one army. Your brother is your adversary and a pool represents the Adriatic, until winged Victory set the crown on the head of one or the other. He who shall find you willing to share in his pursuits will, in return, join heartily in your own.

Moreover, that I may give you advice (if in truth you need any) be often on your guard as to what you say concerning any one and to whom you say it. Avoid an inquisitive person, for the same is talkative, nor do broad ears faithfully keep what is entrusted to them, and a word, once spoken, flies away beyond recall. Desire not to have a slave, male or female, belonging to an esteemed friend, whether he cause you joy by the little present or annoyance by refusal. Any one whom you propose to introduce consider again and again concerning it, lest erelong the faults of another produce a feeling of shame within yourself. We are liable to err, and may sometimes recommend an unworthy person, therefore, should you have been deceived, forbear to defend him whom his own misconduct presses

on, but shield one whom you know well when false accusations assail him, and defend him relying on your protection. For when any one is bitten by the fang of Theon, are you not apprehensive that before long there may be danger to yourself. When your neighbour's house is on fire, your own must be attended to, and fire, if neglected, is apt to spread destruction around. An assiduous attendance on high station appears delightful to the inexperienced. He who has tried it dreads it. Do you therefore, when your vessel has borne you into deep water, be mindful of what I am going to say, lest an adverse wind drive you back to land. Those who are of a serious temperament dislike the merry-hearted, and the latter the serious. Active persons accord not with lethargic ones, nor slow moving people with the quick and industrious. Persons given to much wine are averse to him who partakes in moderation, although he may protest that a large quantity affects him injuriously. Remove the cloud from your brow, for sometimes modesty appears sullenness, and silence pride. Find time also to read, and enquire of the learned how you may smoothly pass through life—whether ever-poor desire is agitating or vexing you, fear and expectation of things which are but of little use—whether instruction obtains, or nature bestows, virtue—what it is which may diminish cares, what may make you a friend to yourself, and whether pure tranquillity can be obtained by rank, or pleasing gain, or upon the untrodden road, and the pathway of a life hidden from the world?

As often as the cool stream Digentia, which Mandela, a village wrinkled by cold, drinks of,

makes a new man of me how, think you, my friend, I feel? What do you think I pray for?

"Let me retain what I possess—even less.
"For the remainder of my life, if the Gods will
"to grant me one, let me live unto myself. Let
"there be an abundance of books, and the
"harvest-store gathered in, and let me not
"fluctuate in suspense as to what may happen
"every hour."

But it is enough to supplicate Jove with respect to what belongs to him to give or take away. Let him be the giver of life—the giver of wealth—I myself for myself will procure equanimity.

XIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

If you give credit, learned Mæcenas, to the ancient poet Cratinus, no poems which are written by water-drinkers can please for any length of time, or survive. Ever since Bacchus enrolled raving bards among his Satyrs and Fauns, the sweet Muses have usually showed the effects of wine in the morning. Homer is reckoned to have indulged in wine through his praises of it. Father Ennius himself, only when under its influence, leapt forth to sing of martial exploits.

"Let the Forum and the Puteal of Libo be
"given up to the sober, and the power of song
"be taken away from the strictly temperate."
As soon as I decreed this, the poets unceasingly

vie with each other in indulging in wine at night, and exhibiting the effects of it in the day.

Now suppose any one with a rough and sinister expression of countenance, bare feet, and draped in a narrow toga should imitate Cato, would he therefore be the representative of Cato's virtues and habits? Iarbita's tongue, as he strove to rival Timagenes, caused him to burst in his attempts to display wit and eloquence. An example, capable of being imitated in what is faulty, leads to the deceptive idea of capability of imitation in what it has of excellence—so that were I, by chance, to become pale in countenance they would drink the pale-making cummin. O ye imitators—a servile flock—how often has your enmity aroused my indignation and merriment. I was the first to plant a free footstep on an unoccupied ground, nor have I trod in the track of others. He, whose reliance is in himself, becomes the ruler and guide of others. I was the first to compose in Latin the Parian Iambics, imitating the measures and fire of Archilochus, but not his subject-matter and words so destructive to Lycambes. And, lest you might propose to crown me with a crown of less-enduring fame because I have shrunk from altering the metre and structure of this verse, know that the masculine Sappho mixes Archilochus' Muse with her own, and so also does Alcæus, who yet differs in subject-matter and arrangement, and does not in malignant verse attack and drive to death either a father in law or a betrothed bride. This Archilochus, not brought forwards before by any one else, have I, a Roman minstrel, made familiar to the people.

It is a source of pleasure to me that these novel productions of mine should be in the hands, and before the eyes, of cultivated intellects.

Would you know why an ungrateful reader will in his own house praise and admire them but, unjustly, speak ill of them abroad? I do not hunt for the applause of the fickle people by the giving of suppers and cast off clothing nor, as a hearer, and champion of sublime compositions, do I think it meet to be present on the stage of the Grammarians. Hinc illæ lachrymæ. And were I to be present among them and say

"I feel reluctant to recite my tame composi-
" tions to a crowded audience, and be seeking to
" invest trifles with greatness."

"You do not mean this, but are reserving
" them for the ears of Augustus; learned in your
" own estimation, you deem that poetic honey
" only distils from yourself."

To such words I should fear to return a sarcastic rejoinder and, lest I should be injured by the sharp nail of my antagonist, I should cry out "The place is unsuitable for me" and ask for an intermission. For sportiveness is apt to arouse angry feelings and unlooked-for altercation—angry feelings to give rise to savage wrath and fatal war.

XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

O MY book, thou seemest to be casting thine eye towards Vertumnus and Janus, desirous, unques-

tionably, of standing forth in neat array through the skill of the Sosii. Thou chafest under imprisonment by lock and key and seal which the modest like. Thou lamentest that thou art shewn but to few, and wouldest rather become public property. Yet hast thou been otherwise brought up. Avoid going whither thine inclination is urging thee. Having gone forth, there will be no return. "Alas! what have I done? what have "I wished?" thou wilt say when in any way thou art injured, and thou knowest that thou canst be compressed into littleness when thy satiated admirer feels languor come over him: Yet if the prophet, through his aversion to this failing, errs not, thou wilt be cherished at Rome until thy bloom shall leave thee.

When, through being handled by the people, thou beginnest to get soiled thou wilt either, in silence, become the food of the slow-consuming moths, or else, in a greasy condition, take thy flight to Utica or be sent off to Ilerda. Thine unlistened to adviser will laugh, and resemble the man who, in his anger, pushed his untractable donkey over the precipice, for who will care to save any one against his will? This, also, is part of thy fate, that stammering pedagogues, in the back streets, shall make use of thee for giving their boys elementary instruction.

When the warm sun shall have increased thy hearers, thou wilt tell them that I was descended from a freedman, and, upon a small patrimony, put forth a stronger wing from the nest, so that in proportion as I might sink in estimation through birth I might rise in virtue. Also, that I pleased the Rulers of the State by my military conduct and my behaviour in times of peace, had

a little body, was grey before my time, loved to bask in the sun, was prompt to take offence but easily appeased. If, perchance, any one should ask my age, let him know that I fulfilled forty four Decembers during the year in which the Consulship of Lepidus was joined to that of Lollius.

BOOK II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

INASMUCH as, O Cæsar, you by yourself uphold such numerous and weighty interests, guard by arms the Roman Empire, make it illustrious by virtue, and improve it by laws, I should act to the public detriment were I to occupy your time by a lengthened discourse. Romulus, Father Bacchus, Pollux and Castor, after mighty deeds received into the skies, during the time that they were civilizing lands and human beings, terminating savage wars, granting territory, and building cities, lamented that they were not appreciated as their deservings expected. He, who crushed the dire hydra and underwent the well-known prodigies in his destined labours, found that envy could only be subdued by dying. For he consumes in his own light, who towers above others ranked below him, but, when dead, the same man will be renowned. On you, yet living, we bestow every honour, we erect altars that we may swear by your Divinity, and confess that none like you hath ever arisen or will ever arise.

Nevertheless your subjects, wise and right in one thing, in declaring you superior to Roman as

well as Greek Commanders, yet do not estimate other things after a similar rule and measure, and disdain and dislike whatever is not removed from the earth and belongs not to a past age, and so partial are they to antiquity that they are ready to affirm that the very Muses spake on the Alban Mount the transgression-forbidding tables enacted by the Decemviri, the treaties of the kings made with the Gabii and hardy Sabines, the books of the high priests, and the ancient volumes of the augurs.

If, because the most ancient Greek writings are considered the best in Greek literature, Roman writings are to be estimated in a similar way, we may as well then at once agree to the dictum of one who maintains that the olive contains nothing hard inside nor the nut without. In short, we might as well affirm ourselves to have climbed the ladder of Fortune, and that we can paint, sing, and wrestle even better than the Greeks themselves.

If time makes compositions, like wine, better, I would fain know how many years writings will require to possess value. A writer who died a hundred years ago—shall he be classed among the perfect and ancient ones, or amongst the worthless and the new? Let a boundary cut off dispute.

"A writer of a hundred years ago is ancient "and illustrious."

Well. Yet suppose a month or a single year be wanting to the hundred, to which shall his name be joined? To the ancient bards, or to those whom the present and the future age will eschew?

"Such a one will justly be associated with the

" ancient ones, although he fail of the hundred " years by a short month or even by a whole " year."

I use this concession and, like the hairs of a horse's tail, I pluck forth one year, then another, and then another, until he himself together with his theory falls to the ground, upset by the reasoning of the decreasing heap, who has recourse to Fasti, judges of merit by age, and esteems nothing save what Libitina has hallowed.

Ennius, wise and courageous, another Homer as the critics say, appears to have little anxiety about his professions and Pythagorean dreams. Is not Nævius in everybody's hands and quotations as though a writer of yesterday, so sacred is every ancient production? As often as a debate arises as to superiority, Pacuvius bears away the palm as a skilful ancient poet, Accius as a lofty one. The toga of Afranius is said to have fitted Menander, Plautus to be an imitator of Sicilian Epicharmus, Cæcilius to excel in dignity, Terentius in plot. Mighty Rome learns these by heart, packed in a too small theatre witnesses their writings acted, possesses and accounts them as poets from the time of the writer Livius down to our own.

Sometimes the people judge rightly—occasionally otherwise. If in this manner they admire and laud ancient writers, so that they prefer none else to them, nor permit any comparison with them, they err; if they allow that they say some things in too antiquated a fashion, more in a harsh style, and confess that they have composed much in a careless way, then they are wise, share my own opinion, and possess the judgment of the impartial Deity.

Of a truth I do not hunt down, nor think that the compositions of Lucilius ought to be destroyed. I remember the dictations that the tyrannical Orbilius gave me when a boy, but I am surprised that they should be regarded as neat, beautiful, and but a slight remove from perfection; in which if perchance a felicitous word gives light, if a verse here and there displays a superior finish, it unjustly leads and sells the whole production. I am indignant that any writing should be censured, not because it may be thought to have been composed roughly and inelegantly but recently, and that, instead of excuse, fame and value should be demanded for the ancient bards. If I seem doubtful whether or no the drama of Atta walks amid crocuses and flowers, nearly all the Fathers are ready to cry out that all shame has vanished in my attempt to discredit that which the distinguished Æsopus and the skilful Roscius acted; either because they suppose that nothing can be right but what pleases themselves, or because they think it a disgrace to yield in opinion to those who are younger, and to confess that what they learnt in their youth must be abandoned in their age. He who, in these days, praises the Saliare hymn of Numa and wishes to appear to be the only person who can understand that of which he is alike ignorant with myself does not approve of and eulogize entombed genius but maliciously assails our compositions and hates both us and them. But if novelty had been equally displeasing to the Greeks, as it is to us, what would there be now of old, or what could the public possess to be read and soiled by every one's fingers?

When Greece, at the termination of war, first

began to seek amusement and, under favouring prosperity, to glide into degeneracy, she became inflamed with a passion for feats of bodily exercise and equestrianism, then passed on into admiration of works in marble, ivory, and bronze, next rivetted her countenance and criticism upon painting and, lastly, delighted in comedy and tragic representation. Just like the play of a little girl under a nurse, what she had sought with ardour, when satiated, she abandoned. What is there, in truth, that either gives us pleasure or dissatisfaction, which you would not suppose human nature desires to change? This was the result of propitious peace and prosperous times.

For a long time it was the established and pleasant custom at Rome to rise early in the morning, throw open the door, explain the law to clients, to lend out money on sound securities, listen to older persons, and speak to younger ones on the manner in which property might be increased and injurious passions restrained. A fickle populace has changed its mind, and is inflamed with one only object, that of writing. Children and their grave fathers, wearing garlands on their brows, sup and compose. I myself, who affirm that I write no verses, am found more false than the Parthians and, awaking early in the morning before sunrise, call for pen, paper, and desk. A landsman would fear to guide a ship. Only he, who has studied, ventures to give southern-wood to an invalid. Doctors alone profess medical skill, and artificers handle the tools of their art, but, learned or unlearned, we are everywhere composing our poetry.

Yet however the virtues which this failing, and this harmless phrenzy, possess may be thus

conceived. The mind of the bard is rarely covetous, loves to write and is absorbed in it, laughs at losses, slaves running away, and at fire, designs not any injury to a partner or a ward, lives on vegetable husks and second rate bread, although indolent and unfitted as a soldier yet useful to the State, and, if you concede this, it follows that the great may be helped by the small. The poet first forms the young and stammering speech of the boy, then turns his ear away from immodest discourse, and proceeds to train up his breast with friendly admonitions, and is a corrector of harshness of manner, of envy, and of anger, relates good actions, instructs his growth up by familiar illustrations, and comforts amid poverty and illness. How could the chaste Youths and Virgins have learnt the supplications, unless the Muse had raised up a bard? The chorus supplicates the assistance of Heaven, and feels a present Deity. In soft tones of voice, and according to a prescribed form of words, asks for rain, the expulsion of diseases, the driving away of apprehended dangers, and obtains peace besides, together with the rich blessings of the harvest. By poetry the Deities above are appeased, and by poetry the Manes are propitiated.

The ancient tillers of the land, a hardy race, and happy with a little, were accustomed to sacrifice a pig to Tellus, milk to Silvanus, flowers and wine to the Genius who causes us to keep in remembrance the shortness of life when, after having gathered in the harvest, they devoted festal days, in company with the companions of their toil, their children and faithful wives, to the relaxation of the body, and even of the mind

which had sustained the labour through hope of the end. In this manner the Fescennine raillery, having been introduced, poured forth rustic banter in alternate verse, and such accepted freedom sported in a pleasant way during succeeding years, until at length the malicious joke began to be changed into savage attack and, in threatening defiance, assail virtuous houses. They suffered who were bitten by venom's bloody tooth, and they, who were not, felt anxiety for the common welfare. Therefore law and penalty were enacted to prevent any one being pointed to in virulent verse. They then altered the habit, being brought, through fear of punishment, to speak kindly and give pleasure.

Conquered Greece conquered her rough conqueror, and introduced the arts into rural Latium, so that the barbarous Saturnian measure passed away, and purer thought drove off the baleful poison; yet for a long time the vestiges of provincialism remained, and are still extant. For the Roman was slow in applying his intellect to Greek writings but, when at rest after the Punic wars, began to enquire what benefit we could receive from Sophocles, Thespis, and Æschylus. He made the trial also as to whether he could successfully translate them, and gave satisfaction to himself, by nature high and daring; for he possesses a sufficient conception of Tragedy and ventures upon it felicitously, but, foolishly, fears to make an erasure through deeming it a reproach.

It is thought that because Comedy takes its subjects from ordinary life it entails therefore less brain-work; but it gives its author more as he expects less pardon. Observe how Plautus

fulfils the characters of a youthful lover, an anxious father, a subtle parasite. See too, on the other hand, how Dossennus is a type of his avaricious fellow poets; how, in loose slippers, he runs across the stage, his main desire being to obtain money; reckless, if he succeed in this, whether his composition be a success or a failure. But he will reply "Whom Fame carries to the "stage in her Chariot of Wind a listless hearer "depresses, an enthusiastic one puffs up; so "light, so little, is that which can overwhelm or "restore a mind which is ambitious of applause. "Farewell, Comedy, if applause denied can "make me lean or, if given, can make me fat."

Often too this will frighten and put to flight an aspiring poet. The mass, differing in their opinion of the piece to the Equites, more numerous but inferior in courage and honour, and ready to fight, will call out in the midst of its representation for a bear or pugilists, since in such things they delight. But the pleasure, derivable through the ear, has now even among the Equestrian ranks transferred itself entirely to perishable sight-seeing and a passing away enjoyment. The curtain is kept down for three or four hours whilst bands of horsemen and of footsoldiers are chasing one another, the fortune of kings is being shewn as they walk along in chains, and chariots, both domestic and foreign, are displayed, as well as ships and every kind of work of art in ivory or the metals.

Were he alive, Democritus would have subject for laughing as the Camelopard or White Elephant rivetted the faces of the people. He would look at the latter with greater attention, as affording him more entertainment than the sights them-

selves, and he would think that the poets could only recite their pieces to a deaf donkey. For what strength of lungs could overcome the noise with which our theatres resound? You would think that Mount Garganus, or the Tuscan sea, was roaring—with such clamour the contests, the works of art, and the treasures of foreign lands, are regarded, so that as soon as the showman, arrayed in gorgeous clothing, sets his foot upon the stage the right hand clashes against the left. "Has he spoken?" "Not a word." "Why are they clapping then?" "Because of "his violet-coloured Tarentine robe."

Neither charge me with malicious insincerity, when I bestow praise on others who can successfully accomplish what I myself shrink from attempting. That writer, in my judgment, seems able to dance upon the tight rope who, by his unreal delineations, can fill my breast with distress, excite in me anger, calm me, and fill me with false alarm, and at one moment, as with a magician's power, place me at Thebes and the next moment have transported me to Athens. Nevertheless be pleased to bestow some fostering care on those who prefer to entrust their productions to a reader than to submit themselves to the fastidiousness of a haughty spectator, if you would fill with books your own gift which is worthy of Apollo, and spur on the bards that, with increased desire, they may resort to blooming Helicon.

We, writers, often do many things injurious to ourselves (that I may prune my own vineyard) when we offer our book to a person when perturbed or fatigued; when we take it as an affront if a friend has dared to blame a particular

verse; when, of our own will, we repeat passages we have read; when we lament that our toil and finely-wrought compositions are not appreciated; when we hope that as soon as you shall know that we can compose verses that you will, of your own accord, graciously send for us, charge yourself with our support, and compel us to write. Yet it is important to know what guardians the records of glorious deeds achieved at home and abroad should have, not to be written by unworthy hands.

That Chærilus, who for his uncouth and ill-made verses received the Philippis, the royal money, pleased Alexander the Great, but like as ink, let fall, makes a mark and blot so, commonly, writers befoul illustrious deeds by unworthy verse. That same king, who purchased such an absurd poem at such an absurd price, made a decree that none but Apelles should paint him, and none but Lysippus mould the bronze which was to represent the countenance of the valiant Alexander. Yet with regard to that same judgment, which he exercised with such keen discrimination as regards the arts, were you to regard it in respect of books and the Muses' gifts, you would affirm that he had been born in the leaden air of the Bœotians.

But neither do thy judgments, nor thy gifts, discredit thee which, along with much encomium from thyself in bestowing them, the poets Virgilius and Varius, beloved by thee, have received. Nor can countenances be better expressed in brass, than the manners and virtues of illustrious men through the work of the bard. I would not choose to write on lowly and earthward-creeping subjects in preference to recording warlike

exploits, countries and rivers, citadel-crowned hills, barbarian realms, the whole world at peace under thine auspices, the gates which enclose Janus the guardian of peace, and Rome under thy Parthian-dreaded sovereignty, could I accomplish what I should desire. But neither could your majesty brook a mean poem, nor would my consciousness of inability suffer me to attempt that which duly-qualified power might shrink from undertaking. For zeal often, to its own injury, presses upon the object of its affection, and specially so when there is some merit in the measure and structure of the verse, because one learns more quickly, and more willingly remembers that which excites his derision than what he approves of and venerates. I value not the officiousness which injures me, and I desire not to be exhibited in wax with an ill-formed countenance, nor eulogized in badly-made verse, lest I should blush when presented with the unworthy gift, and, lying side by side with my panegyrist on the uncovered bier, be carried to the street where they sell incense, scents, pepper, and anything else that is wrapped up in worthless writings.

II.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

O Florus, thou faithful friend of gracious and illustrious Nero, if there were any one desirous of selling you a slave born at Tibur or Gabii and should thus endeavour to effect it by

saying "He is fair, well formed from head to "foot, has been reared up by me to obey every "command, knows a little Greek, is able to "master any accomplishment, since you can "mould anything out of him as out of clay, "can sing too, in a rough style, yet not un-"pleasingly when at your meals," (much profession however shakes our faith whenever any one praises excessively what he desires to sell), "I am poor but not in debt; no slave dealer "would make you such an offer, neither would "I be willing to do it for any one; once he "was idle and, as it happened, hid himself "behind the stairs through fear of the whip "hanging up in the house; his price to you "shall be eight thousand sesterces." You might give the money, if you took no objection to anything else except to that instance of his flight and he, I think, may retain the price, secured from all liability. You would, consciously, have purchased a faulty slave; the law concerning slave-purchase was duly fulfilled, and yet you are ready to prosecute the seller, and vex him with unjust litigation.

I told you when you were setting out that I was indolent. I said that I was almost in a maimed condition for the discharge of such a duty, in order that you might not scold me harshly for not having received a letter. How did I advantage myself by this, if yet you assail the very conditions which are on my side? And you complain in addition that I have been false to my word, and not sent you the verses which you have been expecting.

A soldier of Lucullus, as, exhausted with fatigue, he lay in sound sleep, lost one night every farthing

of the money he had collected during a course of many campaigns. Then, fierce like a young wolf with its sharp fangs, and equally incensed against himself and the enemy, he conquered, as it is said, a royal garrison which was strongly fortified and possessed much treasure. Becoming illustrious on account of it, he was decorated with noble honours, and received more than twenty sestertia. It so chanced about this time that a Prætor, being desirous of taking some petty fort, sought to induce him to do it, and used language which might have wrought on even a coward.

"Go, thou hero, where thy valour calls thee; "go, with prosperous foot, to win the glorious "rewards of thy meritorious deeds. Why dost "thou delay?"

Then that shrewd fellow, although a rustic, answered,

"He will go—he will go where you desire "him who has lost his girdle."

It was my lot to receive the food of instruction at Rome, and to be taught what injuries the wrathful Achilles wrought on the Greeks. Gentle Athens contributed a little more knowledge, insomuch that I was able to distinguish a curve from a straight line, and inquire into what was truth amid the groves of Academus. But the disquiet times forced me from that pleasant spot, and the rage of civil war sent me, a mere stripling, to oppose the victorious might of Cæsar Augustus. Then, after the battle of Philippi, my aspiring wings clipt, bereft of house and patrimony, daring poverty impelled me to write verses, but, now that I possess a sufficiency, what doses of hemlock will ever be

able to cure me if I do not deem it better to take repose than to write?

The rolling years rob us, one by one, of our possessions. They take away merriment, affections, convivialities, sports. They strive to wrench from us the gift of poetry. What kind of verse is it that you require from me? We do not all admire, and have pleasure in, the same style of poetry. You like the lyric. Another the iambics. Another the caustic wit of Bionian satire. These persons appear to me to differ much like three guests at a feast who ask for widely-different things. What then shall I write? What shall I not write? What you dislike another likes; what you ask for is manifestly disagreeable and unpalatable to the other two.

Besides other difficulties in the way, do you imagine that I can compose at Rome amid such a multiplicity of cares and labours? One man seeks me as bail for him, and another bids me forsake every engagement to listen to what he has written. Another lies ill on Mount Quirinalis, and another on the furthest point of Mount Aventinus, and there is a necessity for my seeing them both. You will appreciate the advantage for human nature of the separating distance. But perhaps you will answer, "The "streets are clear and nothing to prevent com- "posing as you walk along." A builder with mules and men is hurrying on at full speed; an immense machine is hoisting up a mass of stone or wood; sombre funeral trains contest the way with powerful waggons; a mad dog is running along on this side the street, and a miry sow on the other. Go then, my friend, and compose inwardly your melodious verse. The

whole chorus of writers loves groves and avoids cities, being constant worshippers of repose-and-shade-loving Bacchus. Do you desire me to write song amid such noise by night and by day, and to tread in and overtake the footsteps of the Bards? A philosopher, who has made tranquil Athens his abode, has devoted seven years to study, and has grown old amid toil and books, leaves his house, generally, more taciturn than a statue, and excites the convulsive merriment of the populace. Can I then here, in the midst of the waves of events and the conflicts of the city, be deemed able to compose that which shall set in motion the strains of the lyre?

A rhetorician and a lawyer at Rome, brothers, agreed together that each should praise the other, styling each other a Gracchus and Mucius respectively. Does a lesser phrenzy distract the melodious poets? I am a composer of lyric strains; another of elegies. Our productions are, consequently, works composed by the nine Muses, and a marvel to be seen. Observe, first of all, with what pride, with what pomp, we look all round the temple of Apollo assigned to the Roman poets. Presently, if you are at leisure, follow us in, and, at a distance, hear what each of us can recite, and why each of us weaves the crown for himself. We are killed, and with equal blows destroy the adversary, like Samnite gladiators in a protracted contest at early candle-light. He reckons me an Alcæus in his judgment; who is he then in mine? Who, but a Callimachus, and if he appear to wish to be accounted a still greater, he becomes a Mimnermus and swells up through the desired appellation. I endure much that I may appease the irritable

poetic race when I write and am a suppliant for the approbation of the people, but, when I have done, and my mind is undisturbed, I fearlessly close up my broad ears to their recitations. Those persons who write bad poetry are ridiculed yet they who thus write rejoice, congratulate themselves and, if you say nothing, laud whatever they have written with unqualified delight.

But he, who desires to write true poetry, will, together with his tablets, take the judgment of an impartial critic; will courageously remove all expressions, however reluctantly they may go, which have but little beauty, and are without weight, and devoid of nobleness, as he scrutinizes them within the sanctuary of Vesta. As a good poet, he will drag forth words which for a long time have not been in common use; will bring to the light attractive expressions which, though familiar to Cato and Cathegus, lie buried beneath a heap of unsightly, accumulated, and unrecked-for garbage, and will adopt terms which have recently been born into the language and become popular. Energetic and clear, like a pure stream, he will pour forth his genius, and enrich Latium with a wealthy vocabulary. He will restrain floridness by healthy culture, will tone down what is too sharp, and take away what is deficient in power. He will exhibit variety in the writing, thus resembling (so to speak) a player who at one time dances as a Satyr, and at another time as a heavy Cyclops.

But some one might reply "I would rather, "however, appear to write badly and weakly, "provided my own faults give me pleasure, or "are even unknown, than be wise and quarrel "with others." There once lived at Argos a

person of no mean birth who used to sit in the empty theatre, imagining that he was listening to wonderful tragedians, and would joyously applaud them. In other respects he could rightly discharge the functions of life, an excellent neighbour, a kind host, gentle to his wife, one who would forgive his servants, not burst into a phrenzy of passion when his wine was stolen, could avoid a precipice and an open well. When, through the help and care of his relations, he had expelled the disease and bile by means of ellebore, and had returned to his right senses "By Pollux, my friends" he said, "you have "slain me—not preserved me—whose delight "has thus been wrested away, and whose most "pleasing error of mind has thus been forcibly "expelled."

Of a truth it is best for us, trifles being thrown aside, to learn wisdom, and leave to youth those recreations more adapted to their age, and not so much to compose strains for the lyre as to learn the measures and metres of true life. Wherefore I commune after this manner with myself and commit it to memory. If no draughts of water can quench your thirst you would tell it to a physician; if then, the more you have accumulated, the more you desire to get, do you not dare to tell it to any one? If a wound, which you had received, became no better by the application of either root or herb you would discard them as profiting you nothing. You have been told by some that injurious folly departs from those upon whom the Gods bestow wealth and yet, although you have become none the wiser for being richer, you will still submit yourself to the same teachers. But I grant

indeed that if possessions could make you wise, less subject to desires and fears, you should blush if there was one man living on the earth more avaricious than yourself.

If that belongs to any one what he has purchased by the scales and brass, other things, if you will credit the lawyers, possession for a certain time will confer a right to hold. The land, which supplies you with food, is really yours, and the bailiff of Orbius, when he cultivates the soil which is shortly to supply you with bread, acknowledges you as his master. You pay him money and receive grapes, chickens, eggs, and a cask of wine. Of a truth in that way you, by degrees, purchase that very land which was originally bought for perhaps three hundred thousand sesterces or even more. What matters it whether you live by money laid out recently or some time ago? The purchaser of land at Aricia or Veii in olden time makes his supper off herbs which he has bought, though he may think otherwise, and warms his heart on cold nights with purchased wood. But some one may reply that he can claim these as being his own exclusively as far as where the planted poplar has cut off neighbours' disputes by an acknowledged boundary. Yet how can anything be one's own, which, in a moment of the flying hour, through request, through sale, through violence, and, finally, through death, may change owners and own another's authority?

Since then an eternal possession is granted to none, and heir succeeds heir as wave follows on wave, how are we advantaged by having a multitude of farms or granaries? How are we benefited by the ownership of the Calabrian and

Lucanian pastures, since Orcus, who cannot be bribed, mows down rich and poor alike? Precious stones, marble statues, ivory productions, Tuscan vases, paintings, vessels of silver, furniture dyed with the Gætulean purple—some possess not these and some care not to possess them. Why one man should prefer to be indolent, addicted to pleasure, and to be anointed with the produce of Herod's fertile palm groves, whilst his brother, wealthy and industrious, is tempering, from dawn to twilight, his forest land with fire and axe, the Genius knows, who accompanies us through life and influences our natal star, the God of human nature, mortal in every single being, and possessing a countenance in some parts of the world white and in others black.

For myself, I will take from a moderate competency what the comforts and conveniences of life may require and derive my enjoyment from it, nor shall any fears haunt me as to what my heir may think about me, because he has received less than he anticipated. For I would know, and be desirous of showing, how a simple and joyous person differs from a prodigal, and an economical person from an avaricious one. There is a difference, on the one hand, between your extravagantly throwing away your substance and being unwilling to derive any enjoyment from it, as well as in using no efforts to increase it, and, on the other hand, in not, after the manner of a schoolboy at the Quinquatria, stealing an interval from your daily labour, and enjoying the short-lived and acceptable holiday. May sordid poverty be far, far, from me. Whether a mighty or a little ship bear me, I

will be borne one and the same. We are not driven onwards with swelling sails through a prosperous north wind, neither have we to struggle in life against the adverse south. In powers, talents, prepossession, morals, station, and fortune, the last of the first, but ever before the last.

You are not avaricious. Be it so. Have other failings, along with that, left you? Is your breast insensible to shadowy ambition? Is it unswayed by dread of death, or by wrath? Do you smile at dreams, magical charms, unusual occurrences, Thessalian marvels? Do you number up your birthdays with gratitude to the protecting Providence—do you forgive your friends—do you become milder and better as years roll on? What avails it, if but one thorn out of many has been taken away? If you cannot live rightly, yield to those who can. You have shared sufficiently in the world's pleasures, festivities, and banquetings. It is time to leave them off, lest that age, for which these are more fitted, laugh at you when intoxicated by them, and drive you away.

THE EPISTLE TO THE PISOS

COMMONLY CALLED

THE ART OF POETRY.

THE EPISTLE TO THE PISOS.

IF a painter's imagination joined a horse's neck to a human face, other members of the body being taken from a variety of creatures, so that a beauteous woman in the highest portion became basely metamorphosed in the lower part into a fish's dark tail, could you, my friends, forbear laughing on beholding it? Believe me, ye Pisos, that a book would greatly resemble such a painting, whose unreal subjects, like the dreams of a disordered body, are so formed, that neither the end nor the beginning are in harmony with the intermediate part. "To painters and poets a "similar power was always allowed of daring "anything" some one will urge. We know this, and we alike ask and concede this license; and yet not so, in order that cruelty and gentleness may associate together, serpents possess friendships with birds, and tigers with sheep. To exordiums of deep and great promise one or more descriptions of the beautiful, in order to shine far and wide, are often tacked on, as, for instance, when the writer alludes to the grove and altar of Diana, to water meandering through charming meadows, to the river Rhine or the rainbow, but these are there out of place. Perchance you can skilfully represent a cypress tree, but of what use

would this be if, for value received, you were employed to paint a man in the act of swimming forth, despairing of life, from his foundering vessel? A vase is begun to be made, but how is the end answered, if the rotating wheel send it forth a jug? However, whatever it may be that we write, let it be simple and consistent.

The greater part of us poets, O ye Father and Sons worthy of your parent, deceive ourselves under our illusion of what is right. I strive to write briefly, and so write obscurely. Compositions of a light nature argue a writer's deficiency both in force and spirit. An attempt at great subjects swells into bombast. A too cautious writer, and dreader of opposition, confines himself to common things. One, who desires to amplify the subject in an extravagant way, puts a dolphin into a wood, and a wild boar into the sea. The avoidance of one error, if unguarded by art, leads to another. A workman, dwelling near the Æmilian school, may surpass all others in casting in brass both face and hands, yet his work may not reflect credit upon him, because he is unable to execute the whole statue with similar excellence. If I cared to compose, I should no more wish to resemble him in this respect, than I should to possess an ill-formed nose, although I might be admired for my dark eyes and hair.

Collect then, ye who write, material adequate for your powers, and for a long time keep making trial what weight your shoulders can sustain. By whomsoever a subject shall be chosen as suited to his ability, neither lucid arrangement nor copiousness will be wanting to him.

And this will be the strength and beauty of such arrangement, or I deceive myself, that the

poet, at the time of writing, will only say what is befitting then to be said, will keep back much, and reserve it for future consideration.

The author of the forthcoming poem, critical and cautious in his choice of words, will select this word, will reject that, and you will say excellently so if an ingenious arrangement gives a new meaning to a familar word. If perchance there is a necessity for speaking of discoveries by new signs of language, words will have to be invented, unheard of by the ancient Cethegi, and a license, modestly taken, will be allowed, whilst newly coined words will gain acceptance if they spring from a Greek origin with gentle deflection. For why should Rome deny to Virgil and Varius what they allow to Cæcilius and Plautus? Why also should I be made the mark of envious sarcasm if I am able to strike forth a few words, since the eloquence of Cato and of Ennius has enriched their country's language, and produced a new nomenclature? It has been lawful, and ever will be lawful, to send forth from the mint a newly stamped coin-word. As the earliest foliage of the trees, which at different intervals of the revolving year cast their leaves, are the first to fall, so archaisms in language perish, and words, lately produced, like the young in life, show grace and strength. We, and ours, are a debt due to Death. The works of man will perish; whether it be that royal work by which the land, having received an inflowing of the sea, shields the fleet from the north wind, or the marshes which, for a long time barren and fitted for boats, now feel the heavy ploughshare, and support the adjacent towns, or the river which has now changed its former produce-destroying course,

having been taught a better way. The works of man will perish; much more the honour and attractiveness of our mode of speech. Much will spring up afresh, which had fallen into desuetude, and that will fall which is now held in honour if usage wills, to whose decision belong the choice, the law, and the rule of language.

Homer has shown the metre in which the exploits of kings, and chiefs, and mournful wars, should be written. In recurring alternate lines of unequal length came first the mournful strain and then that of successful joy. But who it was that invented the lesser Elegiacs, Grammarians debate about, and no decision has yet been arrived at. Rage armed Archilochus with his own iambus. This metre was adopted alike for comedy and tragedy, as suited to dialogue, capable of overcoming popular noise, and appropriate to action. The muse gave to lyric strains to sing of the Gods, of the Offspring of the Gods, of the victorious gladiator, the conquering charioteer, of youthful passions, and the joys of wine.

If I am incapable of preserving through the whole cast of the poem the nature and congruities of the subject, why should I be considered a poet? Why should I, with a false shame, prefer to remain ignorant, than to learn? A humorous subject seeks not to be treated in tragic verse. In like manner the banquet of Thyestes is indignant if it be exhibited with conversation of ordinary life and almost worthy of comedy. Let every subject, having attained its proper position, retain it becomingly. Sometimes also Comedy speaks loftily, and a wrathful Chremes contends in imperious words, and sometimes Tragedy displays her grief in lowly ones.

Both Telephus and Peleus, when in poverty and exile, will cast away swelling language and words a foot and a half long, if they are desirous that their complaint shall touch the heart of the spectator.

Nor is it enough that poems be clothed with appropriate language. They must please and, in whatsoever direction they will, send there the feelings of the auditors, so that human countenances may laugh with them when they laugh, and weep with them when they weep. If you desire me to weep, O Telephus or Peleus, yourself must first lead the way; then you thrill through me. If, on the other hand, you issue your orders in feeble tones I shall either laugh, or go to sleep. Sorrowful words ask for a sorrowful countenance; words abounding in threatening a wrathful one; sportive language a sportive person; serious language a grave one. For in our very infancy nature shapes us for every complexion of human life, excites answering pleasure, impels to anger, or draws us down to the ground, and troubles us with heavy grief; afterwards she sends forth the impulses of the spirit through the tongue as their interpreter. If the words of the speaker be unsuited to his condition, both knights and people will raise a laugh.

There must also be a wide difference between the speech of a deity or a hero, between an aged man and a fiery spirit in the flower of his youth, an illustrious matron and an officious nurse, a seafaring merchantman and a farmer, a Colchian and an Assyrian, an inhabitant of Thebes or Argos.

Thou, who writest, either follow history in the delineation of your characters, or else invent such

which shall always maintain a consistency. If perchance in your poem you reproduce the renowned Achilles, let him be unwearied, wrathful, inexorable, fiery in temper, denying that laws were made for him, and claiming everything through his valour. Let Medea be fierce and unconquered, Io a wanderer, Ino a weeper, Ixion perfidious, and Orestes mournful. If you would commit to the stage something original, and dare to delineate a new character, let it remain to the end that which it was at the beginning, or else maintain a consistency. It is difficult to dramatize from ancient poets whose works are now common property and in the possession of all, so that what you write shall display originality and thus belong exclusively to yourself, and you will do better to subject the Iliad to a literal rendering for being acted than to anticipate any one else in bringing forward what hitherto has been unknown and unsaid. The substance of ancient writings may, however, become your own, if you neither dwell upon a poor round of particulars which every one knows, nor, with faithful literalness, interpret their phrases word for word, nor yet, in imitating them, leap into so narrow a place that either shame, or the construction of the work, forbid a retreat.

Neither will you thus begin, as one of the cyclic poets did,

"I will sing of the fortunes of Priam, and the "glorious war."

What did this professor produce, worthy of so mighty a flourish? The mountains are in labour, and a contemptible mouse will be born. How far better does he commence, who does nothing feebly,

"Describe to me, O Muse, the man who, after "the capture of Troy, saw the cities and manners "of many races of men."

Making light to follow the smoke, and not smoke the light. He reflects, in order that he may produce his attractive marvels, Antiphates, Polyphemus, Scylla and Charybdis. Nor does he begin the return from the death of Meleager, nor the Trojan war from the birth of the twin brothers. He always hastens to the result, and hurries the reader in medias res, as being up to that point cognizant of them, relinquishes all that he feels his powers are inadequate to invest with beauty, and so introduces fiction, so blends the real with the unreal, that neither the beginning is discordant with the middle, nor the middle with the end.

Listen then to me whilst I state what I, and the populace with me, desire. If you would have your admirer remaining to the rise of the curtain and continuing to sit until the Cantor shall say "vos plaudite," the natural habits of each period of life must be given by you, and the varying characters suited to every person's advancing years preserved. The child, who has acquired the art of speech and reply and can walk firmly on the ground, is eager to play with his like, irrationally becomes both angry and placable, and changes every hour. The unbearded youth, his custodian having departed, rejoices in horses, dogs, and the turf of the sunny meadow, can be moulded easily, like wax, into practices of vice, is slow to provide for his true interests, a scatterer of money, high-spirited, rapid in loving and in forsaking what was loved. His pursuits being changed, his age and manly

mind seek the formation of friendships and to accumulate substance, to acquire renown and to guard against so acting that presently he may be striving to alter it. Many sources of trouble surround the aged. They either seek to amass, miserably abstain from availing themselves of their substance, and dread to make use of it; or, in a timid and chilly way, transact all their affairs, deferring, entertaining expectations of lengthened life, inert, over-assiduously providing against the future, morose, complaining, eulogistic of past times, denouncers and reprovers of those younger than themselves. Many sources of pleasure do the coming years bring with them, and, departing, take away. Let not then such habits as belong to age be assigned to those in manhood, nor such as are appropriate to the latter be given to children. We, hearers, shall dwell with delight on all that is suitable to each varying age.

Either the action is done upon the stage, or it is related as having been done. What the ear hears disturbs less strongly the mind than what is seen with the accuracy of the eyesight, and which the beholder delivers to himself. Yet, notwithstanding this, actions ought not to be represented on the stage which should be done behind it, and much may be removed from the spectators which, presently, the eloquence of an actor shall narrate to them. Let not Medea slay her children in the presence of the people, nor the impious Atreus have human food served up to him. Let not Progne be changed into a bird, nor Cadmus into a snake. All that is thus represented before me I view with disbelief and loathing.

Let not a composition, which seeks to be applauded and continuously exhibited, have less, or more, than five acts, neither let a deity interpose except the occasion warrant it, nor let there be a fourth speaker. Let the chorus manfully sustain the part and character of an actor, nor let it sing anything between the acts which is not appropriate to the plot. Let it favour the good, offer friendly counsel, control the wrathful, and love to appease those whose breasts swell with angry feelings. Let it commend frugality of fare, beneficial justice, the laws, and peace with open gates. Let it conceal what is committed to its trust, and pray to, and supplicate, the Gods that fortune may return to the wretched and depart from the proud. The flute in those days, not as now bound with orichalcum and emulous of the clarion, was light and simple in construction with a small orifice, useful as an accompaniment and aid to the chorus, and could fill with its tones the building, then of moderate dimensions. Thither the people met together, industrious, chaste, and honourable, and could easily be counted, because the population was small. When, in after time, victorious in war, they began to extend their territory, a larger wall to encompass the city, the Genius to be appeased on festal days by wine freely indulged in during the day, then a greater freedom increased the measures as well as the metres. For how else could the ignorant rustic, just released from labour and of low origin, increase in knowledge of this nature than by being brought into contact with the educated citizen? Thus the musician added grace of motion and ornament to the ancient drama, and with his robe swept the

stage in his walk. Thus also new notes accompanied the grave ones of the lute, and a flow of speech produced an unaccustomed eloquence. The language too, wisely discerning what was beneficial and forecasting the future, differed not from the Delphian oracles.

He, who in tragic composition contended for the poor prize of a goat, presently exhibited the wild unclad Satyrs and, whilst maintaining the gravity of the subject, essayed the biting joke because the spectator, having discharged the festal rites and being inebriate and ungovernable, had to be beguiled with its charm and acceptable novelty. Yet it will be proper so to exhibit the joking and boisterous Satyrs, so to turn serious subjects into playful ones, that if any deity, any hero, be exhibited and beheld just now in royal gold and purple, he shall not presently enter an obscure tavern and use low language, nor also, in his avoiding a fall to the ground, strive to grasp the clouds and empty space. Tragedy, disdaining to babble forth trifling verse, should, with feelings of reserve, like a matron summoned to the dance on festal days, mingle with the wild Satyrs. As a writer, O ye Pisos, of the Satyric drama, I would not employ exclusively language of a noble and powerful character, neither would I strive so to deviate from tragic requirements as to make it all the same whether a Davus speak, or the audacious Pythias, having obtained a talent from Simo whom she has outwitted, or Silenus speak, the guardian and attendant of the God. Out of a subject known to all, I will draw forth a poem in such a way that every one may think he can do the same; may attempt it, toil at it, and labour in vain. Such power will

belong to a multiplicity of incidents, if they are allied to the subject; such honour will accrue to this treatment of subjects taken from what is in every one's knowledge. And let Fauns who come out of the woods beware, if I am to be the judge, that like dwellers by the cross roads, almost city born, they do not youth it in too tender a style nor yet use language unseemly and disgraceful, for this will give offence to those who are of Equestrian rank, are fathers, and possess an estate; nor, although the buyers of parched peas and nuts should applaud, will they receive it with a willing mind, and present them with the crown.

A long syllable following a short one is called an Iambus—a quick foot. Hence arose the term "Iambic Trimeters" when the measure consisted of six beats, alike from beginning to end. In order that these (though this was not the practice at first) might come with more slowness and gravity to the ear they received, accommodatingly and patiently, the firm spondees into their hereditary rights, yet not so as that they themselves should, in too friendly a manner, yield up the second or the fourth position to them. The iambus appears rarely in these reserved places in the fine trimeters of Accius, and convicts the dramas of Ennius as sent on to the stage with this increased Spondaic heaviness, and betokening thereby either too great haste and carelessness or ignorance of construction. It is not every judge who can perceive unrhythmical composition, and a stamp of approbation has thus been undeservedly accorded to Roman poets. I might therefore ask, on the one hand, whether I may not, on this account, be careless

how I write and, on the other hand, whether I ought not to suppose that every one will recognize my faults, and therefore write cautiously, carefully, and within the bounds of approval; yet in this case I may but avoid blame, not deserve praise. Do you, by day and by night, turn over and over again the Greek writings. I admit that our ancestors applauded Plautus's measures and wit. Too enduringly, not to say foolishly, they admired both, if only you and I can see the difference between coarse and polished raillery, and our fingers and ears can detect legitimate rhythm.

Thespis is said to have been the inventor of a species of tragedy unknown before, and to have carried in waggons those who with besmeared countenances should sing and act it. After him Æschylus, the inventor of the mask and dignified dress, raised a stage of moderate dimensions, and taught how there should be a loud tone in speaking, and splendour accrue from the cothurnus. The old comedy succeeded to this and with much applause, but the liberty of speech fell into abuse and into violence which had to be controlled by the law. The law was enacted, and the chorus, discreditably, became dumb, the power of injuring having been taken from them. Our poets have left nothing unattempted; nor are they deserving of less praise for having dared to desert the Grecian track, and to celebrate Roman deeds, either in tragic or in comic verse. Neither would Latium be more illustrious by virtue and more powerful by arms than by language, if the toil of correction and consequent delay did not offend every one of the poets. Do you, ye descendants of Pompilius, censure the

poem which many a day's work, and many an erasure, have not corrected and chastised many times over into perfect excellence.

Because Democritus thinks that genius is greater than wretched study, and excludes from Helicon those poets whose sanity can only be argued from the latter source, many care not to pare their nails, nor to cut their beards, nor to seek solitude, nor to avoid the baths, and he only is to possess the name, and reap the reward, of a poet who has never entrusted his head (which the produce of three Anticyras could not cure) to the barber Licinius. Most unfortunate am I who purge myself of my bile when the Spring comes on. If I did not, no one would then excel me in poetry. But there is in me no power to forego this. Therefore I will discharge the same office as a hone which, though itself incapable of cutting, is able to make a knife sharp for that very purpose. I will, though myself writing nothing, describe the value and purpose of writing; whence materials are furnished; what nourishes and shapes a poet; what becomes him, and what not; whither ability may conduct him, or error mislead him.

Wisdom and sound sense are the fountain head and stream of writing. The Socratic writings will be able to suggest a subject, and language will be readily forthcoming to treat of a well-considered theme. Whoever has learnt from them what we owe to our country, what to our friends, how a parent should be loved, a brother, a guest; what are the duties of a Senator, a judge, a military commander, assuredly he will know in what terms to speak of all these. I will also direct a skilful delineator to have in his view some living

example of life and morals, and thence draw forth his words, true to the life. Sometimes a story, attractive in the circumstances of its plot, and possessing a power of illustrating manners correctly, but of no beauty, without weight and without artifice will more please the people, and more successfully arrest their attention, than verses, which are poor in subject and mere musical trifles, can do. The Muse endowed the Greeks with genius, and gave them to speak with a flowing mouth, avaricious of nothing save praise. The Roman youth, in their long sums, learn how to divide an as into a hundred parts. The son of Albinus may ask his pupil

"If an uncia be subtracted from a quincunx "what remains?"

"A triens."

"Capital! you will be able to take care of "your property. And now add to it an uncia "and how much is it then?"

"A semis."

When once this rust, and care of gain, has infected the mind, can we hope that poems will come forth, to be dipped in cedar oil and kept in the light cypress boxes?

Poets desire either to instruct, or to please, or to give in a pleasing manner maxims useful for life. Whatever you recommend, let it be terse, because teachable spirits grasp what is briefly said, and faithfully retain it. All that is superfluous flows away from a full breast. Let that, which is invented for the purpose of affording delight, be as near as possible to what may be true, neither let the piece demand credit on its own account for everything it chooses, nor draw forth from the stomach of a sorceress, after she

has dined, a living child. The Centuries of the Seniors dislike that which conveys no instruction; the lofty Ramnes thrust aside severe compositions. He meets with acceptance everywhere who blends the practical with the pleasant, by equally delighting and instructing the reader. Such a book is bought by the Sosii; such a book travels across the sea, and asks a long life for its famous author. Yet faults may exist which we can pardon, for the string does not always give the sound the hand and mind intend, and very often gives to the instrumentalist a sharp tone instead of a flat one, neither will the arrow invariably strike the mark. And, when beauty generally pervades a poem, I shall not mind a few disfigurements, which either carelessness has produced, or human nature has too little guarded against. What then is it I am saying? Just as a transcriber, if he always makes a mistake in the same phrase, although he has been corrected in it, must be blamed; just as a musician is laughed at who invariably errs in the same chord; so any one, whose composition, generally, is poor, resembles, in my judgment, that Chærilus at whose one or two good dicta I am amazed and arrested in my laughter. Equally also does it vex me whenever illustrious Homer is careless; yet is it lawful that sleep should creep in upon the composition of so lengthened a production. Poems resemble paintings. There will be one which, if you stand near it, will please you the most; another, if you stand further off. This picture will prefer the shade; that the light, nor dread the severe criticism of a judge. This one has pleased at the first glance and, though looked at ten times, will equally please.

O elder Piso, although by your father's counsel you have been trained up aright and are by nature wise, yet receive and store in your memory these words. To some things mediocrity and knowledge up to a moderate degree may be allowed. An expounder of the law and a pleader of moderate talents may want the powers of the eloquent Messala, nor possess such knowledge as Cascellius Aulus, yet he has his value; but unto poets neither men, nor the Gods, nor booksellers, allow mediocrity. Just as at a banquet, acceptable in all other respects, music inharmoniously rendered, bad unguents, and a peacock served up with Sardinian honey, displease us, because the entertainment can be given without them, so Poetry, springing from genius and art to delight our minds, if it fall a little short of effecting this, has a tendency to prevent it altogether. He, who is ignorant of athletic exercises, abstains from the contests in the Campus, and he, who cannot wield the javelin, quoit, and ring, remains quiet, lest the vast crowds, with impunity, utter their laughter. He, who is ignorant, will yet dare to compose verses. "And why should "I not?" some one may answer, "I am freeborn, "nobly descended, above all, rated at an Eques- "trian fortune, and unstained with vice." You, however, I am sure, will neither say, nor do, anything in opposition to your natural ability. That is your determination—your inclination. If, at some future time, you shall compose anything, let it go into the ears of the judge Mæcius, of your father, and into ours and be locked up for nine years, the MSS. resting within the desk. You can destroy what you have not sent forth; a word sent forth cannot return.

Orpheus, the priest and revealer of the Gods, made the wood-inhabiting race of man cease from mutual slaughter and barbarous food—said, on that account, to have softened tigers and fierce lions. Amphion also, the founder of Thebes, was said to be able to make stones move by the sound of his lyre, and lead them along by the gentle whisper of his wish, whither he desired. This, in ancient days, was the wisdom contained in their poetry—to draw a distinction between public and private rights, between sacred and common things, to prohibit unlawful concubinage, to protect the rights of the married state, to build cities, and cut the laws in wood. Thus fame and name came to the divine poets and their verse. After the above-mentioned, the illustrious Homer and Tyrtæus by their poetry inflamed the manly mind for war. Oracles were delivered in verse; the best way of spending existence pointed out by the same means; the favour of kings was sought after through Pierian strains, and hence originated the pastimes at the harvest-close of the year's labour. Be on thy guard then, when composing, lest the Muse, the mistress of the lyre, or Apollo, the god of song, bring a reproachful charge against thee.

It is a question whether good poetry arises through nature or by art. For myself, I do not see how study without a rich vein of genius, or genius in an uneducated condition, can produce it. Thus each asks for the help of the other, and form a friendly union. The youth, whose aim it is to reach the coveted chariot-goal, undergoes and performs much, sustains heat and cold, abstains from dissipation and wine. The minstrel, who contends at the Pythian Games,

has previously been under instruction and feared his teacher. It is not then sufficient to say "I "compose marvellous poetry—plague take the "hindmost—it would be disgraceful for me to "be in the rear and to have to confess, being in "my senses, that I do not know what I have not "learnt."

After the manner of a crier at auctions, who persuades people to buy the goods offered, a poetry maker, who is rich in land as well as in money laid out at interest, will attract, for their own interests, obsequious applauders into his house. If the host be one who can entertain luxuriously, can give bail for a poor man, and deliver one entangled in a vexatious law-suit, I shall be astonished if, possessing such great advantages, he will be able to distinguish between a mendacious and a real friend. Do you, whether you have already given a gift to any one, or are desirous of doing so, abstain from bringing before him, while thus full of joy, your compositions, since he will exclaim

"They are beautiful—of high quality—"rhythmical."

His cheek will become pale over them; he will even shed tears from his benevolent eyes; he will dance, and strike the ground with his feet. Like hired mourners at a funeral who speak and act more strongly than the bereaved near them whose grief is sincere, so one who inwardly despises can be more vociferous in praise than a real approver.

Kings are said to ply with many cups, and to rack with wine, one whom they are striving to discover if he be worthy of their friendship. If you compose verse, beware of being deceived by

fox-like minds. When any one recited before Quintilius, he was accustomed to interrupt him "Correct this, my friend—and this." If you answered you could not improve them, after having made, but vainly, many attempts to do so, he ordered their erasure, and that the badly-made verses should be recast. If you preferred to defend the faultiness rather than to alter it no more words or time would he waste, but leave you to be without a rival in self-love and estimation of your own works. A right minded and wise critic will condemn spiritless verses, will censure harsh ones, will strike out too eulogistic ones, will endow with more splendour those worthy of it, will blame those whose meaning is obscure, and mark passages which require to be altered. He will be an Aristarchus, and will not say "Why "should I offend my friend in trifles?" These trifles will act very injuriously on the poet who has been once the victim of flattery and of popular rejection. Like a leper, or jaundiced person, or one whom fanatical phrenzy or wrathful Diana drives wild, so will they, who are wise, fear to accost and will avoid the mad poet, while the boys will teaze him, and the unwary follow him. Whilst, aiming at immortality, he is pouring forth his verse and going astray, although, like a fowler intent on capturing blackbirds, he should fall into a pit or well and cry out so as to be heard at a great distance "Help, O citizens" there will be no one to render him any assistance. For if there be any to do so, and let down a rope, how do you know that he did not intentionally throw himself in, and will refuse to be saved? I should rather suppose this and instance, in corroboration, the

fate of the Sicilian poet. Empedocles desired to be reckoned one of the immortal Gods and, in cold blood, leapt into the burning flames of Etna. Let it be right and lawful for poets to perish. Whoever preserves one who is unwilling to live is really guilty of slaying him. Nor may he but once have acted thus; nor, though he may be extricated, will he become sane, and relinquish the desire of a famous death. Nor is it sufficiently clear what incites him to verse composition; whether he has desecrated his father's tomb, or, with impious hands, some sad bidental. Unquestionably he rages and, like a bear which has broken through the bars of its cage, the bitter reciter will put to flight unlearned and learned alike; whomsoever he can seize he will hold in his grasp, and slay them by the reading of his compositions, like a leech which quits the skin except when satiated with blood.

THE END.

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